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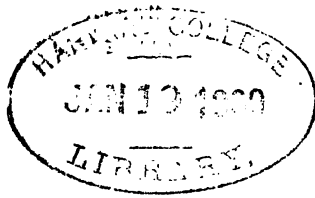
ORLANDO LEACH, Class Secretary

"Spectemur agendo"

BOSTON
1906

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FOREWORD

THE only foreword the Editorial Committee need to say is to advise readers to take in the preface of the Class Secretary and then pass on *in medias res*, every excellence of which is due to his faithful and persistent effort.

To Secretary Leach the Class of '60 owes a lasting debt of gratitude for all his painstaking labor and generous sacrifice of time (if not of patience) in the determined pursuit of every item of interest to the class, and in careful and conscientious attention to every detail.

To co-operate with him in the work has afforded us many hours of agreeable occupation and pleasant pastime, as well as occasion for some sober and serious reflection.

It has brought us face to face once more with every member of the class, awakened anew the old class pride and spirit, and stirred within us whole troops of precious memories.

We believe the reading of the records herewith presented will serve to beguile many a happy hour, recall vividly numerous interesting scenes and events of college days, revive fond recollections not a few, and kindle afresh the flame of mutual affection, —

“ Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections;
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing.

“ Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy
Can utterly abolish or destroy! ”

We would fain hope, also, that the perusal of the pages which follow might, perchance, stimulate or encourage those of us who survive to yet new and nobler endeavor while the day lasts.

To every living classmate we sincerely say:

“ SERUS IN CAELUM REDEAS.”

PREFACE

"I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb."

The breaking off in the midst of what one was about to say, as if he took himself up, breeds a greater appetite in him with whom you confer to know more. — *Bacon*.

The truest test of civilization is not the census, or the size of cities, nor the crops,—no, but the kind of men the country turns out. — *Emerson*.

The forest trees once asked the fruit trees: "Why is not the rustling of your leaves heard in the distance?" The fruit trees replied: "We can dispense with the rustling to manifest our presence, our fruits testify for us." The fruit trees then inquired of the forest trees: "Why do your leaves rustle almost constantly?" "We are forced to call the attention of man to our existence." — *The Talmud*.

... .. — *Dr. Osler*.

But now is tymē to yow for to tellē
How that we bare us in that ilkē night,
When we were in that ostelrie alight;
And after wol I tellē of oure viagē
And al the remenaunt of oure pilgrimagē.

Prologue to "The Canterbury Tales."

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, Dr. Johnson tells us, made the discovery that he had "mused away" the four and twentieth part of the forty years of life allotted to man. And from that period was to be deducted the ignorance of infancy, and beyond it was the imbecility of age. But he had been living in "The Happy Valley" and was looking about for an exit therefrom where he could lead a more strenuous life.

We, who have lived a score or more of years beyond the forty, and not always in "The Happy Valley," can count some of our achievements in the later period, and some of us, perhaps, are looking for further successes and victories. We are men of "cheerful yesterdays" and hopeful to-morrows.

There are sins of omission and of commission in these *memorabilia* of the Class of '60 for which the Secretary alone is blameworthy. Thanks are due to all those who have helped the compiler and cheered him in his work. Its imperfections be upon his own head. The Editorial Committee, Eugene Richards, Daniels, and Dunham, have wrought valiantly.

In the former days the class rejoiced in an Historian and a Class Committee, as well as a Secretary. Now all these offices and functions are merged in the present chronicler. An attempt has been made in these pages to supply an existing need.

The Talmud says: "Three names are given to a man: one by his parents, another by the world, and the third by his works."

Class Meetings and Records

THE class of 1821 met in 1824, and this is the earliest formal reunion of any class of which there is any record. Since then the custom of holding a class meeting at the end of three years after graduation, and then at the end of ten years, followed by meetings at intervals of five years, has become established. Since the class of 1845, there has been but one exception to this; the first formal reunion of the class of 1858 was at the end of seven years, owing to the Civil War.

The first class record published of an academical class was one of twelve pages for the class of 1821, in 1836, and it was followed by two more in 1841 and 1846. Thirty-six issued one in 1839; '10, in 1840; '37, in 1840 and 1847; '17, in 1842; '13 and '33, in 1843; '24, in 1844; '22, in 1845; '44, in 1847; and the class of 1797, the oldest class that printed a record, issued one of ninety-nine pages in 1848. Beginning with '32, all subsequent classes have issued records. — *Colonel Bacon of '58.*

Class Meetings. Our class has had twelve meetings, the informal meeting in 1861 and the Bicentennial included. The undertaking herewith is to give some account of each meeting, more or less in detail, but in all cases to preserve the spirit, if not the letter, of each meeting, as it has been recorded by the class secretaries.

Informal Meeting of 1861. The members of the class residing in New Haven became convinced that there would be a goodly representation of the class at Commencement time. Accordingly, some preparations were made, and a meeting called by posters and other means, in Professor Larned's recitation room.

About thirty members presented themselves, and gave each other hearty welcome. Daniels was elected chairman of the meeting and Owen secretary.

The subject of a Class Committee was brought before the meeting and White, Daniels, and Champion were selected as such committee. Champion was also elected Class Secretary.

As Johnson was on the point of leaving, as commissary of the Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, it was thought desirable to present him with some token of our good wishes. He was, therefore, enticed from the room, and it was voted to give him a saddle and trappings. On Johnson's return, Holden made the presentation in his usual felicitous style, and Johnson replied, thanking the class for their kindness.

The roll of absent members was called, and those who were able gave information about them. Some refreshments were then discovered, and after an agreeable hour or two spent in discussing these and other topics, the class adjourned at a seasonably late hour of the evening.

The Triennial Meeting was held in President Woolsey's lecture room, at noon of July 29, 1863, for business purposes. About forty were present; Daniels was chairman. A tax of six dollars each was voted, to cover cost of supper and other class expenses.

Walter Phelps was chosen chairman for the evening, and Furbish chaplain. The name of the Class Boy, Oliver Wendell Holmes, was announced, and cheers were given for both the boy and his father. The Secretary was authorized to print the Class Report, and it was also voted to have the Class Book of Portraits for the college library rebound.

A committee, consisting of C. H. Richards, Knowlton, and Daniels, was appointed to draft and present resolutions relative to deceased classmates. This committee presented, and the class passed, appropriate resolutions concerning the death of Hebard, Arnold, Johnston, and Boies.

At 9.30 P. M., the class met at the same place and walked in procession to the New Haven House, where supper was served. There were fifty-three at supper: Ball, E. R. Barnes, H. E. Barnes, E. C. Beach, Blakesley, Bristoll, R. B. Brown, Bunnell, Carrier, Catlin, Champion, Colton, Daniels, Denison, Dunham, Engs, Eno, Fairchild, Furbish, Gaul, Griffin, Haight, Hale, Hart, Higgins, Holden, Holmes, Hurlbut, Keese, Kingsbury, Knowlton, Loomis, McAlpin, McKay, Mason, Norton, Owen, Pennington, G. D. Phelps, W. W. Phelps, Rice, C. H. Richards, Siglar, Ward, White, Willcox, Williams, Worthington, and Bunce, Egleston, D. J. Ogden, Park, and Wildey. During the supper the class of 1853 passed

through the room, headed by their Class Boy, bearing a banner inscribed, "Our oldest boy." Near the close of the supper the doors were thrown open and the wives, sisters, and other friends of the class were invited in, the class rising and singing "Gaudeamus."

Chairman Phelps, in his address, said in part:

A band of brothers, united after a long separation, we will enjoy our reunion to the full, and let the sunshine of the meeting be darkened by no shadow of partings that have been, or of the parting that to-morrow must be. If waves are surging without, they break against these walls and are powerless to harm us. Behind them we sit to-night holding each other's hands, and the noise of the outer conflict, of the great battle in which you and I and our fellowmen are bearing parts, shall be to us but a pleasant lullaby, the patter of the rain upon the roof to the dreamy sleeper who is safe beneath its shelter. Let to-night be as full of laughter as our parting was of tears.

Within a stone's throw of where I stand the moonlight is falling on the spot where, three years ago, beneath the sunshine, we joined in the exercises of the Presentation Circle. Then no eye was dry, and a hundred men were not ashamed to weep together. There are but fifty of us here to-night, but the same sympathy that filled all eyes with tears will fill them now with joy. . . . We are here for a simple and familiar object, — to see each other again; to assure ourselves that time and absence have not diminished the friendships of our youth, and to strengthen ourselves in the thought that in the sorrows we have the sympathy, in our joys the congratulations, of all our classmates.

Chairman Phelps, then taking the Class Boy from the arms of his mother, seated him in a little chair upon the table, in full view of the company, and introduced him:

Gentlemen, the pleasantest task of the evening is before us. We are about to enter upon the most romantic and prized of all college exercises. Of the hidden significance of this custom I shall say nothing before this audience. I shall introduce to you immediately the Boy of the Class, Oliver Wendell Holmes, for whom you will give three cheers.

Now, on this boy I shall pass no encomium, and for the old reason, — he needs none. As for his beauty, his looks speak for themselves. As for his wisdom, it is evident: he knoweth his own father.

Holden then presented the silver cup to the Class Boy:

Three years ago, my friends and classmates, our Alma Mater pushed us from her generous lap and sent us sprawling upon the floor of the great world. Some of us happily fell upon our feet and at once were ready to take the places of our various duties and to perform them,

while others lay floundering without any definite aims or substantial hopes. But all, by this time, doubtless, have found their appropriate spheres of action, and many of us have returned to recount our triumphant experiences, or to bewail in sympathy our misfortunes.

Some in mercantile life have become Pythoness-es in pantaloons, and mounted the tripod of the counting-room, on which, if they do not prophesy, they at least give their attention to profits. Some have made the law their profession, and, without intending the slightest disparagement to them, I may say they have probably found thus far quite a discrepancy between their profession and their practice. Others, believing in both the law and the prophets, have taken to the gospel, and some, indeed, have even "wagged their paws in a pu'pit." A few in the editorial chair grasped the product of the bird that cackled before the walls of Rome, and evidently believed that through the same instrumentality another republic would be saved. Others, not satisfied with the destruction of human life caused by this civil war, have graduated at our medical colleges, and compensate by an abundance of faith for their lack of patients — the only compensation they at present expect. Many others, to their everlasting honor be it spoken, have been hammered into a nobler manhood by the iron arm of war, and some, also, have been crushed beneath its ponderous blows. . . . But more particularly are we assembled here to-night to bear testimony to our affection toward you, my friend, and give expression to our gratitude for the honor you have conferred upon us; although when we separated we could not predict who would be so gracious as to grant us this boon, we did have a complete assurance that wheresoever and by whomsoever a boy belonging to this class was brought into the world, the world would reciprocate the favor by the most remarkable demonstrations of its appreciation. Such proves to have been the case; for scarcely was the announcement made — on the Fourth of July, 1861 — that the firstborn of the Class of '60 had graced this planet with his presence, than the bells of all the church spires from Maine to California rang out their gladness. . . . A new significance was added to the national flag as it floated in the breeze, and the father sang to the child, with its new meaning, the nursery legend of "The Baby Bunting." "Night dropped down the sky," when rockets and wheels, blue lights and serpents, sulphurous stars, and gunpowder moons lit up the firmament in honor of the boy; and so soothing and pleasant were his juvenile pyrotechnical impressions that one has but to say "rocket" in connection with his cradle, when he soon sinks into peaceful slumber.

.....

And now, as the sponsorial representative of more than one hundred godfathers, allow me to indulge in a few words of modest panegyric upon their foster child. He is no ordinary boy. In fact, I know of but one thing in the world more extraordinary, and that is, that any baby belonging to the Class of 1860 should be an ordinary child; therefore, I say it without hesitation, I say it boldly, I say it candidly, that literally and metaphorically, both in virtue of priority of birth and in

virtue of his inherent genius, he is a first class boy; and that although his stature is small and his mental vision at present of limited extent, yet in comparison with other youths of his age he stands "a giant among pygmies, a one-eyed monarch of the blind."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, — Your baptismal appellation has imposed upon you a fearful responsibility. Perpetual humor must be your lot, and unbroken fun is incumbent upon you. You are the representative of a dynasty of jokers, and, although you may never become an "autocrat," to be clothed in purple and fine linen, yet be it your care that all shall say, "There is wit in Holmespun!" You need a motto in life. Allow me to recommend the one which the poet has immortalized, "Excelsior"; for it was, I believe, in a spirit of prophecy, never fulfilled until now, that the poem was written, as in it he tells us concerning his hero, that,

"By happy Ho(l)mes he saw the light."

.....
This gift to you will be, besides, a valuable evidence in determining your legitimacy as a Class Boy; for, as the lineaments of the countenance betoken the claims of their possessor to his real parentage, so, should any one dispute your right to be considered as the child of the Class of 1860, you will only have to show your "mug" triumphantly to refute them.

Take, then, this goblet, and with it our heartfelt prayer that until the golden bowl is broken, the generous wine of our love for you, your parents, and for each other, shall forever give its color in the cup.

Holmes then briefly thanked the class for the gift, on behalf of the boy, his wife, and himself.

"The Cup Song," by C. H. Richards, was then sung, to the air, "A Little More Cider."

Come, boys, and raise a rousing song,
And ring the chorus out.
And strain your ancient diaphragms
In one tremendous shout.
For yonder Holmes in glory comes,
His face lit up with joy,
And brings with him a youngster trim,
Our '60's eldest boy.

Chorus

Then hail, thou favored lad!
The noblest to be had,
We pledge you here with right good cheer,
And give you greeting glad.
Your patriot soul would not let you
Some vulgar day be born in,
So you and July Fourth came on
The same illustrious morning.

Class of Sixty

Since you were smart and got the start
 Of every other " pup,"
 Roll up your eyes, and take the prize;
 We crown you with the cup.

Chorus

Then clap and crow, and sing;
 The silver cup we bring;
 Who wins the race with such good grace
 Shall be of babes the king.

And when with Sixty's Oliver
 All over it shall be,
 When you shall fix to cross the Styx
 And take your last degree,
 If this desire your heart shall fire
 That one more cup be quaffed,
 Then pour the last libation out,
 And don't " resist the draught."

Chorus

But till that day shall roll
 Its summons to your soul,
 Omit the " sticks " whene'er you mix
 Your bitters in the bowl.

Three years ago a Bachelor's
 Estate we longed for then,
 But now these same " *Hi juvenes*,"
 Are yielding to Hy-men.
 Now all the couples in the class
 This cup'll couple stronger,
 And all the rest will vow they will
 Be Bachelors no longer.

Chorus

Then ring the cups around,
 There's music in the sound,
 No maids, they say, can answer nay,
 When '60's on the ground.

After this song had been sung the doors were again closed and the more intimate speaking and other exercises of the evening began. Songs were sung; regular toasts were proposed and responded to by Dunham, Daniels, Gaul, Bunnell, Higgins, H. E. Barnes, Ball, and Park. It was voted to meet again in three years, and as daylight dawned, the class adjourned to the ivy and sang our " Parting Song," by Champion.

AIR — "Good bye"

We have met to part, but it cheers the heart
That here we have met again,
With the heartier grasp and the stronger clasp
Of friends that have grown to men.
We have fought in the battle of life,
And have bravely met the foe,
And the hopes that were dreams three years ago
Are the Past, that we talk of now.

The brief, brief years, the wonderful years,
So full of the bright and gay,
The brief, brief years, the sorrowful years,
Have taken our friends for aye.
For of those whom we met before,
When planting our ivy here,
Some happy faces we see no more, —
Faces we held so dear.

We said farewell, but we could not tell
The meaning of all we said;
They do not return and we silently mourn
For the brave and loved, — the dead.
And again we say good bye;
Each brother we bid good bye;
Old Yale, may our ivy grow green on thee,
We bid thee again — Good bye.

At noon of Thursday, the class met again in President Woolsey's lecture room, in the old Lyceum, to transact some business, and there was a prayer meeting in the afternoon. It was voted at that time that this should be a permanent feature of our class meetings.

The thanks of the class were voted to Secretary Champion, and to the Class Committee, White, Daniels, and Champion, for their services.

The Sexennial Meeting was held at the Tremont House, Wednesday evening, July 25, 1866. Thirty, in all, sat down to supper: Beers, Blakesley, W. E. Bradley, W. L. Bradley, Bristoll, R. B. Brown, T. H. Brown, Bunnell, Dutton, Elder, Fairchild, Foster, Fowler, Gaul, Hall, Hurlbut, Johnson, Knowlton, Loomis, Marsh, Marshall, Mason, Morris, Owen, W. W. Phelps, Siglar, Starr, White, Willson, and Woodruff.

Mason was president of the evening. Toasts were offered and responded to. It was remarked that the six years that

had passed since graduation had but slightly changed the personal appearance of those present. Of our original number eleven had already died: Hebard, Johnston, Arnold, Boies, Howe, Ogden, Schneider, Carrier, Martin, Camp, and Seely.

Forty-one of the class then living had married, and eleven of these had married New Haven girls. There had been twenty-nine births.

W. L. Bradley was Class Secretary at this time. A vote of thanks was given to a class committee; the names of its members do not appear. Whether there was any other meeting beside the class supper, either for business or for prayer, no record is found. It was voted to meet again in 1870, and the class separated in a happy frame of mind.

The Decennial Meeting. It is a fair inference from the record that this meeting was held Wednesday, July 20, 1870. A large attendance was anticipated by reason of the interested and spirited replies received from classmates. Already changes in personal appearance had become so manifest that those who had not met for ten years were far from sure of each other's identity. "But there were the same pleasant countenances as of old, and the same cordiality of manner." A business meeting was held at twelve o'clock, in the south front room, second story, of the Lyceum; about twenty were present. Knowlton was made chairman.

The Class Secretary read a report of the Sexennial Meeting and of the expenditure of money contributed on that occasion. Catlin was chosen Class Historian, and was instructed to reprint so much of the Triennial Record as pertained to the personal history of the class; to defray the expense of such publication he was authorized to collect from each member a sum not exceeding two dollars.

W. L. Bradley was re-elected Class Secretary. W. L. Bradley, White, W. W. Phelps, Mason, and Catlin were appointed a committee to look after the general interests of the class. W. W. Phelps was chosen to preside at the supper at the New Haven House at eight o'clock in the evening.

At 5.30 P. M., thirteen of the class met in the same upper room of the Lyceum, and passed an hour in prayer, the singing of hymns, and the narration of personal religious experiences.

There gathered at the supper, H. E. Barnes, Blakesley, W. L. Bradley, Bristoll, Bunnell, Catlin, Colton, Dunham, Elder, Eno, Foster, Furbish, Gaul, G. N. Greene, Griffin, Haight, Hart, Hawley, Higgins, Johnson, Keese, Knowlton, Loomis, McAlpin, Marshall, Morris, Owen, G. D. Phelps, W. W. Phelps, Post, E. L. Richards, Siglar, Taintor, Wheeler, Willcox, Williams, Worthington, and Young, besides Bunce, Ogden, and Woodruff, — forty-one in all.

The feast was begun with an invocation by Dunham, and closed by the singing of "Gaudeamus." Chairman Phelps called out the toasting and speech-making capabilities of those present by his witty and pointed personalities. All the toasts were drank enthusiastically in cold water. Owen and Catlin spoke in response to toasts to "ALMA MATER," and the "Class of '60." It was voted that Catlin's poem, "The Class of '60," be published in the Class History.

Griffin responded to the toast, "Our Deceased Classmates," in part as follows:

My Classmates, — As we review to-night the starred names of seventeen of our number who left these college halls ten years ago with as good promise of long life as any one of us then had, how forcibly are we reminded of the words that constitute the second stanza of old "Gaudeamus":

" Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venit mors velociter
Rapit nos atrociter
Nomini parcetur."

Truly, "death is no respecter of persons," it spares none, not even the best, the bravest, the strongest.

In rising to respond to this toast, I cannot help feeling that a deep, impressive silence would be more appropriate than any words of human utterance. But at the same time, I esteem it a privilege to stand here and testify to the deep and affectionate esteem in which we all held those dear classmates who are not, for God has taken them. Let me rehearse their names in your hearing as they occur in alphabetical arrangement, for I have not at command the order of time in which they died: Arnold, Boies, T. H. Brown, Carrier, Camp, Champion, Hall, Hebard, Howe, Johnston, Martin, F. C. Ogden, Parsons, C. H. Smith, Schneider, Seely, and Way.

All good men and true! We weave the chaplets of affection for the graves of our noble dead; we embalm their memory and enshrine their virtues in our heart of hearts. "Manly and gentle, pure and noble hearted, sweet were their lives of peaceful youth and beauty."

Though gone from us we feel they still belong to us. Though absent in body, we cannot doubt they are present with us in spirit, as we have assembled in this delightful decennial reunion of our noble class. Especially near may we realize them during these passing moments which we are now spending in tender reminiscence and grateful contemplation of the happy hours we have enjoyed with them in the days of Auld Lang Syne. I seem to hear a voice from the open heavens saying unto me: "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Answering for "The Wives of '60," Dunham announced that fifty-six of the class had consoled themselves with wives; and then turning to the unfortunate bachelors, he spoke words of commiseration and exhorted them to mend their ways. At the close of his remarks, he gave notice that he would be in town the next morning, prepared to join in marriage any who should be so minded.

"The Bachelors of the Class" found a champion in Gaul. The toasts to "The Lawyers," "The Physicians," and "The Ministers" were appropriately responded to, respectively, by Bunnell, Colton, and Blakesley.

"The Press" was toasted by Morris. As a "carpet-bagger," he was seeking the radical cure of Charleston, S. C., with the satisfaction which usually follows intervening time and distance he related how he had suffered perils by bullets, and perils of various kinds, but how he was, through pluck and courage, victorious over them all.

At intervals were sung "Co-ca-che-lunk," "Vive l'Amour," and the following song by Catlin, revised from the Triennial program:

AIR — "A Little More Cider"

Well, here we are again, my boys,
All gathered here together,
Tho' fortune's waves had scattered us
"Like leaves in wintry weather";
But then, you know, "affinities
And mutual attraction"
Are just as potent here as in
"A chemical reaction."

Chorus

Then fill your glasses high,
Fling all your troubles by;
Old '60's fame of jolly name
For us can never die.

But "who are these in bright array,"
These fair new forms and faces,
With joyous laugh and sparkling eye,
Adorned with woman's graces?
It's just as well to tell the truth:
These forms and faces comely,
Since College laws forbid to wed,
Have joined us as Alumni.

Chorus. — Then fill your glasses high, etc.

And see the children: bless their hearts;
And hear their footsteps patter.
Why! '60's growing old, my boys,
And that's just what's the matter.
It seems but yesterday this scene
As tender Freshmen found us,
Yet now, young Freshmen of our own
Are growing up around us.

Chorus. — Then fill your glasses high, etc.

But while we pass the jovial bowl,
And glass to glass is kissing:
Ah! sad the thought, we call the roll,
And many more are missing.
Alas, how many that we've loved,
Have left us and forever.
So, yearly, grim death stealeth in,
Our ranks anew to sever.

Chorus.

Then let the heartfelt tear
Fall silent on the bier,
As we call them, one and all,
Those absent brothers dear.

But ere the tie which binds to-night
For years is cast asunder,
Let's have a rousing carnival,
And send "black care" to thunder.
Then shout as loud as e'er you can,
"Prex., Had., and Tommy" scorning,
The monitors locked in — we'll all
Sleep over in the morning.

Chorus. — Then fill your glasses high, etc.

The remainder of the evening, or morning, was passed in the narration of personal history, reading of letters from absentees, and obituary notices of deceased members.

It was voted to meet again in 1875, and a vote of thanks was tendered to Class Secretary Bradley for the able manner in which he had discharged his duties, and for the valuable and unselfish services rendered by him in the past four years.

The exercises were closed about 3 A. M. by singing Champion's "Parting Song," to be found on page 15. The fact that our ivy was growing luxuriantly in 1870 was noted. If it survives the rebuilding of the library some of us, in 1910, will gather around the slip from the original planting which Mrs. Champion has saved and nourished for us.

THE CLASS OF SIXTY

CATLIN'S DECENNIAL POEM

One day, some fifteen years or so ago,
Great Jove, his court in high Olympus holding,
Sat throned in state, expounding and unfolding
His edicts, while around him, in a row,
Ranged all the pet divinities: Minerva,
Old Bacchus, Vulcan with his sooty fervor,
Juno the bull's-eyed, rosy featured Venus,
Diana, Mercury (*velox amoenus*),
Apollo, little mischief-making Cupid,
And all. "*Non est negandum quin*," 'twas stupid,
And very prosy. As they sat and listened,
First Venus yawned, then Bacchus' eye-balls glistened,
And off he went for "*medicum Sabinum*";
Diana nodded, Vulcan snored sonorous;
In short, they all agreed 'twas sadly boris;
And Zeus had just made up his mind to fine 'em
And let them go, when lo! there came a rapping,
So loud and long that Vulcan woke from napping.
Venus sat up, Diana ceased to nod,
And tipsy Bacchus hid away his tod.
"Who's there?" the cloud-compeller shouted madly,
"Who's there?" he shouted once and twice again.
The answer came, each time distinct and plain,
"A special message from Professor Hadley."
The entire assemblage shuddered with dismay,
At mention of that great, that horrid name,
Which Trojan matrons long had used to tame
The froward child, when prone to disobey.
"What can he want? Why sends he here?" they muttered.
"He knows the side on which his bread is buttered,
And surely will not dare offend our master."
Meanwhile, with visage blanched to alabaster,
Enter the messenger, a timid tutor,
With hungry mien, a regular Greek-rooter.

He seemed familiar, though, with each one present;
Nodded to Venus, patted Juno's pheasant,
Shook hands with Bacchus, Vulcan, and the others —
In short, was as one of their foster brothers.
Then, turning to great Jove, bowed low his head,
And thus, in good dactylic accents, said:
"Great thunder scatterer, old Jersey Lightening,
With thy far-reaching rays all nature brightening;
Most august sovereign, potentate, and king,
Incline your ear to this complaint I bring,
From one who, year on year, dispenses knowledge
Of your great self to Freshmen in Yale College.
He bids me come in his behalf, deploring
The fact that, notwithstanding all his boring,
The last half score or so of Freshman classes
Have turned out most unconscionable asses.
Sixty, the next, will be as bad, I fear,
Unless, O king, you lend your gracious ear,
And give the subject most profound attention;
Nay, more, perchance your royal intervention."

To him replying thus the Father spoke,
While thunders loud the Olympian echoes woke:
"What! can it be, that, spite of all this training,
They flunk and fizzle still? This needs explaining.
These impious Freshmen, frivolous and ruddy,
Somehow or other must be taught to study;
They need some penalty — they need it sadly.
Go, give my greeting to Professor Hadley,
And tell him that this coming class of Freshmen
Shall be as model and precise as chessmen."

Away the tutor sped. Jove, for a second,
Sat pond'ring, scratched his royal pate, then beckoned
To Mercury, who, ever wont to heed
His master's mandate, came with wingèd speed.
"Go forth," cried Jove, "to every clime and nation;
In each promulgate this my proclamation;
Proclaim it far and near that I've commanded
Such Freshman class shall be together banded
As ne'er before, from widely scattered realms,
Assembled under those Yalensian elms;
And mark! wher'er you find a noble youth,
Most excellent in learning and in truth,
To him this mild but firm behest make known:
'The Class of '60 claims him for its own.'"
Thus saying, he declared the meeting ended,
Took off his specs, and from his throne descended;
While Mercury profound obeisance made,
And sped away to do as Jove had said.

Class of Sixty

Far and near the search he carried;
 Nowhere lingered, nowhere tarried;
 Up and down, to town and city;
 By the sea, to hamlets pretty;
 To the distant isles of ocean —
 Aintab, Hilo, Keeseville, Goshen,
 Plantsville, Smyrna, Warsaw, Guilford,
 Old Mandamus, Clyde, New Milford,
 Cincinnati, Hartford, Holden,
 And to California golden;
 Storm and sun and peril breasting;
 Never weary, never resting,
 Sped the god, with footsteps willing,
 Jove's august command fulfilling.

And so it came that one September day,
 When autumn skies were hazy, soft, and mellow,
 When falling leaves were rustling to decay,
 And summer's green was fading into yellow,

Yon college chime rang out its peal of welcome,
 And told the good old story o'er again —
 How classes came and went, and classes shall come,
 "So long as Yale and grateful minds remain."

Ah! need that four-year story be repeated?
 No, in each heart its moral is impressed,
 That tale of ends achieved, of hopes defeated,
 Could time or gilded memory give it zest?

Yet we may pause a moment, recollecting
 The many, many things we could have done,
 Yet did not; still another in reflecting
 How many things were better left undone.

Well, good or evil, all went sweeping o'er us;
 Those four bright years were all too quickly passed
 When, standing on life's brink, we looked before us
 And saw the sea, the open sea at last.

We launched our shallows, all so deeply laden
 With hopes and fears, upon those sunlit waves,
 Each steering toward the distant longed-for Aiden
 Whose shores the sea of youthful fancy laves.

Oh! have we yet that haven reached, my brothers?
 We, who, for ten long years, have journeyed on
 Through storm and sunshine, while so many others,
 As full of hope as we, alas! have gone?

Is not the light of riper days dispelling
 The wild, unreal visions of our youth?
 Is not a kind experience daily telling
 The difference 'twixt the Mirage and the Truth?

Where have we been since last we met?
What have we done we'd fain forget?
How many vows have we kept or broken?
How many good words have we spoken?
Whom have we succored in distress?
Ah! could each heart its tale confess,
What would the long, long record say
For each of us as we come to-day,
Here to renew the olden joys
That we knew so often when we were boys?

Let each heart answer. ' But this we know,
That each face to-night is all aglow
With memories happy, of times gone by —
Those dear old times — that can never die.

Quindecennial Meeting. On Wednesday, June 30, 1875, at 12 M., eleven of the class assembled in the second story, south front room, of the Lyceum. The meeting was called to order by the Secretary, after which Mason was appointed chairman. The Secretary gave a report of receipts and expenditures during the past five years; he stated that all miscellaneous expenses having been paid, the only expense attending the Quindecennial Meeting would be the supper in the evening. Gaul was unanimously chosen president of the Quindecennial Meeting. The old committee were re-elected, with W. L. Bradley as Class Secretary.

At 6 P. M. a few members of the class met in the aforementioned room of the Lyceum, and enjoyed a brief season of social worship, Barnes conducting the service.

At 8 o'clock P. M. twenty-two members of the class, viz., H. E. Barnes, R. B. Brown, Bunce, Catlin, Colton, Gaul, Griffin, Haight, Hart, Higgins, Keese, Kingsbury, Knowlton, McKay, Marsh, Marshall, Mason, Owen, W. W. Phelps, Post, Siglar, and Ward, sat down to the class dinner at Redcliffe's, Gaul presiding as *Magister Epuli*, and Catlin acting as Secretary in the absence of the Class Secretary, W. L. Bradley, who was prevented, by the recent loss of his father, from participating in the festivities of the evening.

After a blessing had been asked by Higgins, a bountiful and luxurious repast was partaken of, and the regular toasts of the evening were then in order, being prefaced by two stanzas from good old "Gaudeamus." The presiding officer in a neat speech welcomed his classmates back to their whilom scenes of labor

and jollity, and announced the first regular toast of the evening, "Alma Mater," which was eloquently responded to by Mason, who spoke touchingly of the ties which bound Yale men together wherever congregated, and alluded with pride to the strength and influence of the Yale Alumni Association in his own city, Chicago. The song "Alma Mater" was then sung by the class, with all the wonted gusto of yore, after which the chairman called upon William Walter Phelps to respond to the second regular toast, "Yale Influence in National Legislation." Phelps's remarks were in a happy vein of mingled humor and earnestness, and elicited frequent applause from his classmates. The third toast, "The Class of '60," called to his feet Owen, who, after a few happy remarks, produced from his coat pocket a mysterious article carefully wrapped in paper. Upon unfolding the contents he turned to his next seat-mate, Marsh, and with a flourish of oratorical trumpets, presented him with a fossil discovery, which he claimed was nothing less than a portion of the shoe of the learned professor's pre-Adamite horse. The professor took it, put on his glasses, inspected it, and in a moment remarked that, while he doubted that fact, he would yet admit that the relic was a curious one, and was probably, he should say, a piece of the pothook on which Pocahontas had hung her teakettle. Having once taken the floor, Marsh was not readily allowed to resume his seat. In response to an invitation from his classmates he gave them a delightfully interesting description of his recent adventures in the Sioux country, including his feast to Red Cloud, his venturesome escape by night through the Indian encampment, and his wonderful discoveries of fossil remains in the *Mauvaises Terres*. To all this his hearers listened with pride and delight, and testified their satisfaction by deafening applause when at last the professor was allowed to sit down, but with an appointment to meet the class next morning at the Peabody Museum, and show them the result of his discoveries.

The class statistics were then read by the Secretary *pro tem.*, after which the toast "The Pulpit" was responded to by H. E. Barnes, who sketched in a graphic manner the work that had been and was still being done, in various quarters of the land, by the ministers of the class. Colton responded for "The Doctors," ably defending that much-abused profession

against the many erroneous popular impressions held regarding it. "The Bar" was responded to by Post, who, seated on a table, with his feet on the chair before him, opened court in western style then and there, and, after bringing down the house by his flow of humorous rhetoric, wound up with a touch of pathos which all but set his hearers' tears flowing, and rendered imperative a resort to the lively verses of "Co-ca-che-lunk," which followed. "The Press" was responded to by Catlin, who sketched the careers of various classmates in the field of journalism, and the "Bachelors of Sixty" by Gaul and Haight, who defended their cheerless position in the most defiant and daring strain. To "The Wives and Children of '60" Griffin presented a glowing tribute in verse, of such merit that the class authorized its publication herewith.

YALE 1860-1875

Classmates, convened from far and near,
With joy extreme, I meet you here,
And on this jolly Quindecennial
I wish you happiness perennial.

Our Secretary, blithe and bland,
Took me, awhile since, by the hand,
And with his genial, winsome smile
Did my simplicity beguile,
To this extent, that I rehearse,
As optional, in prose or verse,
The glories of this mighty theme
Which shine with purest ray serene.

"Our wives and '60 Junior!" Oh!
Expression's force falls far below
The requisitions of the time,
That call for grand and glorious rhyme.
Come, then, my muse, if I have one,
Help me sing in sweetest tone,
Worthy pæans to our wives,
Dearest charmers of our lives;
And the children! bless their souls,
When the wave of trouble rolls
Heavy o'er life's stormy main,
By their smiles bring peace again.
Woe to the bachelors of our class!
We can't in justice let them pass
Without the briefest possible mention.
Though they seem hopeless and past redemption:

Class of Sixty

In compassion to them we forbear
(Only their tender feelings to spare)
Descanting at length upon the joys
Surrounding a father of girls and boys.

Here we note a single exception
To this disparaging reflection,
By speaking a word in favor
Of Professor Marsh, the savor
Of whose influence has shed glory
By his research into hoary
Relics of bygone ages
On our class history's pages:
Nay, the utterance of his name
Has added to the fame
Of this great University
By the infinite diversity
Of bones he has found and vertebrates,
But, alas! *he's* one of the celibates.

We count those happy and wise
Who, heeding the good advice
Given by classmate Dunham
At our ten-yearly reunion,
Have from single misery fled,
To double-blessedness wed,
Leaving their lonely condition
To taste of domestic fruition.
All hail! most fortunate band,
We greet you with heart and hand;
May your shadows never grow less,
And peace your firesides bless.

But, all is not sunshine here,
With each joy is mingled a fear
That the shadows of grief may soon
Darken bright skies with gloom.
Our tears of sympathy flow
For those who've been called to go
To the narrow house and lay
Their precious dust away.
The circle of love was broken
When fond farewells were spoken
And the spirit took its flight
To a land of cloudless light.
May He whose grace can heal
The wounds which mourners feel,
By His loving, gentle voice,
Bid the sorrowing hearts rejoice.

Oh! the checkered years,
With their smiles and tears,
That have come and gone,
Hurrying on and on
Since our hundred and nine,
With prospects fine,
Each took his place
In the earnest race,
For honor's goal
With heart and soul,
All noble youth
In search of truth.

It seems to us but a dream
As we recall that scene;
Boys in our teens were we then,
Now we are strong, busy men.

Already our numerous children
Exceed by a full round dozen
The graduate number of our band,
A few of whom together stand
To-night and pledge their faith anew
To Alma Mater, firm and true;
Classmates once and friends forever,
Bonds which death itself can't sever.

Looking a few years hence
With keen, prophetic glance,
Sixty Junior I seem to see,
Coming hither to take his degree.
If I should make a guess
Of time, say more or less,
In eighteen eighty-one
There will have been begun
An era for this College
With its great heaps of knowledge,
Beside which all shall pale,
Even in mother Yale:
For then our boys shall come
To this old classic home
In one tremendous crush,
To fizzle, flunk, and rush.
And when that day shall be
May we be there to see,
With bouquets rich and sweet
To fling at the orator's feet,
As forth he struts to make
His maiden speech and take
Upon Commencement stage
The honors of the age.

Class of Sixty

Of one thing we're agreed:
 If that class shall succeed
 In beating '60's crowd,
 They'll do us mighty proud!

Now, classmates, fill your glasses full
 Once more, with water pure and cool,
 As I repeat the sentiment
 By way of sincere compliment,—
Here's to our wives, God bless their hearts,
 Who captured us with Cupid's darts;
Here's to our children, bright and hale,
 Fit candidates for good old Yale,
 At least the *lads*; as for the *lassies*,
 What can they do, but join the classes
 Of "old Grove Hall, York Square and all,"
 Beneath whose leafy bowers fall
 The shadows of departed years,
 When, full of youthful hopes and fears,
 Some of our fellows, with great propriety,
 Made their *entrée* to high-toned society;
 Now and then got "stuck for a hack"
 As the rain descended with darkness black,
 On the night when the concert was to be,
 And they had invited fair company.

But, pardon me for running on
 In this loose, prolix fashion,
 And occupying precious time
 With my poor rambling rhyme.

God bless us, classmates, one and all,
 Our wives and children, great and small,
 And grant that we again may meet
 In friendship, one another to greet
 Under the elms, the dear old elms,
 Until in bright and heavenly realms
 We join our kindred gone before
 And sing God's praise forevermore.

The song by Catlin from the Triennial program, "Well, here we are again, my boys," was then sung, after which, personal reminiscences being in order, the name of each member, present or absent, graduate or non-graduate, was called off by the Secretary *pro tem.*, and such information given concerning each as could be furnished by any classmate present. Many were the sallies of mirth or the thought of sadness evoked in

turn at the mention of each familiar name; nor was it until the rosy fingered maiden had commenced her morning duties in the eastern sky, or the Center Church clock had struck three, that the interesting recital closed.

A vote of thanks was then tendered Catlin for his services, in preparing the Decennial Record, and Bradley for his co-operation as Class Secretary.

Catlin then thanked the class for their recognition of his labors as Class Historian, and stating that owing to the pressure of other business it would be impossible for him to continue in the discharge of his duty as such, nominated as his successor Griffin, who was unanimously elected, and was instructed to prepare and publish a record covering the five years subsequent to the Decennial Record, at an expense not exceeding one hundred dollars, to be paid for by an assessment *pro rata* upon the class.

The Secretary was instructed to look after the class ivy, and it was voted that the next class meeting be held in 1880.

The benediction was then pronounced by Ward, after which, with three rousing cheers for '60, the class adjourned, unanimously voting the reunion the happiest and jolliest yet recorded in its history.

The Vigintennial Meeting. On Wednesday, June 30, 1880, at 12 M., twenty-three members of the class assembled at room 174 of the Lyceum. The meeting was called to order by the Secretary, and Mason Young was appointed chairman. The Secretary gave a report of receipts and expenditures during the previous five years. It was voted to lay a tax of one dollar upon each member, absentees included, to defray the ordinary expenses, the amount due for the supper to be collected from those present in the evening. Isaac J. Post was chosen President, W. L. Bradley, Secretary, George H. Griffin, Historian; E. L. Gaul, William McAlpin, and Mason Young were appointed to act with the Historian and Secretary in making arrangements preparatory to the Quarter-Century Meeting to be held in 1885.

At one o'clock twenty-two members of the class, viz., H. E. Barnes, W. L. Bradley, Denison, Furbish, Gaul, Griffin, Higgins, Johnson, Kingsbury, Knowlton, Loomis, Marsh, Marshall, McAlpin, McKay, Post, E. L. Richards, C. H. Richards,

Siglar, Williams, Willson, and Young, gathered on the steps of the "Old Chapel," and were photographed by De Silva.

This seems to have been the first photograph of a group of the class taken at any reunion. None was taken in 1885, but since 1890 the classmates assembled at each reunion have been "taken." In these five groups following there are fifty-nine different faces,—fifty-three of graduates and six of non-graduates. Four of the same ones only are to be found in all of the groups.

At half past six o'clock seventeen members met for an hour of social worship in the recitation room of Professor Richards.

At eight o'clock P. M., twenty-seven graduates and two non-graduate members, viz., H. E. Barnes, W. L. Bradley, Brown, Bunce, Colton, Denison, Dutton, Furbish, Gaul, Griffin, Higgins, Johnson, Kingsbury, Knowlton, Loomis, Marsh, Marshall, McKay, McAlpin, Ogden, Owen, W. W. Phelps, Post, E. L. Richards, C. H. Richards, Siglar, White, Williams, and Willson, sat down to the reunion supper at the Tremont House.

Post presided. In response to the call of the chairman, some recalled the pranks of college days, while others narrated the experiences of mature life. The class pride vaunted itself in the possession of members of congress, members of state legislatures, two of the six elected members of the Yale Corporation, six college professors, and many distinguished representatives in the learned professions. At the alumni meeting the reference by Willson to "the scholarly attainments of E. L. Richards and the world-wide scientific reputation of Marsh" was warmly applauded. The prophecy made ten years before, in the song of Catlin,

" Yet now, young Freshmen of our own
Are growing up around us,"

had become a reality, and W. W. Phelps announced that his son, prepared by Siglar, was a member of the Freshman (coming Sophomore) class at Yale, while H. E. Barnes confessed that his son had just entered the Freshman class at Harvard. By request, E. L. Richards made a statement in behalf of the Yale Athletic Association which desired contributions toward the purchase of a permanent field. In this connection Owen called attention to the fact that three of those present (Colton,



Johnson, and himself) were members of the crew who in 1859 won in the University boat race with Harvard. The meeting was enlivened by the singing of songs, among which was the following new one by Griffin:

AIR — "*Auld Lang Syne*"

In friendship firm again we meet
Around our well-spread board,
The hearts of classmates here to greet
With grateful feelings stored;
On rapid wing the years have passed
Since we, so young and hale,
Went forth from joys that could not last,
In those fair days at Yale.

Through all the years what varied scenes
Of sunshine and of shade,
The backward sweep of history gleams
From life-plans here once laid;
This lesson greatly wise and true,
Which all the thoughtful learn,
That they who manhood's work would do
Must heavenward daily turn.

From platform, pulpit, bench, and bar,
From busy marts of trade,
From battlefields where many a scar
The conflict long has made;
We've come to tell the checkered tale
Of life thus far unrolled,
How we as loyal sons of Yale
Have tried to prove "pure gold."

With absent boys of '60's band,
Wherever they may be,
Though scattered wide o'er every land,
We're one in sympathy;
And bid them Godspeed in the race
For honors yet in store;
Hoping to meet them face to face,
Ere life's brief day is o'er.

The loved and lost — with sad refrain
We speak their names to-night;
They've gone from earthly care and pain
To heaven's unclouded light;
Those names to us will never die,
We'll keep their memory green,
Till called to rise above the sky
And see as we are seen.

After the narration of personal reminiscences, the class adjourned to meet in 1885.

The Quarter-Century Meeting. The preliminary meeting was held, Tuesday, June 23, at 12 M., in Prof. E. L. Richards's recitation room, Atheneum. The following were present: H. E. Barnes, Beckley, W. L. Bradley, Chapell, Colton, Daniels, Denison, Eno, Fairchild, Freeman, Furbish, Gaul, Greene, Griffin, Haight, Hale, Hart, Higgins, Holden, Hunt, Hurlbut, Keyes, Kittredge, Knowlton, Loomis, Marshall, Mason, McAlpin, Norton, E. L. Richards, Smith, Ward, Wheeler, Williams, Willson, Young, Clinton Furbish, and Dodge — thirty-eight, and also Griffin's son. Gaul was chosen chairman. The Secretary read his report of the Vigintennial Meeting, and also presented a financial statement. The class voted not to accept the resignation of the Secretary. Holden was elected President and Mason, Vice-President.

At seven o'clock in the evening a class prayer-meeting was held in the same place. Daniels presided, and about thirty were present.

The meeting and supper were at 9 P. M., in the Brothers' Hall, Alumni Building. The use of the room, with light, was furnished by the college authorities. Forty-eight graduates and three non-graduate members were present (only two less than the number present at the triennial), viz., Ball, H. E. Barnes, Beckley, W. L. Bradley, Brown, Bunnell, Chapell, Colton, Daniels, Denison, Dunham, Eno, Fairchild, Freeman, Furbish, Gaul, Greene, Griffin, Haight, Hale, Hart, Hawley, Higgins, Holden, Hunt, Hurlbut, Johnson, Keyes, Kittredge, Knowlton, Loomis, Marsh, Marshall, Mason, McAlpin, McKay, Norton, Owen, Pennington, E. L. Richards, Siglar, Smith, Ward, Wheeler, Williams, Willson, Woodruff, Young, Bunce, Dodge, and Clinton Furbish.

After the supper had been disposed of the President addressed the class as follows:

I came here, like the rest of you, to enjoy myself, without an apprehension of burden or responsibility of any sort. I did not expect anything more formal than to ask and tell how it has been with us the past twenty-five years. But, to my great consternation, this afternoon I learned that many of you had united in a conspiracy to make me preside this evening. To a man who has scarcely made a

speech during all that time, and whose principal work has been with the pen, an extemporaneous address would be something he would not care to make, nor you care to hear. I have, therefore, fallen back upon the weapons which God and Nature have put into my hands, and shall inflict upon you the following leading editorial.

We have returned here — many of us at least — to renew our youth like the eagles of the American or bald-headed species. We have fulfilled all the cherished hopes and vast designs of twenty-five years ago. We have painted all creation red. Virtue is now rewarded, as it has always been, at its own expense. Vice has been abolished. Justice has been sent to the blind asylum, her scales to the coal dealer's. Like the Irishman in the story, the doctors have sawed off all the limbs they depended upon for support.

The millennium has come as promised. We went right to the front with checks for reserved seats, and this world has humbly asked us to run the planet to suit ourselves.

Usually, of every twelve eggs laid by the Commencement hen, eleven are added. But all of ours have hatched. The poet who said that "heaven lies about us in our infancy," didn't know our class. To "act like sixty," and even to "lie like sixty," have passed into proverbs. Our great success is owing to our possession of a superior article of Gaul. He is our mascot. There is only one, and we've got him. Then there's the friend of Red Cloud, and Delano, the father of the pterodactyl and the famous equestrian who has learned to ride the fiery, untamed ichthyo-saw-horse. His bones lie scattered from the Alleghanies to the Rockies — the man who, early in life, seizing his geologist's hammer, heard and heeded the poet, when he bade him

"Break, break, break,
The cold gray stones, —" O. C.

Marsh; or when discussing the paleogenesis of the ferrugineous depravity of the metamorphic schists with the argentiferous shales, while dovetailed into the granitic elevation of the anthropomorphic range of the Wiggle-Waggle Mountains, he exclaimed again with the poet:

"O! would that my thoughts could utter
The words that arise in me."

Finally, only the man who had made his early study of a well-thumbed *pony* could ever have discovered a five-toed horse. It is not Cyrus Field or Jay Gould who has built up one of our gigantic monopolies. It is Joe Twichell and Ned Mason, especially Mason, both of whom so constantly employed the Western Union Telegraph Company, informing each other of their new babies, that the company regularly declared six per cent semi-annual dividends, and the operators, broken down from overwork, began their vigorous but useless strike.

Of the other Mason, surnamed Young, I need but mention his recent experiments in overcoming Newton's law of gravitation that has so far served to hold him down in his professor's chair.

Walter Phelps's bright youth soon closed. An overruling Providence ordered otherwise. His promising career soon ended in the shadows. A simple stone, with this inscription, marks his last resting place:

" Wm. Walter Phelps,
Born, March, 1840,
Elected to Congress, November, 1874.
This tribute of respect and affection
Is erected by his surviving
Classmates."

I come now to speak in sadness of my most cherished and intimate friend and classmate. I knew him from childhood; watched his growth with intense interest through all the vicissitudes of his checkered, but, alas! his not very ex-chequered career. His life has been the most interesting of all his classmates, in *my* opinion. My emotions will not let me speak his name at the present time. You will best remember him and Nat Norton, because of the terrible affliction from which they both suffered, — their asthma; that is to say, the "shortness of their pants." This member of the class, whose name I cannot speak, has been thrown, not so much from pillar to post, as from *Post to Post* — to wit, from the *Hartford Post*, which he conducted, or miscondacted, for three years, to the *Detroit Post*, on which he remained for twelve years, exposing the nefarious deeds of the "hellhounds of the opposition." His success in saving the country, during all that period, has never been publicly known, because Lincoln, Grant, and Walter Phelps got the credit of it. The particular editorial article which accomplished this great work was a powerful appeal for "harmony in the ranks," for burying all minor differences, and marching shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy. This present election, he declared, was no time for dissensions; wait for some other occasion; present a united front, and let the sun of election day go down upon another victory for the grand old party. Then a blight came upon the bloom of this journalist. He grew to be a dude and a Pharisee, thence into a mugwump, and transferred his blasted talents to the *Detroit Free Press*.

A man was once crossing a covered railroad bridge with an express train just entering behind him. There was no escape but flight toward the glimmer of day at the other end of the bridge. From tie to tie he leaped. A misstep, and he would go down into the flood that ran below. The light seemed no nearer; the train thundered at his heels. Every muscle was tense, every pulsation agony.

It was an eternity of struggle and desperation. In the train itself, on the other hand, time passed with scarcely the knowledge or consciousness of the passengers. As they entered the bridge, the sun shone, the trees waved, the grass was green about them. Then darkness for a moment and out they hurried into the sunshine and the same landscape again; the same familiar faces about them, the same voices they had heard on their journey to the bridge. Such seems to me our passage of this quarter of a century. Pursuing us, ready to over-

take and crush us, the great world has roared and rushed. Every muscle has been strained, every heart-throb wild, to reach the light that is always before us but never near. There, we hope, is safety, peace, content. But it never comes and the train is at our heels. A misstep will be fatal. Down we shall go into the abyss. But, here and now, to-day, to-night, that vision seems like the horrid dream of a moment. The blank, dark passage we scarcely realize. We have shot out into the light of other days. Around us wave the same green trees we last saw and know so well. Under our feet is the grass on which we often trod; about us the well-known, the kind, the well-beloved faces we saw just now before we disappeared into the darkness of five and twenty years ago.

About fifteen of the class made impromptu remarks in response to the call of the chairman.

To the question of Owen, "How about reconstruction in Tennessee?" came the quick and warmly applauded retort of Wheeler — "Whatever we are, we are not mugwumps, as you are in Connecticut."

Richards advocated more attention in college to physical education as the best basis for the highest intellectual culture. His son, as a member of the graduating class, stood seventh in scholarship, received one of the six Townsend Premiums, and had also been prominent as an athlete throughout his entire college course.

Marsh, who had expected to be absent in Europe, was fortunately present to listen to the remarks of Holden and Owen, glorifying his fame as a paleontologist.

Daniels spoke of the influence exerted upon the state of Michigan by Holden, as the able editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, and by himself as professor of Olivet College.

Knowlton, as a recently appointed judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, had postponed the session of court for one day in order to be present.

Keyes narrated his many escapes from imminent death at the hands of the wicked and murderous Apache Indians of Arizona and New Mexico; and having (as expressed by Holden) the necessary *key*, he stated that he had unlocked the Golden Gates of California to the amount of a quarter of a million dollars.

Beckley expressed a wish to see any of the class at his home in Kentucky, but not all at once.

Hunt recalled student life, and referred to Hurlbut as a personified Boreas.

Smith read an *antique* biennial paper, which Holden said "we would answer if we had the time."

About midnight a deputation from the class of 1882, then holding their triennial at the Atheneum, came with greetings to the Class of Sixty and in return were heartily cheered.

Young read a paper entitled, "Some Facts about the Corporate Organization of Yale College," which was published in full in our Quarter-Century Record.

The class voted to meet again in 1890 and adjourned.

Some ten members of the class met again the next day to replant the ivy, which had suffered by the cold of winter, and by the strokes of baseballs.

Thirty Years After. According to appointment, our boys assembled at 12 M., Tuesday, June 24, 1890, in room C, Cabinet Building, on the Yale campus, for their preliminary business meeting. There were present: H. E. Barnes, E. C. Beach, Bunce, Bunnell, Colton, Delafield, Denison, Dunham, Eaton, Fairchild, Furbish, Gaul, Griffin, Haight, Hale, Hart, Hervey, Higgins, Hurlbut, Jessup, Kingsbury, Keyes, Knowlton, Loomis, Marsh, Marshall, Mason, McAlpin, Norton, E. L. Richards, Siglar, Smith, Wheeler, and Woodruff.

Gaul, as chairman of the Class Committee, called the meeting to order and presided. The resignation of W. L. Bradley as Class Secretary was announced by the chairman. It was voted to accept said resignation, with thanks to Bradley for his long-continued and faithful service in the above capacity. Griffin was then elected *viva voce* Secretary of the class and accepted the position on the expressed condition that the office of historian, which he has long held, be allowed to lapse. This condition was conceded by unanimous consent, and hereafter the Secretary will perform the duties of annalist, recorder, and treasurer.

The Class Committee offered their resignation, and it was by vote accepted. Gaul explained that there was no need of continuing this committee, as it had been originally appointed to assist the Secretary in making a special success of our Quarter-Century Meeting.

Knowlton was elected *nem. con.* chairman of the class supper.

A vote having passed in favor of a photograph, the class adjourned to the steps of the Sloane Laboratory, where



twenty-nine of the fellows were "taken" in a group, viz., H. E. Barnes, E. C. Beach, Bunnell, Colton, Denison, Dunham, Eaton, Fairchild, Furbish, Gaul, Griffin, Hale, Haight, Hart, Higgins, Hurlbut, Keyes, Kingsbury, Knowlton, Loomis, McAlpin, Marshall, Mason, Siglar, Smith, Wheeler, Bunce, Hervey, and Jessup.

At six o'clock the following twenty-four met in Dwight Hall (room belonging to '93) for an hour of social worship: Ball, Barnes, Beach, Bunnell, Colton, Denison, Dunham, Fairchild, Furbish, Griffin, Hart, Hervey, Higgins, Jessup, Kingsbury, Knowlton, Loomis, Marshall, McAlpin, C. H. Richards, Smith, Siglar, Ward, and Wheeler.

Furbish was leader. "From every stormy wind that blows" was sung, and I Peter, 4th chapter, was read.

After some pleasant remarks, Furbish offered prayer.

C. H. Richards spoke of the spiritual benefit he derived from the class prayer-meetings in college.

Griffin thanked God for the merciful way in which he had been led. He asked for prayer especially on behalf of Leach and Foster, both detained from the reunion after confidently expecting to be with us,—one by reason of personal illness, the other on account of the death of his eldest daughter.

Jessup gave an account of his experiences as a missionary in Syria. He felt peculiar pleasure in this his first meeting with the class since graduation.

Kingsbury and Hervey prayed, the hymn (one verse) "My faith looks up to Thee" intervening.

Loomis recalled the blessing which came to our class through the great spiritual awakening of 1858.

Barnes continued these reminiscences and expressed peculiar desire to see all our classmates Christians.

Smith dwelt upon the deep significance of this prayer service after thirty years of life's checkered experiences.

"Heaven is my home": one verse of this hymn was sung in memory of the many times we used to sing it, long, long ago.

Bunnell made special mention of Camp's holy walk and conversation, as that life impressed him. Camp never talked religion to him through those four years, but he kept on steadily exemplifying it. At separation, he gave Bunnell some earnest words which helped him toward the light.

After prayer by Higgins, especially for Bunnell, Hart said

he felt strengthened by the expressions of trust in God which he had heard from his classmates.

Ward spoke of Camp, Johnston, and Schneider, as the three men of '60, long since sainted in glory, who had made the strongest impressions for good on his mind.

McAlpin emphasized the blessings of the Young Men's Christian Association, — largely developed since our college days: an institution to which Yale is indebted for this Dwight Hall, — a center of Christian life and power.

Dunham indorsed McAlpin's words and told how much interest he felt in the Association movement and all it was doing for the colleges of the land.

Marshall praised God for the prayer-meetings which our class never fails to hold at its reunions. It seems, on comparison with other classes, to be quite a unique feature of ours.

The time did not suffice for all to participate. At 7.15 o'clock the meeting closed with singing one verse, "When we asunder part," and benediction by Jessup.

The class sat down to their supper at eight o'clock, in the front parlor of Julius Prokasky's Yale Hotel, Center Street, according to the following order from Knowlton's right: C. H. Richards, Ball, Eno, Mason, Hurlbut, Woodruff, Haight, Wheeler, E. C. Beach, Bunnell, Siglar, Dunham, Furbish, Smith, E. L. Richards, Ward, Kingsbury, Marsh, Marshall, Loomis, Hale, Bunce, Denison, Barnes, Higgins, Hervey, Keyes, Norton, Colton, Owen, McAlpin, and Griffin.

Jessup, Hart, and Fairchild sat at a convenient side table, and, as for Gaul, no one could tell where he did sit, so busy was he in caring for the comfort of all.

It should be mentioned, for Hawley's benefit, that he was becalmed off New Haven harbor all that night, in a friend's yacht, and thus lost, to his great regret and ours, the pleasure he had anticipated at the class supper.

Before eating, the divine blessing was invoked by C. H. Richards. After the viands had been sufficiently discussed, Knowlton opened the feast of reason with some fitting remarks, commendatory of all who had worked to make this reunion a success. He mentioned the interviews he had when abroad last summer with Jones in London and Catlin in Zurich.

Every member of the class present was called in alphabetical order. Ball was the only man whose modesty prevented his

making a little speech, and Hurlbut kindly came to his help (when the H's were reached) by telling us that he had been deputed by Ball to assure his classmates that he (Ball) loved them all. This is the only time on record in the class history when it became necessary for Hurlbut to save Ball from flunking in recitation.

When Barnes spoke, he alluded to the son whom he was compelled by circumstances to send to Harvard. This brought forth a few groans from the class, which were given purely in the Pickwickian sense. When Mason took the floor he came to Barnes's defense by offsetting this peccadillo with an act of magnanimity shown by Barnes, when chaplain in the army, to Mason's brother. Barnes dismounted and nobly gave the use of his horse to the wounded soldier.

And so the course of friendly talk and reminiscence flowed on, the excellence of the remarks made by each being matched only by the happy and hearty way in which Knowlton introduced all the speakers.

The interchange of kind feeling and good fellowship was continuous through the hours that went by all too swiftly. The exercises were enlivened at appropriate intervals, by the singing of our reunion songs with piano accompaniment.

After the speeches came the roll-call of absent ones, whose letters, so far as received, were read. The welfare of others was reported by different fellows who happened to be informed. Near the conclusion, a son of Kip and a son of Griffin (Yale '92) came in and were introduced to the class.

The name of Engs was mentioned as the only classmate called from this world since '85, a fact of remarkable mercy, considering the time of life we have now all reached. Engs died very suddenly of heart disease, July 7, 1887, in the forty-eighth year of his age. "As long as his health permitted," says the Yale obituary record for '88, "he was a successful practitioner, and was especially beloved by the poor, who benefited by his professional services."

Special votes of thanks were given to Knowlton for his able chairmanship, to Gaul for his mastery of details, and to Griffin for his labors as historian and acting secretary.

After a vote to meet again in 1895, the class adjourned at 2.30 o'clock in the morning.

As a postscript, it is worthy of record that a good number

of our fellows had the pleasure, on Wednesday, of paying their compliments at 415 Orange Street, to Miss Mamie Clay, who was the bearer of her father's kind messages to the class.

Joe Clay's photograph proved a conundrum which few were able to guess.

Another delightful feature of the day was the courtesy of Marsh to a delegation of his classmates (about a dozen), in exhibiting and explaining his choice collection of assorted bones in the Peabody Museum.

Some twenty of the class, including Hawley, sat together at the alumni dinner on Wednesday afternoon.

In the absence of Mason, whose name was on President Dwight's list, Griffin was called to speak for '60. In the "few feeble remarks" which came to him impromptu, he tried, at least, to do justice to the grand old class. He acknowledges hereby, with gratitude, the cordial hand-shakes and congratulations given him at the close by many of his classmates.

The finale of this happy day came through the kindness of Eaton, who had invited the class to his beautiful home on Prospect Street for a spread at six o'clock in the afternoon. A score of the fellows were present and heartily enjoyed the occasion.

"God be with us till we meet again."

Griffin died in September, 1894, and in the November following Hurlbut was invited by a dozen or more of his classmates to assume the duties of the office, provide all things necessary for our reunion in 1895, and act until Griffin's successor could be regularly chosen by the class. Hurlbut accepted, and soon the class began to receive circulars about the next meeting, laden or upborne by all the eloquence of *small caps* and *italics*. His urgent pleadings were effective in bringing together the largest attendance since our Decennial.

Thirty-fifth Anniversary. Commencement exercises at Yale in '95 were declared by competent judges to have been the best attended, most enthusiastic, and attractive that have ever taken place. How much the Class of '60 contributed to this success — modesty forbids. Let others tell: *alii loquan-*

tur. It certainly contributed its full share, heaping and running over. Where the crowd was biggest, the excitement *intensest*, the heat hottest, the applause and noise greatest, there could be seen in the heat of the fray the blue '60 flag, followed by a cohort of blue '60 badges. From Sheffield Presentation Day, the 21st instant, until the last guest had left Prex's levee, 26th instant, '60 was "on deck" — first, last, and all the time; yesterday, to-day, and forever. *Nunquam backseatibus.*

On Monday morning, the 24th, the Class Poet and Orator had their inning, just as Boies and Daniels had, and in the afternoon the class histories, pipes, songs, marching, and ivy planting carried us back to our student days, thirty-five years ago.

Tuesday, 25th, was alumni meeting, presided over by our classmate, Knowlton, and Willson was selected by the Alumni Committee to impress upon the assembly what '60 was, is, and is to be — to demonstrate that '60 was the greatest class that ever graduated; in fact, that there had been but *one* class that really amounted to much, and that *he* represented it. Both Knowlton and Willson "filled the bill" with credit to themselves and honor to the class.

As soon as Willson had finished, his classmates present adjourned to room 200, Old Chapel, for our business meeting. The class had commenced to arrive since the preceding Thursday, and some were present at the different exercises already mentioned.

On Monday evening about twenty collected at the New Haven House, and our reunion really commenced then. On Monday morning early, the posters on the trees announced that '60 was "in town," and on Tuesday morning a large Yale blue silk flag, with '60 in white satin numerals, floating outside the door of No. 200, Old Chapel, a most conspicuous location opposite Trumbull Gallery, and next to Alumni Hall, announced to the college world that the "Old Guard" was "Here." It attracted much attention and admiration.

At 11.15 the Secretary called the roll, and the following answered to their names: Ball, H. E. Barnes, Beckley, W. L. Bradley, Bunnell, Chapell, Colton, Dunham, Eno, Freeman, Haight, Hale, Hart, Hawley, Higgins, Hurlbut, Johnson, Keyes, Kingsbury, Kittredge, Knowlton, Leach.

Loomis, McAlpin, Marsh, Marshall, Mason, Norton, Owen, Pennington, Rice, C. H. Richards, E. L. Richards, Siglar, Smith, Wheeler, Willcox, Willson, and, as invited guests, Hervey, C. Furbish, Coan, Park, and Bunce, a total of forty-three.

Mason, *nem. con.*, took the chair. A tax of five dollars per capita was collected, except from the guests, and a vote of thanks offered to those whose additional contributions furnished "the oil to move the machinery." Blue satin badges with '60 on were distributed, and were certainly a feature of the occasion, as the class wore them while in New Haven, and they made a most distinguishing mark. The claims for favorable consideration of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* were mentioned in a notice that was read, and it is a most interesting publication for those who wish to keep in touch with college matters. (No commission for this puff.)

A vote of thanks for the Secretary, and his unanimous re-election; the selection of Smith to preside at the class supper, and a vote to meet in 1900 closed the business meeting.

At its adjournment the class, headed by the Secretary, with the class flag, marched to the Library Building, were grouped on the steps, a picture was taken,—and a capital one, too.

There were forty-one in this goodly company: Ball, H. E. Barnes, Beckley, Bunnell, Chapell, Colton, Dunham, Eno, Freeman, Haight, Hale, Hart, Hawley, Higgins, Hurlbut, Johnson, Keyes, Kingsbury, Kittredge, Knowlton, Leach, Loomis, McAlpin, Marshall, Mason, Norton, Owen, Pennington, Rice, C. H. Richards, E. L. Richards, Siglar, Smith, Wheeler, Willcox, Willson, Bunce, Coan, C. Furbish, Hervey, and Park. If Marsh had arrived on the ground ninety-seven seconds earlier he would have been included in the group.

After registering in the alumni book at the Library, the marching was continued to the hall, where luncheon was provided, and the time, until two o'clock, was taken up with eating, and its usual concomitants. *Edendi bibendi*. At that time the line of march was resumed, and then, headed by the blue flag, the route was to the New Haven House, to take the trolley car for the field. The sight of over forty old gray beards,—and some of them can have their hair cut "while they wait," without taking off their hat,—marching behind a



class flag, and each wearing a class badge, created much attention, and our arrival at the New Haven House did much to increase the fun, noise, and enthusiasm already at fever heat (*calor febris*).

After some little delay, because of the immense crowd, for everybody in New Haven seemed to be coralled in that vicinity, we got our car, and were on our way to the field for the Yale-Harvard game.

Upon our arrival, gathering forces at the gate, we entered in a body, forty-three strong, with flag flying and badges waving.

We all remember (?) the description of the different celebrations in the Roman Coliseum (Livy IV, 3; Homer V, 9), whether it was a bull fight with thumbs down (*pollice sub rosa*) or "The Lady or the Tiger" (*Damme Tigrisque*); even *they* pale into insignificance in comparison with the reception to the Class of Sixty, when it entered the arena and marched across the full length of the field to their reserved seats. The classes having reunions, '65, '70, '75, '80, '85, '89, and '92, already seated in the spaces reserved for them, each with a full band, arose as one man, and drowned the noise of the music with their own. The grand stand, holding four thousand, a living mass of youth, beauty, and loveliness (*dulciorem*), joined in the applause, and the waving of handkerchiefs and flags was simply "out of sight." (Not to be taken literally.) Sixty cheered the crowd, and the crowd cheered '60, and all the while the Secretary was furiously waving the class flag, and making as much noise as only he can make, while every classmate, individually and collectively, was waving anything he could get hold of, and shouting for dear life, "*Vita dulce*."

"See Naples and die." See a sight like this and live. Because of delay in calling the game, each class took the opportunity to march around the field behind its band, and halting in front of the bleachers, '60 gave the college cheer, which was returned with interest. Oh! it was a great day for '60; but then '60 was a great class.

Returning from the field quite a number attended the class prayer-meeting, presided over by C. H. Richards, while others came back to the site of the old fence, where several sections of it were placed on the sidewalk for our special use.

The time up to 7.30 was passed in chatting, singing, watching the other classes, criticising the vast crowd, and amusing ourselves in various ways, when, having in the meantime been joined by the others, in a body, still following the blue '60 flag, we marched to supper. The table, laid on the three sides of a hollow square, looked inviting, decorated with flowers contributed by Owen, raised at his country place. *Rus in urbe*. Smith presided, with the Secretary on his right. "Gaudeamus" was sung, and then Park pronounced the blessing. One classmate was so overcome at the sumptuousness of the menu that he swooned, and went under the table before he had finished reading it, thereby beating the class record in that respect; but the medical talent present, seven in number, after prescribing *nux vomica*, *habeas corpus*, *nunc pro tunc*, succeeded in convincing him that he need not pass an examination on the whole of it *at once*, but might digest it in sections.

With songs, jokes, and general conversation, the evening quickly passed, and, the physical pabulum being disposed of, the mental pab. was brought out. *Mens sana in sano corp.*

The Secretary reported as follows concerning the absent members: Answers had been received from all except Foules and Jones, who treated beseeching letters of inquiry as though they had been requests for charity or tailors' duns, with dignified silence — *silentia digitalis*. The following reported themselves as in good health, no radical change since 1890, with a universal expression of regret that circumstances compelled their absence: E. R. Barnes, E. C. Beach, F. Beach, Beers, Blakeslee, Bristoll, Clay, Delafield, Holden, Howard, Kip, Vandyne, Warren, Williams, Worthington.

The following expected to have been present, and accepted their invitations, but were later prevented. These, too, are in good health, with no radical changes since 1890: W. E. Bradley, Daniels, L. H. Davis, R. S. Davis, Dutton, Fairchild, Foster, Furbish, McKay, Starr, Ward, White, Young.

Denison wrote in January that he expected to come. In May his sister wrote of his illness, and again on July 22 of his death on July 7, at his home in Pomfret, Conn.

Holmes is too much of an invalid to travel.

Catlin, Clay, R. S. Davis, Dutton, Eaton, Holden, Starr, Williams, as also Jessup and Wildey, of the invited guests,

wrote most interesting letters that were read to the class, and Jessup inclosed photographs of Mrs. Jessup and himself.

Just here the toast to our classmates deceased since 1890 was drunk standing and in silence. Letters were read from Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Griffin and her son (as well as an autobiography presented), Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Woodruff, and our Class Boy's father, Holmes. Gaul's sister and brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. George C. Yeisley, of Hudson, N. Y., were present during the dinner exercises, and Dr. Y. was invited to a seat beside the President, and made some remarks in memoriam of our late class chairman, whose photograph has been placed with the class *memorabilia*.

After this the following toasts were disposed of: "The Corporation," Mason; "Athletics," E. L. Richards, who, in the course of his remarks, said: "Yale has not asked for an apology from Harvard, but simply a statement from the members of the Harvard team in which they may clear themselves of all responsibility for the vile slanders heaped upon Yale last fall. It is not an apology for what has been done, but a disavowal such as Yale frankly gave to Pennsylvania last winter, when that college wrote to know if the published attacks on her system of athletics had originated at Yale. Such a statement Yale thinks she should get before trusting her reputation to another football contest with Harvard"; and "The Class of '60," Hurlbut, who paid a tribute to the former secretaries and class committees, whose places "might be taken but could not be filled," reminding the class that of the one hundred and nine who had graduated, but seventy-two (now seventy-one) were left; that the class had taken the Yale Lit. Medal three times, in '57, '58, '59, Dutton, Jones, and Ward; had furnished three members of the victorious Yale-Harvard '59 crew, and that these three were present to-day, Colton, Johnson, and Owen; that the unprecedented attendance at our class reunions was a proof of the strong class feeling, and that this present attendance was phenomenal,—including Beckley from Kentucky, Freeman from Minnesota, Keyes from California, Loomis from Wisconsin, McAlpin from Ohio, Mason from Illinois, Wheeler from Tennessee,—where can you find such a record? But, then, '60 is a record maker. *Recordia fecit*. The class has not buried its talents in a napkin. It has now two professors in the

University, — Richards and Marsh; it has had a third, Eaton. Daniels, D.D., Greek professor at Olivet; Smith at Dartmouth; Young, ex-member of the Corporation; Mason, an active member, recently made LL.D. at Knox College, Illinois; Phelps and Catlin, who have represented this country abroad; Beers, professor in Kansas University; L. H. Davis, M. C. for Missouri; Delafield, professor in Columbia College Medical School; Dutton, editor and compiler U. S. A. researches; Freeman, U. S. registrar and prosecuting attorney, Minneapolis; Hurlbut, commissioner of education, New York City; Knowlton, LL.D., and justice Supreme Court, Massachusetts; Willson, justice Court of Common Pleas, Pennsylvania; R. S. Davis, Foster, and Holden, each exerting a widespread influence through the public press, besides merchant princes and representatives of all the professions galore who have made their mark in their different callings. Truly our class motto was well chosen, — *Spectemur Agendo*.

Fortieth Anniversary. As the time for this meeting approached, it became apparent that Hurlbut was not going to be in condition to make the necessary preparations and provide for the class entertainment. Accordingly a number of the class united in a request to Leach to assume the duties of Secretary provisionally. Having the necessary time at his command, through having recently retired from business, he took up the work.

The Attendance. Out of a possible sixty-one living members, twenty-seven were present. There were also with us three of our brethren who could not complete their course with us, much to their regret and to ours. Ball, H. E. Barnes, Beckley, W. L. Bradley, Bunnell, Colton, Dutton, Eno, Fairchild, Foster, Furbish, Haight, Hart, Higgins, Johnson, Kingsbury, Knowlton, Leach, Marshall, Norton, Owen, Pennington, C. H. Richards, E. L. Richards, Smith, Wheeler, Williams; Bunce, Hervey, and Park were with us and of us.

In Alumni Hall. Tuesday morning, June 26, 1900, '60 rallied at Alumni Hall with none of the doubts, misgivings, and trepidations of old biennial days, which were a prolonged agony to some of us. The meeting was opened with prayer by Park. Wheeler was there to speak for our class when it was called. Those who have attended recent reunions do



not need to be told that he has an engaging presence, and that his platform appearance and remarks were creditable to our class.

Business Meeting. Promptly at eleven o'clock the class assembled in Richards' recitation room, No. 175 Lyceum. On motion, it was voted that the Secretary should act as chairman; hence he had triple duties to perform at this meeting.

Leach was elected Class Secretary. Tickets were procured by Haight for all who wished to go to the Yale-Harvard baseball game in the afternoon. After reading correspondence relating to the class ivy, which is published on a following page, adjournment was had to the steps of the new Library Building, to sit for the class picture.

While our group was being arranged, another group of friendly boys of '97, who perhaps thought '60 might be sad and serious and in need of a more lively expression, came down upon us, and taking a position near the instrument of the artist, chanted some lines from the "Frogs of Aristophanes," with their compliments to '60. If any cheerful effect was needed, this little episode gave it. For besides being less in numbers than five years ago, we missed Hurlbut's enlivening rallying cry. In this group of June, 1900, there are twenty-six: Ball, H. E. Barnes, Beckley, W. L. Bradley, Colton, Dutton, Eno, Fairchild, Foster, Furbish, Haight, Hart, Higgins, Johnson, Kingsbury, Knowlton, Leach, Marshall, Norton, Owen, Smith, Wheeler, Williams, Bunce, Hervey, and Park.

The Ivy. Some feeling akin to sadness has always crept in whenever it has been brought to mind that our class ivy failed to thrive.

Charley Boies sang to us at its planting:

" We go to plant the ivy now,
The sun may burn, the storm may break it,
In growing years it may decay
And stranger hands may rudely take it.

" But round these rugged walls, to-day,
A hundred living hearts shall center,
And ivied memories creep and cling
Where envious Time can never enter."

In 1895, Mrs. Champion kindly had our ivy replanted, but it did not long survive, owing, it is said, to too much ball practice in its neighborhood.

The following letter was read at the business meeting, and the reply was adopted:

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '60.

Greeting: It is due you that with the slip of ivy sent for the planting on your fortieth anniversary, I add a few words to prove its authenticity as a grandchild of the ivy planted in 1860.

Let me first say that my husband dearly loved his class and classmates; that the words of the parting song sung by you in 1863 were from the heart. He used often to speak of his plans as secretary for the meeting in 1870.

When, after a year's residence in Minnesota, the angels came for him and I returned East alone, I asked of President Woolsey the privilege of taking a few slips from the '60 ivy. It was most readily given.

Two of the slips were sent to Hartford to plant by the grave of Major Camp, of whom Mr. Champion was very fond. Two were taken to the Grove Street cemetery, and the fifth was planted in my garden. This has grown to be a large plant; and a year ago, realizing an ivy would be needed by you this year, I started the slip I send.

If any of the class would like a slip to take to their home, it will give me great pleasure to take one from the ivy in my garden if they will call at 270 Crown Street, any time this afternoon before 7 P.M., or any time to-morrow before the president's reception in the evening.

After my return from Minnesota, the Corporation of the college voted to me the privilege of "the college that would have belonged to my husband," so I consider I have a right to say I belong to the Class of '60. May I ask that I be so considered by you?

Should I live till 1910, and this slip not flourish, I promise to have another ready for you.

With best wishes,

Mrs. HENRY CHAMPION.

NEW HAVEN, June 26, 1900.

Reply to Mrs. Champion:

The Yale Class of 1860 has received, by the kindness of Mrs. Henry Champion, a slip of ivy, which we have this day planted to replace the one set out upon our graduation, but which did not flourish. This one is certified to us as a grandchild of the original plant.

It is the sense of this class that we are greatly indebted to the donor for this kindly and gracious gift. It is our wish that she should accept from us this tender of our warmest thanks, and that she should receive from us, with our cordial good-will, an honorary membership of our class.

Smith's Address. Among the varied experiences of our lengthening lives, this which I am about to describe has befallen many of us.

You had been traveling for miles over a level or slightly rolling country. You had gained an elevated point and paused to look backward. Your eye followed the road which you had traversed until it was lost in the mists which shrouded the distant landscape. But as you gazed the mists melted in the sun's heat and the point from which you had set out hours before was distinct and near, and the space and the toil that lay between were as though they had not been.

We stand on such a point of vantage to-day. In the glow of feeling kindled by our reunion amid these well-beloved scenes, the mists and shadows which have gathered over the way of our forty years' pilgrimage vanish, and we can see ourselves the boys of '60 planting our first ivy here — one hundred and nine of us, young and strong, and full of the joy of living.

Our four years of association in common interests had begotten a mutual love that was fain to express itself in act; and the fitting act in which we solemnly joined was the planting of the ivy. We did it in a body, which signified our union in purpose and feeling. He who plants allies himself with the creative force, and thus we expressed the stirring sense of power within us. In planting our ivy we set forth our hope of future growth and bloom, and our desire to preserve here, in this sacred repository, a reminder of the common treasures which our four years had gathered.

For ten years our ivy flourished, while some of the best and brightest of us finished their course. Then a winter's frost killed it. Our Secretary, Dr. Bradley, tried to replace it, but without success; and in '85 we planted another, — a slip cut from the first, and preserved for us by Mrs. Champion. That has also perished, and again, to-day, we plant a descendant of the first, furnished by the same kind hand.

There is something sadly suggestive in these repeated failures. They remind us of the failures that we have all made, — failures to obtain the things we desired; failures to reach our ideals; failures to do the work set before us. They remind us, too, of the untimely end of many an opening career among us.

But none of these things overcome us. To-day — men in our last decade, gray and careworn — we plant our ivy again. We plant it with a mutual affection whose founda-

tions have been deepened by time. Four years of boyhood were our common portion then. Forty years of manhood are our common portion now. In varying scenes, with varying incidents, our experiences have had the same essential feature; and more and more, my classmates, as we meet, I recognize, in you and in myself, the boys we were in 1860.

How many plantings have we done; how many seeds we have sown since then! Lawyer and merchant and broker and doctor and teacher, writer and soldier and priest, we have planted, and the rain and the sunshine of God's providence have watered and quickened, and the fruit has ripened, the good and the bad.

Life has tested and tried us. It has taught us to know the eternal verities as the boy cannot know them. In the words of Emerson:

"Out of love and hatred; out of earnings and borrowings and lendings and losses; out of sickness and pain; out of worshiping; out of traveling and voting and watching and caring; out of disgrace and contempt, — has come our tuition in the serene and beautiful laws."

Charley Boies said to us in our class poem:

"Oh, 'twas true, the dream of sages
Of the music of the spheres.
And each life of human creatures,
With its changing joys and fears,
Is a note in the great anthem
Ever ringing through the stars."

As life has disciplined us, the discords have been gradually hushed, and we have come into closer harmony with the great anthem.

We plant our ivy again to-day, and it is well that we have the opportunity. We do it in loving memory of departed days and of the comrades who have left us, but we do it with hope, fearless of aught that may be before us, resolute still to plant and to reap, to live with our might in the present, looking forward to an ever-widening and never-ending future.

After this address our tenor, H. E. Barnes, led us in singing "Gaudeamus," which we sang with all the vim and vigor of earlier days. Adjournment to luncheon followed.

Luncheon. The plan of keeping the class together for luncheon as well as dinner has much to recommend it, and

it has proved quite popular with all our boys. An enjoyable hour was spent in eating and conversation before we separated for the afternoon, many for the ball game, others to revisit old scenes and renew former acquaintance. Many of us looked at what remains of the Old Brick Row with regret, and with the knowledge that Old South Middle would soon be the sole survivor.

The Prayer-Meeting was well attended. Furbish was the leader. He turned our thoughts to those who used to be with us on these occasions, but who have gone before us. His words were tender, and they helped to make the occasion one of combined reminiscence and of incitement to use the time that remains to us in faithful activity. The meeting was entirely informal, each one in turn saying a word,— in most cases of his experience during these years. Some of these experiences were very touching as they revealed the heart life of one and another.

In tender fellowship, in song and prayer, and in pleasant converse, the hour and a half passed swiftly by. The meeting furnished some of the most delightful moments of our reunion.

The Dinner. The class assembled promptly at the appointed hour, and after a blessing had been asked by H. E. Barnes, fell to in a way showing that age and custom had not dulled or diminished their accustomed appetites. Foster presided. Beckley, Bunnell, Eno, and Knowlton were unable to remain to the dinner, but they left their hearts with us. Knowlton went on his way to Harvard to receive his honorary degree of LL.D. Sixty could also supply other worthy candidates for her honors. — *Verb. sap.*

Although we sat down to table less in numbers than was expected, there yet lacked nothing in vivacity, pleasure, and enthusiasm. There were Ball, H. E. Barnes, Bunce, Colton, Dutton, Fairchild, Foster, Furbish, Haight, Hart, Hervey, Higgins, Johnson, Kingsbury, Leach, Marshall, Norton, Owen, Park, Pennington, C. H. Richards, E. L. Richards, Smith, Wheeler, and Williams.

The attendance of W. E. Bradley, Keyes, and Rice was unexpectedly prevented at almost the last moment. Daniels, Dunham, Holden, and Howard had hoped to be with us. Eaton, Holmes, and Vandyne were too ill to come.

Others were prevented by sickness in their families or important engagements.

E. R. Barnes, Foules,* and Siglar were silent.

Much interesting personal history of the past was given by each one in the five-minute speeches called for by Chairman Foster. Interest was unflagging. At 1 A. M. we adjourned, after singing Kingsbury's "Recessional"; all united in saying that the class had never had a more enjoyable meeting. Richards' poem, which appears below, both because it ought to be preserved and that the absent may also enjoy it, was highly appreciated and warmly applauded.

A delegation from '97 visited us, and cheers and good wishes were exchanged.

Holden sent us a "telephone" message by private wire, which was in his usual happy vein and much enjoyed. There were five large pages brimming full of humor, love, and goodwill. It was one only, but one of the best, of the good things that all of you missed who were not there.

The absent and the gone before were all lovingly remembered. The whole occasion was one to be thought of with agreeable remembrances, and its next repetition to be looked forward to with eager anticipations. The hearty handgrasp and the cheerful Godspeed of classmates give pleasure, courage, and strength. Past trials and disappointments are lessened in magnitude, and the future takes on a brighter hue.

FORTY YEARS AFTER

Wake from your Rip Van Winkle sleep,
Proud *Sixty*, best of all the classes!
You've had a nap; from slumber deep
Arise, ere yet the daylight passes.

You're still beneath the elms of Yale;
The college bell will soon be ringing
Its summons out; we must not fail,
But quick to meet the Prof. be springing.

* Under date of July 17, Foules writes:

"I would have been glad to have met you all on June 26, but my health has been so bad for the last three years that I have scarcely been out of my yard for that length of time. Remember me to any of my classmates you should happen to meet, and if any of them should happen down my way, give me a call, and I will promise each and all of them a hearty reception."

What! rather stiff in all your joints?
And racked with dire rheumatic twinges?
And you, who gave the sprinter points,
Are *your* knees rusty on their hinges?

And what's the matter with your hair,
Which yesterday was full and flowing?
A scalping-knife has sure been there,
And snowdrifts through your beard been blowing.

And what's the matter with my muse?
She limps; her voice is hoarse and raucous,
As though her shouts had been let loose
In many a noisy party caucus.

Old? Nonsense! for we still are boys,
The roistering sons of brave old Eli!
What lies the almanac employs!
To-night a college stripling feel I.

Come on across the campus now;
We go to meet Professor Hadley.
If you should "flunk," there'll be a row!
His trenchant wit will spear you sadly.

If you should "fizzle" (how absurd!),
Well may your nerves be all a-quiver!
He'll take your heart out, as the bird
Dissected out Prometheus' liver.

Come on! — but, bless me, what a change!
Where are the dear, familiar features?
How could one night so disarrange
The campus, halls, and college teachers?

Where is the dear old college fence,
The roost of many generations,
Where 'neath the elm-trees' leafy tents
Rose rousing songs and mock orations?

And where has gone the "Old Brick Row,"
The old "North Middle," and "South College,"
In which we crammed and frolicked so,
And stuffed our heads with classic knowledge?

I do not see the college clock
Look kindly from the Chapel steeple:
Somehow the boys seem different stock —
A cruder, vealier sort of people.

Class of Sixty

I miss Prof. Newton's step so spry;
The kindly face of dear old Thacher,
The gleam of Woolsey's flashing eye,
Of college Prexes the out-matcher.

Hark! hear Bob Davis and his chum
Sing "Glory, glory, hallelujah!"
And others, "Swe-vil-a-wee-dum-bum!"—
You don't like new songs better, do you?

And where has gone the "Wooden Spoon"?
And where the "Brothers," and "Linonia"?
Have they not vanished all too soon?
Can any other clubs be tonier?

Alas! some devilish, magic art
Has worked a monstrous transformation!
The Yale in which we bore a part
Is swallowed in a new creation.

What's that you say? — "We're sleeping yet
And of a golden past are dreaming"?
Then rouse, and rub your eyes, and get
A view of facts, not fancies seeming.

Ah, yes! we see 'tis four decades
Since we went forth with hearts a-flutter;
Went, making love to beauteous maids;
Began to earn our bread and butter.

Full forty glorious years have sped
Since we roamed o'er the college campus:
We went to work with hand and head,
Determined that no fate should cramp us.

And we have filled these twoscore years
With gallant deeds in life's fierce battle:
We fought to win, o'er doubts and fears;
We lived for action, not mere prattle.

In varied work in many lands
We've had a story somewhat checkered;
But we rejoice as we clasp hands
That we can boast of *Sixty's* record.

Our score of lawyers worthy are
To wear the ermined gown of Judges;
No stain doth their escutcheon mar;
Not one from honor's standard budges.

And when went out the startling news
That *Sixty* sent out seventeen preachers,
The world stood trembling in its shoes,
For fear there'd be a glut of Beechers.

Our fifteen doctors, armed with drugs,
Went forth to soothe neuralgia's frenzy;
To kill microbic germs and bugs,
And get a grip on influenza.

Our merchants, journalists, and such, —
Professors, teachers, soldiers, brokers,
Have with the modern world kept touch,
All brave, strong men, and never croakers.

Two wars have called our men a-field,
And we have had our share of heroes;
And their great record proof doth yield
That *Sixty* furnishes no zeroes.

No knight of Arthur's Table Round
Faced death more bravely, and defied her,
Than Henry Camp, who glory found
With Hebard, Johnston, Ogden, Schneider.

And twoscore soldiers more beside,
Marched 'neath our country's starry banner
And fought with courage true and tried,
Till Peace rang out her glad "Hosanna!"

And we have had an ample share
In Mother Yale's immense advances:
Her progress is our joy and care,
Her story great our soul entrances.

When "Fellows" three she needed sore
To fill her famous corporation,
She knew in *Sixty* there were more
Good fellows than in all creation.

She cried, "Oh, give me three, I pray,
To swell young Yale's loud diapason!"
We answered her without delay
And gave her Phelps and Young and Mason.

We walk to-day 'neath Phelps's arch,
And visit Marsh's hall of science;
To Richards' "Gym." then proudly march,
Where they turn out such little giants.

Class of Sixty

Our men have helped set such a pace
 In training men of brain and muscle,
 That when we match in any race,
 We make proud Harvard sweat and hustle

New power may Alma Mater get;
 We greet her growing splendor gladly;
 We've lived to see the great quartet
 Of Woolsey, Porter, Dwight, and Hadley.

And he who stands now at the helm
 Was in our day "Prof. Jimmie's baby";
 But yet, like some high-towering elm,
 He'll beat all predecessors, maybe.

The stars are thickening in our sky,
 The sunset glow fades in the gloaming,
 And we shall join those, by and by,
 Who now in heavenly fields are roaming.

Yet still with steady step and strong
 We march with Yale's grand ensign o'er us.
 And lift our voices loud and long
 To sing to her our gladsome chorus.

Fling out the banner of the blue,
 And let it wave in all its beauty!
 Live on, live long, dear Mother true,
 For God and manhood, truth and duty!

C. H. RICHARDS.

RECESSIONAL

AIR — "*Auld Lang Syne*"

Once more we gather here, my boys,
 Though forty years have flown
 Since those glad days of youthful joys
 Old Yale to us made known.
 We talk together of the ways
 Our feet since then have trod,
 We place the crown of memory's bays } *Bis.*
 On names these years have starred. }

We're veterans in life's warfare now,
 Though still our hearts beat young;
 Before the passing years we bow,
 Yet stand we brave and strong.
 To-night we drink the wine of life,
 To-morrow we must part —
 Once more the cares, once more the strife, } *Bis.*
 To meet with steadfast heart. }

But on until the years shall end
For each one in his turn,
To *Sixty* shall our thoughts still tend,
For her our love shall burn.
God bless us all and all who're ours;
God guide our steps aright,
Until we reach celestial bowers,— } *Bis.*
Heaven's morning after night.

OLIVER A. KINGSBURY.

Sixty at the Bicentennial. Great is Yale, and great was her Bicentennial. Volumes of description could give but a faint conception of the greatness and grandeur of the occasion. Weather clear, warm, and superb, even for October. For outdoor events it was simply perfect. The city's welcome by mottoes, decorations, and loving sentiments was worthy of the home of Yale. The night procession was an event not seen in many lifetimes. Fancy representations by the various classes, and by representatives from other institutions, were brilliant, practical, suggestive, and successful. New Haven never before saw the like.

The Secretary was absent by reason of the sickness and death of his wife. Hence plans for the part '60 was to take in the procession had not been fully perfected.

But we were much in evidence along the route watching the parade, and much in evidence also in the outdoor event when we saw Yale's history dramatically outlined. Seven thousand alumni made the air vocal, if not with harmony, yet always with cheers and songs galore, led by the undergraduates and a splendid band.

We made a triumphal march to the theater where the degrees were conferred, the class being led by Joe Clay and H. E. Barnes, Secretary *pro tem.*, and *en route* we showed the Yale kids swarming about how to cheer in the good old-fashioned hurrah! and they responded with the modern " 'Rah, 'rahs."

That assemblage at the Hyperion — who could describe it? The world never saw its equal and never will, until Yale has her bi-and-a-half-centennial. The world's greatest scholars from two or three continents on the platform, and the Class of '60 in the first balcony! That neat, pertinent, crisp little speech by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States;

the marvellously felicitous words of President Hadley in conferring the large numbers of degrees; the roar of voices greeting distinguished strangers,—all made it an occasion unsurpassed and unsurpassable.

The class met and Secretary *pro tem.* Barnes was in the chair. No special business was transacted, but an hour and a quarter was spent in mutual interchange of news, and with tributes of love and respect to classmates Chapell and Mason, recently deceased. Mrs. J. L. Daniels, now, alas, the late Mrs. Daniels, was present at the meeting, and was invited to sit with us as an honorary member.

There were present at the meeting: H. E. Barnes, Bunnell, Bunce, Daniels, Dunham, Hale, Hart, Knowlton, Loomis, Marshall, Park, and Snell. Besides, there were present in the city: C. H. Richards, E. L. Richards, Colton, W. L. Bradley, Owen, Fairchild, Higgins, Johnson, Kittredge, Smith, Clay, Haight, and White; twenty-five in all.

Forty-fifth Year, June 27, 1905. Lowndes Davis had written that he would be there, and so had Mason Young. Hart had expected to go even if he had to walk, but he was prostrated by another attack of pneumonia. Unavoidable business engagements kept Foster, Haight, Johnson, and Pennington away. Kingsbury was detained by a complication of circumstances, Smith by a professional engagement, and Willson by the order of his physician.

Nevertheless there were Ball, H. E. Barnes, Beckley, Colton, Daniels, Dunham, Dutton, Fairchild, Furbish, Higgins, Holden, Knowlton, Leach, Marshall, Norton, Owen, C. H. Richards, E. L. Richards, Siglar, Willcox, Wheeler, Bunce, and Hervey, looking as alert and as ready for pleasure or business as they did forty-five years ago.

As listeners, the class was well represented at the meeting in Alumni Hall. Among the gratifying items of news handed down by President Hadley was the official announcement of the gift of ten thousand dollars to the Yale Infirmary by Mrs. William H. Hurlbut, as a memorial to her husband. A room with special reference to the needs of poorer students is provided for. The great audience cheered this, with other similar gifts, as Yale men of our time know how to cheer. No announcement in the president's report was received with heartier greeting, and with louder and longer continued



applause, than the decision to save the old library building practically intact. Highly prized and endeared associations are to receive consideration at the hands of the authorities as well as architect's ideas of harmonious development.

After the report, speeches were made by representative men of three different classes holding reunions. The class of 1855 had a representative upon the program and the next academic class was 1885. The attendance in Alumni Hall was certainly greater than it was five years ago, when each class holding a reunion was represented by a speaker.

At noon the class met at room B2, Osborn Hall, for business. Daniels was made chairman. Notice was given that Mrs. Champion would be pleased to receive the class at her residence, and that she had numerous pots of ivy, lineal descendants of our original plant, which she would gladly have members accept for growing at their own homes. The question of a class history was taken up and discussed at length. Since our graduation we have had seven separate publications, records, reports, etc., with more or less biographical matter, spread over three hundred and seventy-two pages. Various points of interest about a class book were considered. The conclusion of the whole matter was that it was voted with enthusiastic unanimity to have the class history compiled, written up to date, and printed. An editorial committee, consisting of Eugene Richards, Dunham, and Daniels, was associated with the Secretary, to prepare the same. C. H. Richards was appointed leader for the prayer-meeting, Daniels elected to preside at the dinner in the evening, and Leach was again elected Class Secretary. Adjournment to the steps of the Library Building was then had and a picture of the class was taken by Pach. In our forty-fifth anniversary group there are twenty-three: Ball, H. E. Barnes, Beckley, Colton, Daniels, Dunham, Dutton, Fairchild, Furbish, Higgins, Holden, Knowlton, Leach, Marshall, Norton, Owen, C. H. Richards, E. L. Richards, Siglar, Wheeler, Willcox, Bunce, and Hervey.

At one o'clock we went to luncheon, which was served in a room which was formerly Professor Thatcher's study, in the old residence of President Day. An attractive bill of fare was none the less well relished in such historic surroundings. Norton read a letter from Hurlbut, which he had received soon after his recovery from his long illness. It was pathetic in

showing how the man was trying to recover his bearings after some years of oblivion, and also for interest in and love for the class. After luncheon, baseball for those who love the game; a renewal of old associations for some, and a look about to see Yale's new buildings for others.

The hour of social prayer and religious experience was enjoyed in loving unison by Barnes, Beckley, Colton, Daniels, Dunham, Furbish, Higgins, Knowlton, Marshall, C. H. Richards, and Hervey.

The viands of a generous dinner *menu* were enjoyed in the same room where we had had our luncheon; and after about two hours devoted to its discussion, Chairman Daniels began the speaking of the evening in some apt and well chosen remarks, setting the keynote for the speaking by each class-mate that was to follow. Reminiscences, anecdotes, personal experiences, remembrances of the living and the dead, the present and the absent, succeeded and followed one another quickly about the tables, and in this way three of the shortest hours of our lives were rapidly passed. Loving and sympathetic letters from those who were unwillingly absent were not forgotten. As became men of our youth, we adjourned soon after midnight, after joining in "Auld Lang Syne," led by Charley Richards.

Holden read us some extracts from the diary of a Freshman of 1856, which were a laughable compound of fact and fiction, fun and fancy, which we enjoyed to the limit. It was one of the many good things in the crowded hours of the reunion that the boys who failed to get there "wouldn't have missed for anything." Much of this related to the fun we did have, and which we might have had, in connection with the election-eering for the "Brothers" and "Linonia," the "Statement of Facts," "Freshman Pow-Wow," "Burial of Euclid," "Thanksgiving Jubilee," and other college institutions of our day, now defunct, and of which the poor student of to-day knows nothing except by faint and misty tradition, but instead he has his choice among two hundred forty-nine elective courses, lately reduced from two hundred sixty-three or thereabout, wherewithal to comfort his soul, improve his mind, and preserve his morals.

Adjourned till June, 1910.

Biographical Record of Graduates

* **George Waterman Arnold** was the son of Burrill Arnold, of Centreville, R. I., and was born at Johnstown, R. I., October 19, 1840. He entered college with his class in 1856, and maintained a fair stand in scholarship and as a debater in the Brothers' Hall. He was above all conscientious in all his habits and pursuits.

After graduation he studied law, first in the office of Green & Anthony in Providence, and afterward in the law school at Cambridge, Mass. In October, 1862, he enlisted as a private in the Twelfth Rhode Island Regiment, and was soon after made a sergeant. In November, he was taken ill with typhoid fever, and when his regiment, which had been stationed in the defenses of Washington, was sent forward, he was left behind in Fairfax Seminary Hospital, where he died December 8, 1862, in his twenty-third year.

"No trait seemed so prominent in his character as his manly and firm devotion to a principle which he had once adopted. He would talk for it, no matter who opposed, and defend it on all occasions. Politics, not in a bad sense, seemed to be his favorite subject, and he was always on the side of freedom and justice. His love of these, I have no doubt, was his motive for enlisting. For these, which he so ably defended in college debates, he finally gave his life."

Alonzo Brayton Ball, son of Alonzo S. and E. W. Ball, was born in New York City, February 10, 1840. He entered college with his class, and after graduation, until May, 1862, he studied medicine in New York; he then entered the service of the sanitary commission, and was so employed during the Peninsular Campaign, and afterward, until February, 1863, in the Military Hospital at Frederick, Md. He then returned home and completed his medical studies, graduating at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in March and delivering the valedictory address at the Commencement. He served as senior assistant physician and as house physician in the New York Hospital, from July, 1863, to December,

1864. He then commenced the practice of medicine in the city, and has continued it ever since with great success. He has contributed articles of marked value to the medical journals.

Other appointments and positions which he has held and filled most acceptably are:

Professor of materia medica in the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, during the sessions of 1868-69 and 1869-70; lecturer in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, in the spring of 1870 and following; physician to Bellevue Hospital, 1883-88; physician to St. Luke's Hospital, 1881-97, consulting physician since the latter date; physician to New York Hospital, 1888-1905, consulting physician now; professor of clinical medicine in College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University; honorary member of Association of American Physicians; member County Medical Society, of New York Academy of Medicine, and of New York Medical and Surgical Society.

He was married, March 15, 1866, to Miss Helen S. Stone, daughter of Edward Stone, Esq., of Kingsbridge, N. Y. They had two children, a daughter and a son.

Edwin Randolph Barnes, son of Josiah and Delia Marsh Barnes, was born in Buffalo, N. Y., September 2, 1838. He entered college with the class, having been fitted at a private school in Bridgeport, Conn. After graduation he traveled in the West for some months.

He then went to work on Iona Island in the Hudson River, to acquire a knowledge of grape culture, which was attracting a good deal of attention at that time. This, with the subjects of landscape gardening and rural architecture, occupied his time and thoughts until the developments of the Civil War led him to believe that he must abandon these pursuits and take up the study of medicine.

In October, 1861, he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, and after graduating from that institution, practiced his profession in Brooklyn for about one year. In 1862, he served as ward master on the hospital transport *Daniel Webster*, in connection with McClellan's army. In 1863, he served as acting assistant surgeon of the Eighth Regiment of the National Guard of New York state,

during the campaign caused by General Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, including the battle of Gettysburg, Lee's retreat, and recrossing the Potomac. In 1864, he served as acting assistant surgeon in United States Army from May till January, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn. He writes:

This was during the campaign of General Sherman. When he had marched across the country and captured Savannah, Chattanooga ceased to be a point of importance, and officers and men rapidly left. For thirty days we had been isolated by the movements of the Confederate army under General Hood, whose attacks on General Sherman's communications in the rear had opened the way for the general's famous march to the sea. At length the battle of Nashville destroyed Hood's army, and enabled us to learn what had been going on in the world. The position I held at Chattanooga was one of some importance. I drew medicine officially for six thousand men.

After he retired from army service, he returned to his native city and began practicing medicine and surgery there. From 1872 to 1878, inclusive, he was attending surgeon on the staff of the Buffalo General Hospital.

Barnes's family has a Yale record that, perhaps, has few rivals. Both his paternal and maternal grandfathers were graduates: Jonathan Barnes, 1784; Truman Marsh, 1786. Jonathan Barnes had three sons, Jonathan, 1810; Julius S., 1815; Josiah, father of Edwin R., 1825. Lewis Barnes, 1847, was a son of Julius S.; George S. Buck, 1896, was a grandson of Josiah.

He married, June 6, 1905, Mrs. Theresa Osborne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mitchell.

Henry Elbert Barnes, son of Selah and Ada L. Barnes, was born at Southington, Conn., October 31, 1832.

He entered college during the second term of Freshman year, and, after graduation, began studies for the ministry at the Chicago Theological Seminary, where he remained two years, preaching also a part of the time at Crystal Lake. In the fall of 1862, he served as army chaplain in the southwest; afterward he resumed his studies in Chicago, completing them in the winter of 1864. He was then called to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Newton, Ia., remaining there until July, 1868, when he accepted a call from the church at Moline, Ill. Resigning that pastorate, he went to the Central Congregational Church at Worcester, Mass.,

which he left November 1, 1876, to accept a call to the Centre Church, of Haverhill, Mass., where he remained for ten years. He was temporary supply in a Boston church for six months, and in May, 1887, went to Sherbrooke, Canada, where he remained five years. While there he was offered the highest office in the gift of a delegate body representing the Congregational churches of the Dominion.

On his return to this country, after serving for a time as temporary supply in Worcester, he accepted a call to the church in North Andover in 1893, and remained there until September, 1904, when he resigned, closing his active pastorate, but still preaching as opportunity offers. He has been in the active ministry forty-four years, preaching each Sunday, except when prevented by brief periods of ill health.

He served two terms of three months each as moderator of the Boston Congregational Ministers' weekly meetings. He was vice-president, and acting president for a time, of the Boston Interdenominational Evangelical Alliance. In 1898, he was one of the university preachers at Cornell University. He was five times a delegate to the Triennial Congregational Council, a national body, including the first meeting in 1871, when the council was formed. He was commander of the G. A. R. post in Lawrence, Mass., in 1900. In June, 1904, he gave the historical address at the centennial of Monson Academy. In 1887, he received the degree of D.D. from Iowa College. During two of his pastorates, new church edifices were built, one costing thirty-five thousand dollars; in another, the edifice was entirely rebuilt, and in all the other churches where he was installed, extensive improvements were made. Many of his sermons have been published in full in the newspapers, and from others copious extracts have been made, while several have been printed in pamphlet form at the request of various congregations.

He was married, at Evanston, Ill., May 1, 1862, to Miss Eliza S. Carpenter, of Warren, Mass. She died July 7, 1904. They had five children, three sons and two daughters; the older daughter died in infancy, the younger is the head of his household. His oldest son graduated at Harvard in the class of 1884, and is practicing law in Minneapolis. The second son is manager for a manufacturing concern in Boston, and the third is a broker in Hartford, Conn.

* **Erastus Chittenden Beach**, son of Charles and Fanny (Mansir) Beach, was born in Barker, N. Y., July 24, 1834, and died at Cortland, N. Y., May 17, 1903, in his sixty-ninth year.

After graduation he devoted much of his life to teaching, first, for about a year, at West Chester, Pa., a short time at Cooperstown, N. Y., and then a year or more at Albion, Wis. In September, 1864, he became principal of the Cortland Village Academy, and in July, 1866, of the Plainfield, N. J., High School. In 1868, he taught at Whitney's Point, N. Y., and then turned his attention to fruit raising in Vineland, N. J. After an experience of a year or two in this, he resumed teaching, removing to Hanover, Pa. In 1875, he engaged in the drug business at Newport, Pa., but in 1885 moved to Cortland, N. Y., where he afterward resided, and where he died from paralysis, after an illness of over three years. From early manhood he was a member of the Presbyterian church.

He married, July 12, 1865, Mary C., daughter of Martin and Margaret (Keep) Merrick, of Cortland, N. Y. Their only child, a son, died while a senior at Cornell University, in 1893.

Ferdinand Beach, son of Dennis Beach, Esq., was born in Milford, Conn., June 19, 1838.

The fall after graduation he went South and took charge of an academy in North Carolina, where he remained until June, 1861. After hostilities had commenced, he had some differences of opinion with the military authorities, and, thinking the climate at the North more healthful, he made his way home by a long and circuitous route, overcoming numerous obstacles and difficulties. The following year he passed in teaching and in the study of medicine. The next year he continued his medical studies in St. Louis, Mo., and the winter of 1863-64 he graduated from the Yale Medical School, and, removing to New York City, began the practice of his profession. He is a most skillful and successful general practitioner, a fact of which the secretary and his family have had repeated experiences. He writes:

For our class history there is nothing of interest in my uneventful life. I practice my profession and hitherto have gained a comfortable

living thereby, though I have no faculty for making money. I've never been capable of combining *business methods* with the practice of medicine. In fact, I do believe the two are incompatible; and sometimes I say the doctor ought to know nothing about money. He ought to be like John the Baptist, clad in camel's hair and subsisting upon locusts and wild honey, only that he would have to substitute glucose for wild honey in this the hey-day of pretension, sham, subterfuge, and fraud.

I have four children, all of them sound in mind and body, and, so far as I can discern, all of them heirs of the Puritan spirit. With that inheritance I shall never find fault. If I can continue to supply their "prime necessities" and guide their footsteps a few years longer, can educate them, *i. e.*, teach them to fear God and take their own part, I shall count myself happy.

He was married, October 9, 1893, to Annie Gleason Short, at East Orange, N. J.

Children: Ferdinand Clifton Beach, Marion Beach, Eleanor Beach, Elizabeth Beach.

John Werley Beckley, son of John R. and Elizabeth Beckley, was born at Shelbyville, Ky., October 8, 1839.

He entered college at the beginning of Junior year, and, after graduating, returned to his native city, where he lived until July, 1866, engaged in the study and practice of law. He spent some time, however, in Nevada and California, and upon his return was elected county attorney. In 1866, he removed to Louisville, where he has ever since made his home, and continued the practice of law. For the last ten years business has called him to New England the greater part of the time, but for a home he clings to his native state of Kentucky, where his family resides. He writes:

Although among strangers, thanks to my Alma Mater, I find many friends. Those friendships formed at college last forever. I am like the man who said he would rather live in the heart of one than on the lips of a multitude.

Time has dealt harshly with my physical self, for my hair is white, but there is one thing that time, as powerful as it is, has not done,—it has not made me old. I have only prospered somewhat materially. By looking at the face of my ledger I cannot tell whether I am rich or poor, but in looking in the faces of my family and friends, I feel rich indeed.

He married, January 26, 1870, at Berkeley Springs, Va., Miss Florence Colston, of Baltimore. They have a son and two daughters; the son is now a practicing lawyer in Louisville.

* **George Louis Beers**, son of Davis and Susan Beers, was born in Stratford, Conn., December 28, 1839, and died in Topeka, Kan., January 17, 1896, in his fifty-seventh year.

The first two years of his college course he passed at Oberlin, and the last two at Yale. After a year of travel in the West, he began the study of medicine in Bridgeport, Conn., with Robert Hubbard, M.D., and in the fall of 1862 entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, where he graduated in March, 1865. He then settled in practice in Bridgeport, whence he removed in 1873 to Avon, Lorain County, Ohio. In 1879, he again removed to Allegheny City, Pa., and, finally, in September, 1882, to Topeka, Kan., where he was highly esteemed in his profession. Blakesley writes:

He was thought by the doctors of that city to be a walking cyclo-pedia of medical information.

He was assistant surgeon in the State Insane Asylum, having charge of one building with six wards, containing over three hundred patients. He was also professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the new Medical College at Topeka.

He died after a lingering illness and much suffering, from a complication of Bright's disease and nervous prostration.

He married Annette Wilder, in Avon, Ohio, September 13, 1882. He left no children.

Linus Blakesley, son of Milo Blakesley, was born at Terryville, Conn., December 16, 1837.

He was fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H., and, after, two years at Amherst College, entered Yale at the beginning of Junior year. For three years succeeding graduation, he studied theology and music at Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, graduating therefrom in 1863. The following year he tutored in Hebrew in that institution. From 1864 to 1870, he was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Piqua, Ohio. He was then called to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church in Topeka, Kan., where he remained for twenty-nine years. On account of impaired health he resigned in 1899, and sought a new lease of life in the invigorating climate of El Paso, Tex., making a business connection with the International

Book and Stationery Company, and he continues to reside there.

In 1892, he received the degree of D.D., from Washburn College. He was a trustee and secretary of that institution for twenty-five years. For twelve years he was a director of Chicago Theological Seminary. He was chairman of the executive committee of the Kansas Home Missionary Society for ten years. He was moderator of the General Association of Congregational Churches of Kansas three times, and president of the Topeka school board three years, besides many other positions not here set down. He says he has not yet written a book, that he has not yet taken his chloroform, and that, in fact, he never expects to get beyond 60.

He married, August 9, 1866, Miss Nellie Treat, of Terryville, Conn. They have had six children, three of whom are now living, two daughters and a son. The son is an editorial writer upon the *Kansas City Star*, and the second daughter is a teacher in the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

* **Charles Alfred Boies**, son of Rev. Artemas Boies, of Keene, N. H., was born in Boston, June, 1838.

He entered college with his class, and for the first part of the year after graduation he was instructor in the family of Judge O'Neill, of Fernandina, Fla. He returned home in the spring, sailing in the last steamer that left Savannah under the national flag, after the fall of Sumter. The following year he was a student in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. After his return to Keene, he began to preach in the neighboring town of Roxbury, and also took an active part in several Sunday schools in his neighborhood. In September, 1862, he entered the middle class of the Andover Seminary, but owing to ill health he returned home in January, where he died, May 14, 1863, aged twenty-five years.

Boies was our class poet, and his poem upon presentation day, of which his class was, and is, justly proud, will bear rereading to-day, in the light of all our increasing years. As a prose writer, he had an attractive style, and his rank in scholarship was high. No one of the class was better or more generally beloved than he, for he had all the graces of a kindly

heart revealed in his genial spirit, in considerateness of word and deed, in simplicity of manner and a sympathetic nature.

At our Triennial Reunion, in response to the toast to "Our Deceased Classmates," Daniels said of him, in part:

He must have ripened fast for heaven in the last years of his life. I have no doubt but that in the final day, his short life will be crowned with results as great as those who reach their three-score years and ten. His whole character seems to be summed up in two stanzas of his valedictory poem:

" Living well is not mere living
In the cultured taste of schools;
'Tis not the knack of business,
Or the hoarded gold of fools:

" But an earnest life's deep passion
Beating in a kingly heart,
With the gentle grace of goodness,
Glorifying every part."

* **Edward Boltwood**, son of Hon. Lucius Boltwood and Fanny H. (Shepard) Boltwood, was born in Amherst, Mass., September 4, 1839, and died in Cairo, Egypt, on the 6th of February, 1878, in his thirty-ninth year.

He was admitted to the bar in Boston after taking the course in the Law School of Harvard University. After a short time spent in an office in Pittsfield, Mass., he removed early in 1863 to Detroit, Mich., where he engaged in practice. He was married, October 26, 1865, to Miss Sarah E., daughter of Thomas F. Plunkett, of Pittsfield, and the next year removed to Grand Haven, Mich. In 1868 he was elected probate judge of Ottawa County, but resigned that office in the summer of 1871, to accept the treasurership of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company in Pittsfield. After the death of his father-in-law he became, in January, 1876, also president of the company, and continued to hold both these offices until his death. Under his management, the good character and financial success of the company were satisfactorily promoted. The effect of too close attention to business, following on the death of his wife, was to develop tendencies to consumption which foreign travel failed to overcome. He spent the winter of 1876-77 in South Carolina, and on the approach of the next winter sailed for the south of France. He left Marseilles for Cairo, Egypt, January 10, 1878, but

the exposure of the passage proved too great, and he rapidly declined and his death in Cairo soon followed. He had two sons, one of whom survived him. His classmates will always remember Boltwood as one of the most genial, whole-souled, good-natured members of the class. He was a friend to have and to tie to.

* **William Edward Bradley**, son of Edwin Bradley, was born at Southport, Conn., May 27, 1840, and died at Frankfort, Ky., February 16, 1905. His death was due to heart disease and was very sudden.

After graduation he taught school for some time in Southport, Conn., but in the fall of 1861 he enlisted and became lieutenant in the Thirteenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers. In October, 1863, he was promoted captain, and after serving with that rank as brigade and post quartermaster, and as regimental commander, resigned, and was honorably discharged August 24, 1865. During his four years of army life, he saw duty at Ship Island, New Orleans and Port Hudson; narrowly escaped death from typhoid at Opelousas; accompanied Banks's expedition up the Red River; was transferred to the Shenandoah Valley; then again, in turn, to Savannah and Newbern, and finally to Augusta. During the winter succeeding the war, he visited Louisiana and Texas on business for his father, and after that he engaged in business with him in New York City, in the sale of foreign and domestic woolsens.

Soon after 1870, he removed to Frankfort, Ky., and became an officer of the W. A. Gaines Co. corporation, and continued with this concern and its successors up to the time of his death. He was prominently identified with the affairs of the city and state of his adoption, although he would never consent to the holding of any public office.

He was twice married,—in 1872 to Miss Tedesco Hall, of Perth Amboy, N. J. There were no children to this marriage. In 1892, he married Miss Mary L. Hawkins, of Frankfort, Ky. His wife and two sons survive him.

* **William Lockwood Bradley**, son of Leonard and Charlotte Selleck (Lockwood) Bradley, was born in New York City, October 11, 1837, and died at his home in New Haven, June 12, 1903, in his sixty-sixth year.

For about a year after graduation he was employed in the bookstore of Mr. Pease, and then entered the Yale Medical School, but left after a few months to become a medical cadet at McKim's Mansion Hospital in Baltimore. In the fall of 1862 he entered Bellevue Hospital, New York City, but went abroad the following February, and spent eleven months among the hospitals of Paris, and three months in travel and medical observation on the Continent and in Great Britain. He received the degree of M.D. at Yale, in 1864; in May, 1865, he returned to New Haven to reside, and in June began the practice of his profession, making a specialty of obstetrics and gynecology. From 1865 to 1877 he was demonstrator of anatomy at the Yale Medical School.

For some years he was an officer of the New Haven Medical Association, one of the attending physicians and surgeons of the General Hospital, and afterwards a director, a member of the Prudential Committee and vice-president. He was a lecturer before the Connecticut Training School for Nurses and an officer of the school. In 1875, he was made a fellow of the Connecticut Medical Society. He occasionally contributed articles to the medical press, and was always interested in religious and philanthropic work. For many years he was Class Secretary, faithfully serving its interests. His health had failed somewhat during the last three years, but there was no indication that his end was near. He died very suddenly of heart disease. He was never married.

William Merrick Bristoll was the oldest child of William Bontecou and Sarah Merrick Bristoll, having been born September 3, 1839, at Milford, Conn. At three months he was taken to Charleston, S. C., where his father was established in the retail boot, shoe, and trunk business on King Street. At twelve years he went back to Connecticut, where the Milford High School, the New Haven "Hopkins Grammar School," and Mother Yale continued his education until July, 1860.

His first teaching was as principal of the village school at Frankford, Sussex County, Del., whence, in February, 1861, he was summoned to Charleston, S. C., and accepted a position in the St. Philip Street Public School.

The bombardment of Fort Sumter, of which he was an eye witness, broke all plans. He spent until into September

endeavoring to save something from the wreck of the father's twenty-five-year-old business, but the Confederate States Sequestration Act intervened, and made a longer stay in Dixie unprofitable. He escaped by a toilsome and perilous ten-day trip through Georgia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, reaching Cincinnati, then Connecticut late in September.

After a short rest, he became principal of the "Farm Ridge and Deer Park Seminary," near Ottawa, Ill.

December 31, 1861, he resigned at Farm Ridge to take the larger position of principal of the Second Ward Public School of Milwaukee, Wis., and served as such until July, 1863.

July 3, 1863, he enlisted as a private in the Thirteenth Battery, Wisconsin Volunteer Light Artillery, received a commission as recruiting officer in September, second lieutenant in January, 1864, and first lieutenant in January, 1865. His service, for twenty-one months of his three-year term, was on detail as depot ordnance officer, sixteen months at New Orleans, and assigned on the staff of the commanding general, Department Gulf and Military Division of the Gulf, as assistant to the chief of ordnance of the department and military division. He was honorably discharged June 14, 1866, having been retained more than eleven months after the muster out of his battery by special authority from the War Department. His chief's indorsement on request for discharge recommended Lieutenant Bristoll to the favorable notice of the major-general commanding (Sheridan), "for the efficient, faithful, and conscientious performance of the important duties he has fully and satisfactorily completed."

After his military service, he studied for two years at the Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary, and was thence called, in 1868, to the professorship of the Latin language and literature in Ripon College, Wisconsin.

At Ripon he was librarian of the college from 1868 to 1871, registrar from 1868 to 1872, and assistant treasurer, 1872 to 1873.

While a member of the Ripon faculty, December 1, 1870, at Afton, Minn., Bristoll married Rosa Olds, the only daughter of Leavitt Ira and Rhoda Ann Olds, of that village, and a graduate of Ripon College in the class of '70.

He resigned the Ripon professorship of Latin in July, 1873, and accepted the chair of Latin at Atlanta, Ga. Here he was

made librarian of the Graves Library, and also placed in charge of the office of the institution. Because of ill health, it became necessary to resign the work at the close of the year.

He removed to Yankton, Dak. T., where he became principal of the Yankton Academy, September, 1874, the academy being transformed into the high school, in March, 1875. He was elected, February, 1875, secretary of the board of education of the city of Yankton, and, *ex officio*, superintendent of city schools, and *pro tem.* principal of the high school. From this school were sent forth the first graduates from any educational institution in the Dakotas. After making seven annual reports as secretary of the board of education, he resigned his position, August 31, 1882.

He was professor of Latin and principal of the preparatory department of Yankton College during its first year, 1882-83.

He removed to Minneapolis, Minn., August, 1883, after nine years' residence in Yankton.

From 1883 to 1884, he was employed in the Hennepin County Savings Bank, Minneapolis. From 1884 to 1886, he was engaged, under the American Missionary Association, as principal of Avery Normal Institute, Charleston, S. C.

Since 1886 to the date of this writing, May 31, 1905, Bristoll has been an accountant and in the employ of one house, David P. Jones & Co. and their predecessors (a corporation), mortgage loan brokers, rental agents, and real estate dealers. The head of the house, David P. Jones, is the present mayor (1905) of Minneapolis.

Three years of army life, two of postgraduate study, twenty as a teacher and twenty as an accountant is Bristoll's record, briefly summarized, of the forty-five years since graduation.

*** Richard Baxter Brown**, son of Seneca and Sarah Gould Brown, was born in Hanover, N. H., April 1, 1834, and died in Milwaukee, Wis., October 11, 1894, in his sixty-first year. For nearly a year after graduation, he taught in a private family in Warrenton, Miss., but then succeeded in crossing the lines and went to Boston, where he studied medicine for a year. He then served some months as house physician in the Retreat for the Insane at Hartford, Conn., after which

he completed his medical course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York City, receiving the degree of M.D. in 1864. On May 23, 1865, he married Miss Alice Howard, of Bridgewater, Mass., sister of a classmate, and soon after settled in Milwaukee, Wis., as a homœopathic practitioner. After a long and successful career he died suddenly in Milwaukee from heart failure. His wife survives him (1895), with five children.

* **Thaddeus Howe Brown** was the son of Dr. Thaddeus Brown (Yale College, 1826) and Susan (Crosby) Brown, of Billerica, Mass., where he was born June 17, 1838. Being early left an orphan, his boyhood was passed in Andover, Mass., under the care of an aunt, and there he prepared for college. He died in North Woodstock, Conn., October 19, 1868, aged thirty years.

After graduating, he returned to Andover for theological study, and finished the course at the seminary in 1864; in the meantime he married, July 23, 1862, in New Haven, Lydia W., daughter of Rev. Henry Herrick (Yale College, 1822). Immediately after his marriage he went to Europe and remained until September, 1863, most of the time at Heidelberg, engaged in theological studies.

He preached for six months at Pittsford, Vt., and in 1866 accepted a call to the Congregational church at North Woodstock, Conn., where he was ordained pastor April 11. He continued in this relation until his death, which was the result of a sudden illness of less than a week's duration, contracted while at a meeting of the American Board at Norwich, Conn.

He left a widow with three children.

A writer in *The Congregationalist* said of him:

From early boyhood the purity of his life, his intense love for right and truth, and his rigid conscientiousness won the respect and confidence of all who knew him, while his genial social traits, the abounding charity and responsive affection, tender and deep, which eminently characterized him, drew all hearts to him.

Natural reserve concealed much that was best in his character, yet gave it the increased strength and tenderness of a repressed sensitive nature, and made him in the end more beloved.

* **Lyman Benham Bunnell**, son of Hezekiah and Amanda (Benham) Bunnell, was born August 18, 1832, in Burlington,

Conn., and died at his home in New York City, March 18, 1902, in his seventieth year. He had an attack of pneumonia which proved fatal in four days. Almost unaided, he worked his way through Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Mass., and through college. After graduation he studied two years in the Yale Law School, and was, at the same time, instructor in gymnastics in the college. In November, 1862, he was admitted to the bar, and thereafter practiced his profession in New York City. For the last year his sons were associated with him.

The year he began to practice he united with the Broadway Tabernacle, and since that time was continuously engaged in Sunday-school work, sometimes having two classes at different hours. From 1869 to 1881 he was an active church member at Englewood, N. J. He removed to New York in 1881, and was an officer for some time in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, and later in the Lenox Presbyterian Church, where he was chairman of its board of trustees.

He married, May 30, 1865, Jennie V., daughter of Alfred A. and Nancy Ranney, of West Townshend, Vt., and had two sons, graduates of the New York Law School, and a daughter, who, with their mother, survive him; two other daughters died in infancy. The daughter is married, and the sons are practicing law at 76 William Street, New York City. Mrs. Bunnell's address is 72 Ashland Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

In his home life Lyman Bunnell was always a devoted, thoughtful husband and father, playful, affectionate, and high-minded. In his business, as a lawyer, he carried out his Christian principles with a rugged honesty and an almost childlike straightforwardness which cost him many a fee, but won him many a friend. Some of us remember how, on the topic, "Religion in Business," on Wednesday, February 26, with the Psalm xv as our passage, Mr. Bunnell spoke with a delightful frankness, to this effect: "I have never found it easy to carry my religion into every detail of my business; yet I have always tried. When my conscience would not allow me to fix a fee I have generally left it to my client to say what my services were worth, and, on the whole, I believe I fared better in the end for so doing." Dr. Thompson happened to choose this very Psalm xv for the funeral service:

"He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness,

"And speaketh truth in his heart. . . .

"He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not. . . .

"Nor taketh reward against the innocent."

— From the *Lenox Leaf*.

* **Henry Ward Camp** was born in Hartford, Conn., February 4, 1839, the son of Rev. Henry B. (Yale College, 1833) and Cornelia (Baldwin) Camp. After graduation he spent a few months in teaching and then commenced the study of law in the office of John Hooker, Esq., in Hartford. In December, 1861, he was commissioned as lieutenant in the Tenth Connecticut Infantry. He was afterwards appointed adjutant, and, on one occasion, was detailed as judge advocate of a general courtmartial on Seabrook Island. In July, 1863, he took part in the heavy fight on James Island, and also in the assault on Fort Wagner on the 19th of that month. In a cessation of hostilities for the burial of the dead and the removal of the wounded, he, with Chaplain H. C. Trumbull, was seized and carried as a prisoner to Charleston and thence to Columbia, S. C. He escaped at length from confinement, but, after a tramp of nearly a hundred miles was recaptured and held a prisoner till April, 1864. He made a short visit at home, but as soon as his exchange was effected, he hurried back to his regiment and shared with it, in the army of the James, five months of the most arduous and dangerous service. In September, 1864, while before Petersburg, he was commissioned as major.

On the 13th of October he fought his last fight. After skirmishing all day between the Darbytown and Charles City roads, about four miles from Richmond, his regiment was ordered to lead an assault upon the enemy's works. "Come on, boys! come on!" he shouted to his men, and the words were hardly uttered before he fell, shot through and through. His body was recovered next day and taken to Hartford for interment. The record of his beautiful heroic life has been written by the chaplain of the regiment, Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, under the title of "The Knightly Soldier: a Record of College, Field, and Prison." Champion wrote of him:

Naturally retiring and modest, and ever esteeming others above himself, he needed some outside influence to cause him to display his powers openly. These modest and unassuming traits, joined to the greater dignity and boldness brought out by the war, united to render him one of the noblest of the many noble ones whom our class mourns for.

* **Oscar Mortimer Carrier**, the son of B. H. and E. Carrier, was born at Conquest, N. Y., August 2, 1834. He came from

Oberlin College to Yale, joining our class in Junior year. After graduation, he taught for a few months at Jackson, Mich., and then became an instructor in Olivet College, where, in the spring of 1861, he was elected professor of Latin. He occupied this post until his death, of congestion of the brain, which occurred at Olivet, October 30, 1865.

Daniels wrote of him:

Carrier, in his relations to our classmates, was, I am well convinced, not appreciated. I know that until coming here (Olivet) I never appreciated him. But here I have learned by daily contact that under that exterior which, upon slight acquaintance was not prepossessing, was hidden a sincere, self-denying friend and noble man.

He had been here about five years. He spent the summer of 1864 in the service of the Christian Commission at Louisville, Nashville, and Atlanta.

He was married, in 1862, to Miss Susan Lyon, of Eckford, Mich.

* **George Lynde Catlin**, son of George and Catharine Livingston Catlin, was born on Staten Island, N. Y., February 13, 1840, and died at St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, while undergoing a surgical operation, December 14, 1896, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

In December, after graduation, he became the editor of the Richmond County *Gazette*, published on Staten Island. In the following April he enlisted in the Fifth New York Volunteers, and remained with this regiment until his discharge on account of protracted ill health, with the rank of first lieutenant, in November, 1862. After a long period of confinement, he was able, in December, 1863, to re-engage in the service, and was employed in the quartermaster's department in New Orleans up to the close of the war.

After an experience of mercantile life in Mobile, he returned to New Orleans in October, 1866, as local editor of the *Daily Crescent*, and so continued until a visit to New York City in April, 1869. For some months following he was correspondent of the New Orleans *Bee*. Instead of returning in the fall, as he had intended, he was induced to remain in New York, at first in the editorial office of the *Commercial Advertiser*, but for the most of the time, until September, 1873, in charge of the newspaper and advertising department of the Erie Railway Company. For the

next four years and a half he was again connected with the *Commercial Advertiser*. During these periods his residence was at Paterson, N. J. For the next seventeen years he was in the consular service of the United States, from May, 1878, to May, 1880, at La Rochelle, France, next at Stuttgart, Germany, until October, 1884, and, finally, at Zurich, Switzerland, until 1895. He then returned to the United States and resided in Paterson.

He was a sprightly writer, both of prose and verse, and published a good deal of original work beside translations.

He married, April 10, 1864, Miss Louise E. Pradat, of Pass Christian, Miss.

His wife survives him (1897) with their children, a son and a daughter.

A writer in the *New York Graphic* in 1877 said of him:

In 1869 he returned to this city and joined the staff of the *Commercial Advertiser*. In 1873 he succeeded Bayard in writing the editorial notes on that paper, and in that sign he has conquered. The paper is better known by the notes than by all the other features put together, in fact, without them the *Commercial* would lose its identity. Mr. Catlin is the most dreadful and inveterate punster on the American press, having cultivated that dangerous art till he is capable of inflicting complicated tortures on his victim. In his hands a happy and peaceable word is made to writhe and manifest the grotesque anguish of the dying gladiator.

Dyspeptics should read his column every day. They will be more patient when they see how much an innocent language is made to suffer.

The *Continental Gazette*, Paris, February 12, 1881, said of Catlin:

Among the many talented men of letters that Secretary Evarts has sent abroad in the consular service of the United States, and who are busy in keeping up and adding to their literary reputation, is George L. Catlin, of Stuttgart, who has been recently promoted from the Commercial Agency of La Rochelle, in France. While at the latter place he translated from the French quite a large work entitled "The Huguenots of La Rochelle," which has been published by Randolph & Co., of Broadway, New York. There are so many of the Huguenot descendants in the United States that this book will be eagerly sought and read. A novel of his, "Nathalie Rey," of which the advanced sheets are already out, and which is highly spoken of, will soon appear from the same publishing house. The incidents of the novel are laid at La Rochelle, Paris, and New Orleans. In addition to other literary works, Mr. Catlin has contributed some excellent magazine illustrated

articles for *Lippincott's*, besides occasional letters and articles for the *New York Tribune* and other prominent journals. Some of his fugitive pieces of poetry, such as "Lookout Mountain," "Dachsen on the Rhine," "*Je suis Américain*," "Arcachon," "The New Dixie," are among the best of their kind, and have been very much admired and extensively copied by the press.

The following verses were published in the *New York Sun* in 1879, being copied from the *Cincinnati Gazette*:

JE SUIS AMÉRICAIN

[When it shall be heard as the proudest exclamation of man, "I am an American citizen." — *Daniel Webster.*]

He got to Paris late at night,
So tired he couldn't stand,
He'd three valises by his side,
A guidebook in his hand.
He singled out a hackman from
The crowd. Said he, "My man,
Just drive me to the best hotel —
Je suis Américain."

The Jehu drove him to the Grand
By course circuitous,
And charged a price which was — well, by
No means gratuitous.
The stranger paid, then registered,
And to the clerk began:
"I want the best room in the house —
Je suis Américain."

They showed him up to twenty-blank,
Upon the parlor floor —
Two candles on the mantelpiece,
A gilt plate on the door:
But ere he slept he mused, and thus
His lucubrations ran:
"To-morrow I'll make this Paris howl;
Je suis Américain."

And make it howl he did, indeed,
From Concorde to Bastile,
From Madeleine to Luxembourg,
He raced, and at Mabile
Wound up the day. But when one fair
Smiled from behind her fan
Seductively, "No, no," said he;
"*Je suis Américain.*"

Next day to the summit of
 The Arc of Triomphe hied,
 "Vell, vat you zink of zis?" inquired
 A Frenchman at his side.
 "This? This is nothing," answered he;
 "Deny it if you can;
 You ought to see our Brooklyn Bridge —
Je suis Américain."

Into a gilded restaurant
 He chanced to drop one day,
 The waiter's jargon fairly drove
 His appetite away.
 "Confound the dishes cooked," said he,
 "On the American plan!
 I want a plate of pork and beans —
Je suis Américain."

Where'er he went, whate'er he did,
 'Twas always just the same;
 He couldn't, it appeared, forget
 The country whence he came.
 And when, once more at home, his eyes
 Familiar scenes did scan,
 He doffed his hat and cried, "Thank God,
Je suis Américain."

* **Henry Champion** was the son of George and Susan Champion, missionaries to South Africa, and was born in that country, at Port Elizabeth, November 8, 1838. He died at Mankato, Minn., January 30, 1867, aged twenty-eight years. The first year after his graduation was spent in the study of modern languages in New Haven, and the two succeeding years in the college law school. He was admitted to the bar in May, 1863, and established himself in practice in New Haven. In January, 1866, his health, which had been failing for some months, compelled him to seek a change of climate, and he went to Mankato, Minn., where he died after a year's residence. In 1863, he prepared and published a "Catalogue of the Cabinet of Coins belonging to Yale College," and subsequently gave the college his own large and valuable collection. Daniels wrote of him:

His college days may have revealed his inner life to but few; yet to those few, how many are the sweet remembrances of his artless and unselfish character. Some of us who had spent seven years with him at Andover and Yale only after graduation and subsequent resi-

dence in New Haven began to discover what a true and rare friend we had in Henry Champion. His intellectual growth, too, after graduation was no less marked. In all that constitutes true manhood — the generous, the noble, the Christlike traits — there was manifest the most rapid development.

He was married, August 4, 1863, to Sarah E., daughter of Willis Booth, Esq., of New Haven. The class has been much indebted to Mrs. Champion, especially in the matter of the class ivy. The original plant died, but she had preserved and propagated a slip from it which was replanted by the class in 1900. She was then elected an honorary member of the class. Other slips of her propagation she had potted and gave to members of the class — a happy reminder of Sixty days to have in and about our homes. Her address is 270 Crown Street, New Haven.

* **Frederick Leonard Chapell**, son of Elisha T. and Sabra Chapell, was born at Waterford, Conn., November 9, 1836, and died at Newport, R. I., February 16, 1900, in his sixty-fourth year. After graduation he took a course in Rochester Theological Seminary, and was then ordained to the Baptist ministry at Middletown, Ohio, September 29, 1864. After a pastorate there of nearly seven years he was called to Evanston, Ill., where he remained seven years, and also lectured to the students of the theological seminary. A few of his sermons and addresses were published. From July, 1878, to May, 1881, he was at Janesville, Wis., and afterwards at Flemington, N. J., eight years. He then accepted a position in the institution which was afterward called the Gordon Missionary Training School in Boston, of which he was the dean at the time of his death. He died of Bright's disease at the home of his daughter in Newport, R. I.

In 1901, a book on "Biblical and Practical Theology," three hundred and seven pages, was published in Philadelphia, by Harriet Chapell. The publisher's note says: "The book contains the matter prepared by Rev. F. L. Chapell for his junior classes in the Gordon Missionary Training School and used there by him for ten years." [I have the book in my library. — Dunham.]

He married, September 7, 1865, Miss L. Eva Stow, daughter of Henry Stow, of New Haven.

From the *Clarendon Light*, March, 1900:

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., the president of the Training School, who had left pressing engagements in Brooklyn to be present, gave, in substance, the following:

"Funeral occasions are great tests of our integrity and sincerity. We are tempted to eulogize the dead to meet the demands of the occasion. But I believe we should be exceedingly careful and deliberate in what we say of the dead, and so I shall speak to-day with great moderation. In this case, we have no such temptation, for this man possessed, in a remarkable degree, the crowning Christian virtues of humility and patience. In the many conversations I have had with him, I was impressed with his modest estimate of himself. He was peculiarly humble. I never heard him utter a word that needed to be recalled or modified. He confided to me many of his secret difficulties and temptations, but I never heard a word in censure of any one, even when it might have been just to censure or denounce. I have been associated with him for about ten years, and in regard to his work as a teacher, I can say, from close observation, that the homely metaphor of Sydney Smith was true of him, and he was 'the round peg in the round hole.' Dr. Gordon told me, not long before his death, that there were three men whom God had given to him for his work, and one of these men was F. L. Chapell. He had two remarkable characteristics that fitted him for the work he has done in the Training School, and one of these was the paternal instinct, which made him watch over and instruct the students as dear children. The other was the maternal instinct, which made him yearn over them in all their trials, that Christ might be formed in them. I have been thinking of this on my journey here, and I must say that I know of no man in all this country who can fill his place.

"But funeral services also test strongly the integrity and sincerity of our Christian faith. Our cemeteries are full of symbols such as the broken column, the fallen flower, the inverted torch, which are not Christian, but pagan. Death is no longer death to the believer, since Christ tasted death for us. Death is not the same thing to the believer and the unbeliever. Now is the time to show the reality of our faith, that death is swallowed up in victory, and that Christ's words are true that, in the old sense of death, 'He that believeth on me shall never die.'"

Among his frequent sayings in his last weeks were, "The thing to do now is to rest," and, "It is all right." Truly, he rested in the Lord.

He was a most intense worker, often securing two or three hours of meditation and study before breakfast, and never denying himself to any calls. Yet his faith was as large as though he expected to have everything done for him.

He scorned the ornaments of rhetoric, fearing they might divert attention from his message or lull the conscience of the hearers. Yet he labored over his writings till every word was exact and essential to his meaning, and occasionally he wrote verses, correct and fervent, to illustrate some doctrine.

Every winter he studied thoroughly some new subject, preparing a course of sermons upon it, and this work furnished the material for beginning the studies of the Training School.

He was almost a paradox in his combination of mildness and firmness, docility in small things with inflexibility in regard to principles, intensity of faith with judicial broad-mindedness. His peculiar fairness of mind made him an invaluable counselor, as he saw not only the ideal to be finally attained, but also the first step possible to the troubled questioner.

He was, finally, a Spirit-filled man. Having forgotten himself, he was sensitive only to that which touched his Lord's interests. And in this path many can follow him. As he firmly believed, it is the "guided man" who counts in the affairs of the Lord's kingdom.

All this will carry but a feeble meaning to those who never knew him; but over and over again his associates spoke and wrote of him in the highest terms while he was yet among them. Faithful, humble, loving, and earnest, he stood as a representative of the Lord, and an embodiment of the blessed hope in which he now rests, the hope of "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Joseph Clay, son of **Thomas Clay, Esq.** (Harvard alumnus), was born in Bryan County, Ga., December 10, 1838.

His family for several generations had been planters, and his father having died when he was but ten years old, after graduating he returned to his old home and took up the planter's life. On his way home, at Charleston, he became aware of a feeling and intense excitement of which he had no idea while at Yale. But he went out to their plantation and took charge, and although it was not many miles from Savannah, he was often for months at a time the only white person about the place, except a casual visitor. As the war went on, being too near the salt water for safety and comfort, he removed his mother and family, with a large number of the servants, to the mountainous regions of the state. He always found great pleasure in the fact that none of the servants ever tried to run away and leave him during the war. They had never bought or sold slaves except for the purpose of keeping families together. Their slaves were born upon the place, were well treated, and there was mutual attachment between them and the master. He took no active personal part in the war, yet he found it very onerous to stay at home, notwithstanding his great slave interests, and his plans being frustrated by deaths in his family.

After the war he went to planting rice again, at first on the

old plantation on the Ogeechee River, and later on the Savannah River. At one time he thought he was going to be successful, and that he would prosper again as before, but gales came and with them floods and devastation and destruction followed. This came about to such an extent that he gave up and took a position under the government in the engineering department in deepening the rivers and harbors. This was in 1893, and he has continued in this occupation for the most part ever since.

He married, November 13, 1865, Miss Mary E. Herndon, of Fredericksburg, Va., who died February 1, 1878. They had two children, Thomas Savage and Mary E. Clay. The son is living in New York, and the daughter with her father. He writes:

I am certainly blessed in both of my children. In my disappointments and losses God has certainly been good to me, and I hope he will continue to help me and to aid me to do what he wants of me.

Frederick Henry Colton, son of Jacob and Clarinda R. Colton, was born at Longmeadow, Mass., April 24, 1839.

Schools in Brooklyn, N. Y., had the benefit of his services for about a year after graduating, while he was considering what his life work was to be, and helping out a deficient cash account. He then studied medicine at the Long Island College Hospital, graduating in 1864. From October, 1863, to October, 1865, he was in medical service of the army, with the rank of acting assistant surgeon, doing duty at different camps and hospitals in and about the city of Washington, keeping (as he says) well to the rear, and out of the range of cannon or musket. A caution that Charley Owen did not take, for two days after the battle of Cold Harbor, in 1864, Colton says he found him in the officers' ward at the Douglas Hospital with a shattered elbow.

Colton thinks a general practitioner of medicine, such as he has been for almost forty years, and always at the same address, a *rara avis* nowadays. For upward of twenty-five years he has been a visiting physician at the Long Island College Hospital, the St. John's Hospital, the Brooklyn Home for Aged Men and Couples, the secretary and member of the board of directors of the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital. He is a member of the Kings County Medical Society, the Practi-

tioner Club, Long Island Historical Society, the New England Society, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and the Hamilton Club. He is also a member and officer of the Church of the Pilgrims. He is in good health, and although fully up to the age for chloroforming, he is not yet ready to submit to it.

He married, October 25, 1865, Alice Gray, daughter of Prof. Alonzo Gray, founder and principal of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary for Girls, who died in 1890. The fruit of this marriage was five sons and two daughters. Twin sons died a few hours after birth. Of the other three sons, one graduated at Yale in 1892, another in 1896, and the third at the Columbia School of Mines. One is an architect, another a lawyer, the other in business.

Joseph Leonard Daniels, son of Paul and E. B. Daniels, was born in East Medway (now Millis), Mass., August 1, 1833. He studied at the Yale Theological School for three years succeeding graduation, and during this period he acted most of the time as librarian of the Brothers' Society, and assistant librarian of the college. In the winter of 1861-62, he also attended a course of lectures at the Yale Medical School. In September, 1863, he became the principal of the Guilford (Conn.) Institute, where he remained for two years. Previously he had taught a few weeks at the Lawrence Academy, Groton, Mass. In 1865, he accepted the professorship of Greek at Olivet College, Mich. His story is best told in his own words:

My life has been uneventful for others, yet none the less interesting for me. It is so entirely different from any forethought of mine that I can but believe it to be, as Dr. Bushnell puts it, "a plan of God." For I never purposed to teach, much less to come to Olivet. Our classmate Carrier induced me to come here. He lived but six months after my coming. I have just completed my fortieth year of service, a record four years longer than any of my predecessors. Deeming this long enough for my ambition, and too long for the good of the college, I tendered my resignation in March, 1905. The trustees of the college responded with the following resolution:

"That Dr. Daniels be advised that his resignation is received, and that after careful consideration we earnestly ask that the same be withdrawn for the present."

A very appreciative letter accompanied the resolutions.

Besides my work as professor I have been college librarian for thirty

years. When I took charge there were two thousand volumes. There are now thirty thousand well selected books, adapted to the needs of the college. This avocation has brought me no little pleasure in cultivating my love of books. There is also the added joy that both the library fund and building are, for the most part, the voluntary gifts of my personal friends.

For fifteen years I was a member of the board of trustees of Olivet College, and have twice served as acting president. I hold at present the office of dean of the faculty. For several years I served as one of the college preachers. My writings have been historic and educational, for special occasions and for magazines. A part of two years has been spent in travel and study in Europe.

The last five years have brought severe sickness both to myself and to my beloved wife, the light and joy of my home for forty years, whom I lost in 1903. But the years of trial have also been years of great blessings, for which I am daily thankful. My health is good, my mental powers unimpaired, my friends more numerous and kind than ever. My son is in the practice of law in Detroit, and my daughter and grand-daughter with me in the home.

In the spring of 1892, to my surprise, I received a letter from Secretary Dexter saying that the Yale corporation had voted to confer the degree of D.D. upon me in case I would come to New Haven at Commencement and receive it.

He was one of the guests of the college at the Bicentennial, and Mrs. Daniels was made an honorary member of the class at that time.

He was married, November 26, 1865, to Miss Julia B. Allen, of North Leominster, Mass. Two children.

How Daniels is regarded at Olivet, where his life work has been done, may be learned from the following extracts from *The Echo*, the college paper of May 10, 1905, which was a "Memorial Number."

Editorial:

April 6 was the fortieth anniversary of the beginning of Dr. J. L. Daniels's life in Olivet. Forty years of faithful, indefatigable labor! Far more to be valued than Olivet's fine buildings, the beauty of her campus, her intellectual attainments, her spiritual standing, is the record of the beauty, scholarliness, and Christian spirit of this life.

This memorial number, commemorating this service of forty years, is a tribute to Olivet's Grand Old Man. Articles from those who have known him as instructor, as coworker on the college faculty, as fellow townsman, tell of what he has been to Olivet; a reminiscent article, by Dr. Daniels himself, gives a most interesting account of how Olivet has appeared to him throughout these many years.

Apropos of the subject was a conversation which we recently held with a present-day student of Olivet College, who said in part: "I, also, wish to do honor to Dr. Daniels. I count the two years spent in his classes as perhaps the most valuable and enjoyable of my entire college course. Greek was not composed of verbs and nouns, but of glorious thoughts, expressed in language of sublime beauty. Dr. Daniels was not the pedagogue, but the man, the inspirer. I speak from the standpoint of one who is, in general, a skeptic, an unbeliever, a non-Christian in Olivet's Christian atmosphere, wondering at the seeming inconsistencies of a number of those 'of the faith,' regarded with a 'how-much-better-I-than-thou' air by some of the followers of Him who taught brotherly love. I have always looked upon Dr. Daniels as my idea of a perfect Christian. Sincere, generous, kindly, he comes closer, perhaps, to the doubting one than to him whose belief is fixed. When the entire world has seemed wrong and all men deceivers, the calmness and serenity of his manner, the cheery cordiality of his greeting have given new life. No one can know him and doubt that there is goodness in man."

Dr. Alexander Tison, New York City:

Some men are too near to us and mean too much to us to leave us quite ourselves when we come to set down even a part of what they are to us. Professor Daniels is such a man to me. I am too much and too long and in too many ways bound to him, for me to stand away from him and put in order my feelings about him or tell how they have come to be what they are.

There are some things which no one must do who would do anything to the purpose in honor of Professor Daniels. And first we must not strive or cry in speaking his praises. Whatever is said about him, if it would ring true and be like the man, must be simply said. A life spent in doing the best things simply, quite as a thing of course and part of the day's work,—that is what we have always seen and loved and would honor in Professor Daniels. The charm and the fullness of it, and the goodness and the greatness back of it all, who can hope to tell to those who have not seen it?

Matthew Arnold was all the time telling us that we needed sweetness and light more than anything else. I have always thought, and still think, that Professor Daniels lived the gospel which Matthew Arnold preached, and that in him we have had the perfect union of what Swift long before has well said are the two noblest of things, sweetness and light.

I will recall the first time that I ever saw Professor Daniels. It was in the room of Parsons Hall which at that time served to hold the college library. He was then, as now, the librarian, but fortunately for me he also had some temporary duty of helping out in another department — and how much of that sort of thing he has done and is always doing — which brought me early into more intimate relations with him than the library alone would have insured. I was probably

the rawest boy that ever left home to prepare for college, but Professor Daniels was as gracious and kind and helpful to me as he would have been to the governor of the state. And so he was and has always been to all, whether in the college or out of it. It used to seem to me that a man could not be in Olivet twenty-four hours without having something to thank Professor Daniels for. And he would go on getting deeper and deeper into debt in this kind as long as he stayed; and, when at last he went away and went out into the world's work, there went with every one who had eyes to see and ears to hear and the heart to understand what was about him, as the best single reward of his stay in college and the thing to be remembered longest, dearest, and most helpfully in all the days to come,— the imperishable influence of Professor Daniels.

I cannot think of him as old or to grow old. He is as young to me as his own Homeric heroes. And so he will remain. He seems to me now even younger than he did to me when I first saw him. In part this may be because he is not one of whom you must be all the time revising your impressions. As you begin to think of him so you continue to think. Only this must be said: He grows upon us, or rather we grow into better knowledge of him, and see more of his completeness the longer we know him. To name but one thing, I had not at first seen the hiding of his marvelous strength. But when it came to me to work with him and for five happy years to be somewhat nearer to him, years that were the happier for the fact of such nearness to him, I saw then, better than ever before, how much he worked, and how strong he was in his work and how many burdens he bore and what wise counsel he gave and how he could dispatch business and how few mistakes he made in dispatching it.

But why say more? Happy the college that has had the life service of such a rare and master spirit. Happy we who have been taught out of the fullness of what he knows, and thrice happy to have been touched and uplifted by the lofty inspiration of what he is. May many classes succeed to this happy privilege. *Serus in calum redeat.*

But, more than that, may we not now do something to put in lasting form the feeling which all of us have for him? He needs no memorial. He asks nothing of us. But we shall fail and be wanting in what we owe to ourselves if we do not mark our sense of what we owe to him by something which shall tell to those who are to come after us that we were not wholly insensible to the power and the charm and the beauty and the worth of what is best while it is yet with us.

That these were not empty words is shown by the fact that at the Commencement in June, 1905, the alumni honored Professor Daniels with a public reception, and surprised him with a check for five hundred dollars, while the college trustees voted him a leave of absence for a year, with continued salary, and, also, for meritorious service, an LL.D.,— a degree be-

stowed by Olivet College only five times in its previous history. Daniels is enjoying a year of rest and spending the winter in California (1905-6).

NOTE. — How Daniels came to be professor at Olivet is, probably, not generally known. We are informed that he used, every now and then, especially about examination time, to come around to Dunham's room to get him to help translate his Latin and Greek, to elucidate the intricate construction, and to exhibit the nicer and more delicate shades of meaning. And then Olivet College, ignorant of the facts in the case, went and appointed *Daniels*, instead of Dunham, Greek professor. Such is the irony of fate! Dunham says that *that man*, Joe Daniels, never acknowledged his indebtedness for the lucrative position and never offered to divide his salary with him!

Lowndes Henry Davis, son of G. W. Davis, Esq., was born in Jackson, Mo., December 14, 1836.

He entered college at the beginning of Sophomore year, and after graduation studied law at the Louisville (Ky.) Law School, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1863. In 1866 he commenced practice in his native place. Two years later he was elected state attorney for the tenth judicial circuit of Missouri, and held this office for four years, until January 1, 1873. In 1874, he was elected to the constitutional convention which met the following year and framed the present constitution of that state. In 1876 he was elected to the general assembly for the term of two years.

In 1878 he was elected to the House of Representatives at Washington, where he served for three terms, or until 1884, when he declined another re-election. He returned to the practice of his profession, with farming for a side issue and amusement. In 1893 he moved to Huntsville, Ala., where he has since resided, and devotes himself to farming.

He was married, November 12, 1861, to Miss Mary B. Hall, daughter of B. M. Hall, Esq., of Shelby County, Ky. They had three children; only one son is living, and he is engaged in running the farm for his father.

Robert Stewart Davis, son of James H. Davis, Esq., was born in Philadelphia, April 23, 1838.

After graduation he immediately began the study of law in the office of Judge Pierce in his native city. In 1863 he was war correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* in South

Carolina. In 1864 he was the Washington correspondent of that paper, and later of the *New York Times*. In 1865 he established *Saturday Night*, a weekly paper which in five years reached a circulation of over two hundred thousand copies. The most successful serial stories of this paper, which were the chief cause of its rapid increase in circulation, were written by him. These stories were some twelve in number, and were written between 1868 and 1879, during which year he sold out his interest in *Saturday Night*, and soon after joined in the formation of *Our Continent* Company.

Not satisfied with this venture, he withdrew from it, and in September, 1883, began the publication of *The Call*, a daily newspaper. Because of its original features, women's, children's, and fashions departments, *The Call* was immediately recognized as a first-class family newspaper, and met with great success. It became one of the most popular and best one-cent afternoon papers in the country, and held that position for a long time.

In 1888 he became officially connected with the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, and soon became manager of all its interests in New Jersey. In this position he served with distinction for five years, dividing his time between *The Call* and the railroad. In 1893 he gave up the railroad management and devoted his time entirely to his newspaper property. About four years ago he retired from all active business connection. He has always joined in all the live measures for the advancement of the city. He is a prominent member of various clubs and literary associations.

He married Miss Mary Louisa Molten, of Philadelphia, September 30, 1868.

Francis Delafield, son of Dr. Edward and Julia (Floyd) Delafield, was born in New York City, August 3, 1841.

He was prepared for college in the private schools of the city. After graduation he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, and graduated from that institution in 1863. He continued his studies for some months in Paris and London, spending a considerable portion of his time in hospitals, and on his return home entered at once upon the practice of his profession. In 1875 he was

appointed adjunct professor of medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He made so brilliant a record that upon the retirement of Dr. Clark, in 1882, he was elected as his successor. He has unusual powers of imparting knowledge, and has exerted an important influence in shaping the opinions and careers of his students. He has been an original investigator in pathology, and his writings upon this subject embody vast research and are standard authorities.

His "Studies in Pathological Anatomy," whose publication extended over ten years, is the most exhaustive and elaborate work in its field. His first important publication, "A Handbook of Post-Mortem Examinations and Morbid Anatomy," was first published in 1872. Afterwards it was rewritten and greatly enlarged in 1885 in collaboration with Dr. T. M. Prudden, under the title of "A Handbook of Pathological Anatomy and Histology." This work is in general use as a textbook in medical colleges. Another important achievement was his classification of the group of diseases generally treated under pulmonary consumption. Another addition to medical literature was a treatise upon "Renal Diseases."

He was, at one time, attached to the house staff, and later, attending physician, and then consulting physician, of Bellevue Hospital; pathologist to Roosevelt Hospital, and surgeon to the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. He is a member of the New York County Medical Society, New York Academy of Medicine, Pathological Society, the Association of American Physicians, and also of many other organizations and clubs. Yale conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. in 1890.

He married, January 17, 1870, Katharine Van Rensselaer, who recently died. They had two daughters, Elizabeth Ray and Cornelia V. R., and one son, Edward Henry Delafield, who graduated from Yale in the class of 1902.

* **Daniel Denison**, son of Daniel and Susan (Cunningham) Denison, was born in Hampton, Conn., September 4, 1838, and died in Pomfret, Conn., July 7, 1895, aged nearly fifty-seven years. For nearly a year after graduation he taught in Birdsboro, Pa., and then entered the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. A year later he went to Andover Seminary, where he finished the course in 1864, though his health had been broken by malaria contracted in 1863 in the

service of the Christian Commission. The most of the following year he spent, in feeble health, with his brother in Portland, Conn. He was, for about four years, interrupted by a period of ill health, in the service of the *New York Tribune*, traveling as a business agent. On December 30, 1873, he was sufficiently strong to be ordained and installed over the Second Congregational Church in Middle Haddam, Conn. His health again failing, he resigned this pastorate in June, 1884. He then went to Hartford, Wis., the home of a brother, and while there, was able to supply the Congregational church in that town. In 1885, he returned to his native village and supplied the pulpit there until he accepted a call to the Congregational church in Pomfret, Conn., where he was installed September 1, 1889. He continued in Pomfret, greatly beloved and very happy in his work, until his death, after a long illness of severe suffering from sarcoma of the liver.

On September 2, 1872, he married Miss Augusta M. Bryant, of Springfield, Mass., who died in Middle Haddam, December 22, 1873, leaving no children.

Samuel Dunham, youngest son of Chauncey and Sylvia (Langdon) Dunham, was born February 8, 1835, at Southington, Conn. He takes a natural and pardonable pride in announcing to the class that his venerable mother, who was born July 27, 1800, and has had the unique experience of enjoying life *in three centuries*, is still living (January, 1906) in her one hundred and sixth year, and that she is a "real Daughter" of the American Revolution, her father, Capt. Giles Langdon, having served in the Revolutionary army. It is presumed that, as respects age, she easily breaks the class record.*

In the absence of any startling personal achievements to record, he comforts himself just a little upon a recent discovery that the genealogy of the Dunham family, in England and America, two volumes now going through the press, traces his ancestry directly back to Deacon John Dunham, of the *Mayflower*, who figured prominently in Colonial affairs, having for many years served as an officer of the church, and deputy of Old Plymouth Colony. The old coat of arms

* She "fell on sleep" February 21, 1906.

of the family bears the legend, "*Semper vigilante*," almost as inspiring a motto as our own, "*Spectemur agendo*."

Dunham fitted for college at Lewis Academy in his native town, graduating as valedictorian in 1855. He entered college with the class of 1859, chumming with his old fellow townsman, Joe Twichell; but was soon obliged, by the return of a serious affection of his eyes, to abandon study for nearly a year. He then re-entered college with the class of '60.

Union Theological Seminary in New York City knew him for two years after graduating from college, and the seminary at Andover, Mass., the following year, where he graduated in 1863. The Essex South Association at Salem, Mass., licensed him to preach February 3, 1863. He began the supply of the pulpit of the Congregational church at West Brookfield, Mass., in April, 1863, and was ordained and installed as pastor of this church, October 4, 1864, and continued there till October 27, 1870. Following that charge he was acting pastor of the First Congregational Church, of Norwalk, Conn., for two years. He found his life work at the West Presbyterian Church, Binghamton, N. Y., where he went January 1, 1873, and continued as active pastor till January 3, 1902, a period of twenty-nine years; he then became "pastor emeritus," with a small annual stipend for life. He is still busy meeting various demands of his old parish, and preaching almost constantly in the city or elsewhere.

He organized this church in February, 1873, with sixty-five members. More than thirteen hundred were added to the church during this ministry. Upon his retirement from active duties, he left a membership of over eight hundred. During this period two church buildings were erected and one was enlarged and remodeled, and a parsonage was also built. The last church reared is a spacious stone edifice, one of the most commodious in the city, upon a new site. It was "Erected to the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of Sarah M. Dunham, Wife of the first Pastor," and was dedicated free of debt in October, 1899. This building has a large memorial window for his deceased wife and four children.

His active and responsible duties outside of his pastorate have been many; a few are here enumerated:

Member of the board of trustees of Binghamton Presbyterian Union since 1890, and of the board of trustees of Bing-

hamton Presbytery for about the same period. For thirty years treasurer of the Binghamton Presbytery. The first president of the New England Society of Binghamton. Secretary of the City Ministerial Association for the last thirty-three years, still in office. For ten years secretary of the Broome County Bible Society. Member of the Broome County Historical Society. Commissioner to Auburn Theological Seminary. Synodical visitor to Union Theological Seminary. Member of the Executive Committee of the New York State Christian Endeavor Union. Eighteen years on the Board of Examiners of Elmira College. Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America at Cleveland, Saratoga, Minneapolis, New York, Winona Lake, Los Angeles, etc.

In 1869 and 1870, he enjoyed a six months' European tour, and in 1890 an extensive Oriental tour, returning by the way of Athens, Constantinople, and the Continent, and concluding with a trip through Great Britain. On this trip he visited the Jessups and other missionaries in Syria, Joe Twichell's sister in Constantinople, and Walter Phelps at the American embassy in Berlin.

Among his publications are:

"An Historical Discourse, Delivered at West Brookfield, Mass., on the Occasion of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the First Church in Brookfield," and other historical papers.

Address at the "One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the First Congregational Society, Southington, Conn.," included in the volume (pp. 845) of "Sketches of Southington."

Contributions to a volume in memory of Mrs. Henry L. Clapp, of New York City.

"The Nation's Tears," a sermon in memory of President Garfield.

"In Memoriam, Mrs. William R. Black," who died in Edinburgh, Scotland.

"In Memoriam, Mrs. Samuel Dunham."

"Retrospect of a Happy Ministry," including the history of the West Presbyterian Church, Binghamton, N. Y., from its organization in 1873.

He was married at Harwinton, Conn., October 6, 1863, to Miss Sarah M., daughter of Harley Clarke, Esq. She died

April 9, 1894. They had four children: three sons and one daughter, all deceased. December 10, 1901, he married Robertha C. McLeod, daughter of Robert C. and Mary A. (Bartholomew) McLeod, of Philadelphia.

More than in all honors and earthly delights Dunham says he rejoices now in the retrospect, in the good opinion, confidence, and esteem of his brethren in the ministry of all denominations, as formally expressed on several occasions. Upon completing, in 1898, the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate, the City Ministerial Association passed a series of complimentary resolutions, such as might well make any man feel that he had not lived altogether in vain. At the public celebration of this "Silver Jubilee," numerous tributes were paid by representative ministers of the various denominations, and more than one hundred congratulatory letters were received from old friends and prominent men throughout the country.

The succeeding year, in October, 1899, upon the completion and dedication of the New Memorial Church, a still more elaborate and gratifying testimonial was adopted and presented to Dunham by the same ministerial association.

Upon Dunham's retirement from the active duties of the pastorate, January 3, 1902, the Presbytery of Binghamton adopted resolutions, from which the following is a brief extract:

The Presbytery also expresses its high appreciation of the work of the Rev. Samuel Dunham, of his ministerial ability, faithful service, and self-sacrificing spirit. The congregation fostered and cared for by him during all these years, and brought to its present material and spiritual prosperity, attests the character of his labors.

Clarence Edward Dutton, born at Wallingford, Conn., May 15, 1841. Prepared for college at Ellington, Conn. Entered Yale, June, 1856. Graduated, 1860. In September, 1862, entered as a volunteer in the Twenty-first Connecticut Infantry, and was appointed adjutant of the regiment. Proceeded with the regiment to Washington and thence to Harper's Ferry. Marched from Harper's Ferry southward along the Blue Ridge and eastward to Fredericksburg. Was severely wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg and subsequently was extremely ill with enteric fever. After a protracted illness recovered and rejoined the regiment at Norfolk, Va. Went with it to Suffolk, Va., where it was engaged in

constant skirmishing, and on July 3, 1863, was engaged in a heavy battle (the same day as the battle of Gettysburg). A month later, the regiment withdrew to Norfolk, Va., and afterward to Newport News. In November, the regiment went to Beaufort, N. C., and did garrison duty at points along the sound.

In December, 1863, an opportunity was offered him to compete for a position in the ordnance corps of the regular army, which was offered to any officer of the regular or volunteer service who might pass the examination. He was fortunate enough to pass it, and was appointed a second lieutenant of ordnance in January, 1864.

Was on duty at Fort Monroe until May, 1864, being married, meantime, on April 18, to Emeline C. Babcock, of New Haven. In May was ordered to the Allegheny Arsenal, Pittsburg, Pa. In the fall of that year was engaged in arming volunteer regiments and disarming term-expired troops at Wheeling, W. Va., at Cincinnati, Chicago, and Springfield, Ill., until November, when he was ordered to the headquarters of General Schofield in the field. Joined the Twenty-third Army Corps in Tennessee just before the battle of Harpeth River—one of the most terrible and bloody battles of the war. Hood's army was repulsed with frightful slaughter, though our own was almost as great. We retreated to Nashville, where, a few days later, Hood was finally crushed and fled southwards. Schofield pursued, but Hood's extinction was so complete that there were no fragments to be gathered up and the campaign ended.

Was recalled from Schofield's command in January, 1865, and ordered to the command of the ordnance depot of the Army of the Potomac and remained with it to the close of the war, when the depot was cleared out and the stores sent to Washington Arsenal. Was then placed on duty at the Watervliet Arsenal, West Troy, N. Y.

He had now some leisure time in the afternoons and evenings which could be devoted to study. Two subjects interested him; one was the manufacture of steel, for which Troy was then noted and the other was geology. His leisure time for five years was divided between them, much of the week days being spent in the steel works, while the Saturdays and Sundays were spent with James Hall and R. P. Whitfield, at Albany, in the pale-

ontological museum. He was very much in earnest and never lost an hour.

In 1869 he read his first scientific paper, "On the Chemistry of the Bessemer Process," which, he believes, was the first explanation of that process ever published — at least in this country. It was read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

In 1870 was transferred to the Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia, remaining there a year. While there, he still continued the pursuit of the two subjects and wrote several papers which were given in the Franklin Institute, the American Philosophical Society, and the Academy of Sciences.

In 1871 was transferred to the Washington Arsenal. Here he was brought into intimate contact with a large circle of scientific men, which aroused his interest and greatly stimulated his ambition. Professors Henry and Baird, of the Smithsonian; Hilgard, of the Coast Survey; Newcomb, Hall, and Harkness, of the Naval Observatory; Hayden and Powell, of the surveys of the West; Woodward and Billings, of the Medical Department, he met often at the Philosophical Society, and some of them at their homes. After two years, which were spent in geological study and correlated inquiries, he was asked by Powell to become a member of his survey, if the War Department would consent. He replied that he would not ask for the duty, but if the authorities saw fit to detail him, it would be very agreeable. It was, however, a long time before any action was taken. At length, in 1875, Professor Henry took up the subject, and by personal application to the Secretary of War, and with the approval of the chief of ordnance, secured his detail to Powell's survey. In that year he began his geological field work. The first field season was in the high plateaus of southern Utah — an immense field of volcanic rocks. This work, which was hardly more than a reconnoissance, occupied three years, at the end of which his first monograph was written, "The High Plateaus of Utah."

In 1878 the western surveys (of which there were three) were consolidated, and Clarence King was appointed director, which office he held but a year and was succeeded by Powell. In 1878 he was sent to the survey of the Grand Canyon district, immediately south of the high plateaus. Three years were occupied in this work, at the end of which his second

monograph was written, "The Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon District." Upon its completion, he was sent to the Hawaiian Islands (1882). Nine months were spent there. Returning to Washington, in the late autumn, his third monograph was completed, on the "Hawaiian Volcanoes."

In 1883 he went to explore the interesting country around Fort Wingate, Mount Taylor, and Zuni, which occupied two years, and his fourth monograph, "Mount Taylor and the Zuni Plateau," was written in 1884-85.

He was next sent to Northern California and Oregon to begin the survey of the Cascade Range, one of the greatest volcanic fields of the world, being surpassed only by the volcanic field of the Deccan, in India, in magnitude. When he had spent two years in the reconnoissance of this district, he was diverted from it by the Charleston earthquake. He had for several years maintained in his Washington office a division for collecting information about earthquakes in the United States, and had studied the subject with the greatest interest. The earthquake at Charleston occurred while he was in the wilds of Oregon, far from telegraphs or mails, and he did not hear of it until nearly three weeks after it happened. His assistant, however, had taken the matter up, and with the help of Major Powell had gathered together a great deal of information. On his return he went to Charleston, and in the course of a month went over the ground, and, meantime, secured from all parts of the country a great number of reports which he proceeded to study. In 1887 his fifth monograph was written, on "The Charleston Earthquake."

He had supposed when this monograph was written that he should return, when it was finished, to his work in the Cascade region. But he was disappointed. Congress had, during the winter, made an appropriation for beginning the irrigation surveys of the West, and had placed the work in the geological survey under Powell's direction. He had been for many years interested in the developments of irrigation in the West; had studied it much, and had been instrumental in securing the appropriation, though he had no desire to take charge of the work. Powell, however, the Secretary of the Interior, and those congressmen who had specially interested themselves in securing the appropriation, all united in pressing upon him the charge of the work. He very reluctantly con-

sented to begin the work and carry it on for a year or two until a fit man could be found for it.

The first appropriation was only seventy-five thousand dollars, but quite large enough for a beginning. Powell, however, devoted a considerable part of it to strengthening his topographic work,—a proceeding which Dutton thought not only ill advised, but unlawful. However, he got together a body of hydrographers and young men well educated in cognate branches of science and put them in camp during the autumn and winter, where they practiced stream measurements.

The next year Congress appropriated four hundred thousand dollars for the irrigation survey work. Powell devoted half of it to the topographic work and with the remaining half Dutton employed irrigation engineers who had long been known to him, and, with the hydrographers who had already been practicing, they divided the arid country up and began their work.

Powell's action in devoting half of the large appropriation to another purpose soon bore fruit, as Dutton had repeatedly told him it would. It attracted the attention of the far western congressmen, who questioned the propriety of it; and the more they investigated the more they became convinced that it was wrong. The questionings became remonstrance, and the remonstrance became warning, and at last a congressional joint committee of investigation was ordered, which resulted in a very damaging report. Powell was compelled to resign from the survey, while Dutton was upheld and justified. The appropriation was discontinued.

About this time a new chief of ordnance was about to be appointed. As the survey had lost interest for him by the retirement of Powell, and as the next chief of ordnance would be a man whom, he could not but feel, would be unwilling to have him continue in the survey, he requested that he might be relieved and returned to military duty, which was done, in the autumn of 1890.

He then made a journey to the western states, the Pacific coast, and the Southern states, as a member of a board on factories for making guns. When this was concluded, he obtained a leave of absence and went to Central America. On his return, the new chief of ordnance had been appointed, and in 1891 ordered him to the command of the San Antonio Arsenal, Texas. He remained there for eight years, in practical

banishment until the chief of ordnance retired, in 1899. His successor was a friend of Dutton's, and he ordered him to his office in Washington as first assistant. The position was very honorable, but was very laborious, thankless, and disagreeable, and in 1901 he was glad enough to ask for retirement, although he had four years to serve. His application was granted. Since then, he has been in much ill health, but has written one book on "Earthquakes," one of Putnam's Scientific Series. His health has begun to improve, and may be good enough in future to enable him to write more.

This book on "Earthquakes" has been republished in England.

Daniel Cady Eaton, son of Daniel C. Eaton, Esq., was born in Johnstown, N. Y., June 16, 1837.

After graduation he studied law in the Law School of Columbia College, and began the practice of his profession, first in partnership with Fowler of our class, and afterward with Taylor, of '59, at No. 9 Pine Street, New York City. In the spring of 1861 he went to Washington with his regiment, the famous Seventh of New York. He was in Europe for his wife's health in 1866-67, living in Dresden during the greater part of his absence. He returned to New York for a year, but in November, 1868, he went to Europe again, living for some months in Berlin. On his return to New York, in June, 1869, he was appointed to a newly established professorship of the History and Criticism of Art in Yale College. He accepted this appointment, and sailed for Europe again the following August to perfect himself at all points, by study and investigation at the best sources of information and inspiration, for the acceptable discharge of the duties of his new position.

In Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Munich, Florence, Rome, and London, in succession, he made the acquaintance of leading instructors in the different branches of art, familiarized himself with their systems of instruction and with the organization and government of the art schools to which they belonged. At the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris, he went so far as to have himself admitted as a pupil that he might understand the school from a pupil's point of view. The larger part of Eaton's life has been enthusiastically devoted to the study

of art. Even during his college course he was an art critic of marked esthetic taste and of no mean attainments.

From a report made by Professor Eaton to the corporation in 1876, we extract a single luminous passage:

No complete idea of the history, literature, or religion of a nation can be obtained without a knowledge of its arts. A knowledge of Greek art is indispensable to an understanding of Greek nationality. The study of Greek literature assumes a different aspect when pursued in connection with Greek art. The Renaissance period manifested its strength and expressed its character chiefly in art.

The one art, architecture, affords, in its early monuments, one of the best means of tracing the origin and migration of races, and all through history it is to the ethnologist a reliable and pleasant guide. Even the mathematician may find a new delight in the study of perspective or in tracing the dependence of the most abstruse principles of art upon the most abstract formulæ of science.

In our Quarter-Centennial Report, Griffin says of him:

Eaton, who styles himself "writer and lecturer on artistic and educational subjects," reminds us of the failure of any former class record to report the fact that he was appointed colonel in New York State Militia in 1863. He lays special emphasis upon the additional fact that the regiment to which he was appointed was *never raised*.

He also says: "Once ran for alderman of the First Ward, New Haven, on the Democratic ticket. Needless to add that I was licked out of my boots."

He has published various pamphlets, newspaper and magazine articles, besides a "Handbook to Greek and Roman Sculpture."

For some years past he has been, at home and abroad, in the eager pursuit of health, and the shy goddess seems as determined to avoid him as he is to capture her. He wrote the Secretary, October 21, 1905:

I am still on this side of the water — *Hotel des Trois Rois à Bâle* — and in poor condition. I shall return to New Haven next month and, if not able to go on with my lectures, must send in my resignation. I am going to Paris next Monday, the 23d, to consult an eminent French specialist, Dr. Gunion, and shall be influenced by his opinion. At home I have had physicians of both schools. No two agree; no one seems to know exactly what is the matter. If my race is run, and my work done, I want to know it.

I can't write out my history for the class book; you will have to take the old one. You might add that in justification of the position I took in 1876 when I resigned my professorship in the Art School, I was in 1901 appointed to a university professorship of the History and Criticism of Art.

He was married, December 18, 1861, to Miss Alice, daughter of Henry Young, Esq., of New York City.

From *Yale Alumni Weekly*, January 24, 1906:

One of the particularly choice lecture series of the winter began on the 17th of this month, when Prof. D. Cady Eaton delivered the first of a series of lectures, entitled, "Sketches of French and Italian History and Art of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries." The lectures are delivered in room A1, Osborn Hall, at three o'clock, Wednesday afternoons. Professor Eaton, who occupies the University chair of the History and Criticism of Art, is prepared as few men in this country are prepared to give such a course of lectures, and the opportunity stands out as an unusual one even for New Haven, with all its list of lecture series. The lectures are free to graduate and undergraduate students of the University, being of such a nature as to enlist the interest of any age to whom such matters appeal.

* **Daniel Riker Elder**, son of George and Hannah E. Elder, of Stamford, Conn., was born in New York City, July 7, 1838, and died at sea, April 25, 1875, aged thirty-seven years.

Elder remained at home after graduation until June, 1861, when he entered the navy. From March, 1862, until near the time of his death, he was engaged in business in New York City. In June, 1874, he left home for a trip around the world, and continued in good health until his departure from Japan on the steamer *City of Peking*, in April, 1875, when he was taken seriously ill with dysentery and died within three days' sail of San Francisco.

* **George Engs**, son of Samuel and Elizabeth Engs, was born in Newport, R. I., February 25, 1840, and died in that city, July 7, 1887, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

After graduation he entered at once on the study of medicine in New York City, and was graduated in 1863 from the College of Physicians and Surgeons; after which he served two years on the medical staff at Bellevue Hospital. He then returned to Newport and engaged in private practice for nearly two years, which were followed by a visit of about eighteen months to Vienna, Prague, and Paris, for further study. The rest of his life was spent in Newport, where he died very suddenly of heart disease. As long as his health permitted, he was a successful practitioner, and was especially beloved by the poor, who benefited by his professional services.

Henry Clay Eno, son of Amos Richards and Lucy Jane (Phelps) Eno, was born in New York City, October 28, 1840.

Since graduation he has been engaged in the practice of medicine. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1864; was in Bellevue Hospital at 1865, and surgeon at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary from 1875 to 1882. His summer residence is at Saugatuck, Conn., and his winter home is at 8 East Sixty-first Street, New York City.

He was married to Miss Nellie Lane, of New York City, October 19, 1869.

The Secretary feels confident that Eno will bear him witness that he has labored with him instantly, in season and out of season, to get him to relate the interesting story that he can tell; or which he could tell and would tell, but for the multiplicity of other and more exacting and insistent duties. When he and a few others get a little of their well-earned leisure they will write for us the story we are longing to hear, and we shall publish a supplementary class history of an interest equal to or surpassing the present one.

Horace Lewis Fairchild, son of Daniel Fairchild, was born in Trumbull, Conn., June 15, 1835.

In our Decennial Record Catlin said:

Since graduation but little has been heard of Fairchild, nor has any reply been received from him to repeated inquiries addressed him since the Decennial Meeting. He is, however, believed to be engaged in the paper business with his father, in Trumbull, Conn.

In 1875, Griffin said:

The historian can state from personal observation that Fairchild is still alive, and that he continues as aforesaid in the paper business in the beautiful town of Trumbull, Conn. He is the teacher of a young men's Bible class and deacon of the Congregational church. No written communication has been received from him.

Again, in 1885, he said further:

Fairchild holds his own among the paper makers of Connecticut, and promises to supply all customers with a satisfactory article both in quality and weight. At least this is what the historian *supposes* Fairchild *would have said* if he had sent him any word. Some of us who belonged to Fairchild's division still retain a lively sense of gratitude to him for helps over hard places in mathematics during freshman and sophomore years. We have had to cross other *pontes asinorum* since without his help.

The present writer has been more fortunate than his predecessors, for under date of February 28, 1905, he writes:

It is evident from yours of the 25th, you expect to be the last lone survivor, for you begin by saying after copying the obituaries, you are "now ready to take the lives of the survivors." When a man gets an open threat like that he naturally takes to the woods.

Now, as I had the honor of the shortest obituary in the first class history, and as I have never set the world on fire, nor even been put in jail, and have not raised any boys, nor got myself into any more serious trouble than the average man, I don't really feel that I am in dire need of an immediate obituary.

He lives in the village of Nichols, about six miles out of Bridgeport, where there is excellent authority for saying that he owns considerable property, — a good deal of land, — and that he has made a special study of fruit culture and is considered an expert in this branch. "He is a man of very sound judgment and is consulted on important matters by his townspeople." He has been for the past twenty-six years one of the directors of the First National Bank of Bridgeport, and he has represented his town in the state legislature for two years. Perhaps the political secrets he thus became cognizant of at Hartford have confirmed him in a habit of silence well nigh impenetrable. He might take the class into his confidence, however, with the certainty that they would respect the trust reposed in them. Moreover, the fact that he is an expert fruit culturist is one that is calculated to awaken pleasant thoughts in the minds of all his classmates. It seems that he is a devotee of the "simple life," and not altogether after the manner of one of its greatest professed exemplars, who has by some been mistaken as "strenuous."

He sold out his paper manufacturing business in 1886.

September 10, 1872, he was married to Antoinette Edwards, of Trumbull, Conn. They have had no children.

***Edgar Augustus Finney**, son of James and Harriet Finney, was born in Norwalk, Conn., March 27, 1836, and died there September 21, 1872, in his thirty-seventh year.

After graduation he studied law for two years,— during the first year in New York, and then in Norwalk. He was about to be admitted to the bar when he enlisted in the Twenty-first New Jersey Volunteers, in which regiment he was soon after

chosen captain. In May, 1863, at the battle of Chancellorsville, he was taken prisoner, and was confined for two months in Libby Prison. After his return to the North he was engaged for a time in business in New York, but soon retired to his native place, where he died of consumption.

He was married, March 5, 1867, to Mary, daughter of John Van Cleef, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Their only child, a daughter, died in infancy.

William Edward Foster, son of Hon. E. H. Foster, was born in New Haven, Conn., June 4, 1839.

After graduation he studied law, a part of the time in Auburn, N. Y., and afterwards in New Haven, until the spring of 1861, when he was commissioned on the staff of the quartermaster-general of Connecticut, with the rank of captain, which position he resigned in July, 1862, for that of paymaster in the navy, being assigned to the steamship *Memphis* on blockade duty in the South Atlantic Squadron. Remaining in active service until 1865, he resigned, and returning to New Haven, studied law, and was in the same year admitted to practice.

In the winter of 1867, he went to Florida and remained there until June, 1868. In November of that year he became editor and part owner of the Lynchburg, Va., *Daily Republican*, and participated in the conduct of that sheet until March, 1870, when he went to his present position, that of editor of the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Commercial Advertiser*. Griffin, in 1885, records him as the author of "about three hundred thousand ringing editorials, salient paragraphs, and such." He completed, on the 9th of March of this year (1905), his thirty-fifth year of service upon the *Commercial*. On this occasion there was a general acclaim of praise from the newspapers of that city and section of the state for faithful, courteous, and able service. The voice of all is well represented by the *Catholic Union and Times*:

We have learned incidentally that on this Thursday Mr. William Edward Foster completes the thirty-fifth year of continuous editorial life on our esteemed neighbor, the *Commercial*.

That beats our record on the *Union and Times* by four years; and we doubt if there be two other editors in this Empire State who have given the same length of uninterrupted service to any one newspaper as the editor-in-chief of the *Commercial* and ourselves.

Mr. Foster is a gentleman of high and varied culture, whose accomplishments and character have won the regard of this entire community. We heartily salute him to-day, and wish him very many more years of health and happiness to preside over the paper that his gifted pen has so long adorned.

He is president of the Yale Alumni Association of Buffalo.

He married, August 14, 1862, Miss Sarah E., daughter of the Hon. F. J. Betts, of New Haven. They have had three children, one son and two daughters. The son, Frederick Betts Foster, died at the age of fifteen; the oldest daughter died at the age of twenty, in 1890; the youngest daughter is married and has had two children.

*** Charles Dougharty Foules**, son of William B. and Matilda Ann (Luse) Foules, and brother of Henry Luse Foules (Yale, 1857), was born October 23, 1839, at Kingston, Miss., and died at his home in that city, May 27, 1901, in the sixty-second year of his age.

After graduation he studied medicine, but preferred the life of a planter and devoted himself chiefly to that occupation. At the beginning of the Civil War he joined a Mississippi cavalry regiment, and served in Wade Hampton's command in the army of Northern Virginia. He remained in the service during the whole war, but did not receive even a slight wound, though he took part in many engagements. After the war ended he returned to his plantation and went to raising cotton. He represented his county in the state legislature for a number of years — from 1882 to 1888. He died of heart trouble.

June 30, 1900, writing to the Secretary, he said:

I have performed no special deeds of valor, have simply lived the life of a quiet planter, doing unto others as I would have them do unto me.

He married, November 19, 1868, Martha Eugenia, daughter of Alexander and Weltha Boyd, who survived him with a son and daughter. Mrs. Foules has recently died; their daughter, Mrs. Mattie Foules Bailey, lives in Natchez, Miss.

*** William Fowler**, son of Rev. Philemon H. Fowler, D.D., and Jennette (Hopkins) Fowler, was born in Albany, N. Y.,

September 26, 1839, and entered college from Utica. He died in New York City, November 26, 1874, aged thirty-five years.

He went to the Albany Law School after graduation, where he took the degree of LL.B., in the summer of 1861, and in the autumn entered into partnership with Cady Eaton, for the practice of the law in New York City. In 1862, he was commissioned as lieutenant of the One Hundred and Seventy-third Regiment, New York Infantry, and served with them throughout the siege of Port Hudson and Banks's Louisiana Expedition, and during this period sowing the seeds of the disease of which he finally died. In August, 1863, he was commissioned captain and transferred to the One Hundred and Forty-sixth New York Infantry, and in his capacity as line officer, and afterward as assistant adjutant-general, on the staff of Gen. Charles Griffen, of the Fifth Corps, participated in all the movements of the Army of the Potomac from this date until the surrender of General Lee. He was in every battle of the Virginia Campaign, had two horses shot under him, and was brevetted major. At the conclusion of the war he was commissioned as captain in the regular army, and, at the request of General Howard, assigned to duty with the Freedmen's Bureau, and placed in charge of the Land and Claim Division. In 1868 he left the army and undertook the business of manufacturing turpentine in Newbern, N. C. Not succeeding in this, he returned to the practice of his profession in Elmira, N. Y., where his diligent efforts were beginning to bring him success, when he was prostrated by a long and painful illness which resulted in his death.

He was married, October 26, 1871, to Miss Laura A. Wentworth, of Elmira, who survives him. Her address is Dedham, Mass.

***Everett Parker Freeman**, son of Horace and Eliza A. (Belknap) Freeman, was born in Hartford, Conn., in January, 1837, and died in Mankato, Minn., November 27, 1895, in his fifty-ninth year.

After studying law for a year at the Albany Law School, and at home, he went West and settled in Mankato, in southern Minnesota, where he was engaged up to the time of his death in the practice of his profession. He was a

successful lawyer and a highly esteemed citizen. He was also largely intrusted with important offices from the time of his settlement in Mankato until his death, having easily won and deserved the public confidence. He served twice in the state senate. Before going West he married, in October, 1861, Eliza K., daughter of Rev. Henry Morris, then of Port Jervis, N. Y., and later of Binghamton, N. Y. His wife and three children survive him (1896).

A GOOD MAN GONE

MANKATO, MINN., November 26.

Funeral services over the remains of E. P. Freeman, who died this morning, will be conducted by the Masons to-morrow, with the entire Bar Association of Blue Earth County attending. Deceased was born at Hartford, Conn., fifty-eight years ago, graduated from Yale College in 1860, and afterwards studied law at the Albany Law School, and was admitted to practice law in New York. He came to Mankato in December, 1861, and has since then been engaged in the practice of his profession. He was recognized by judges of the state as having one of the brightest and most acute legal minds in the state. Perhaps no man in this part of the state held as many offices of trust as the deceased. During the years 1867 and 1868 Mr. Freeman was county attorney of Blue Earth County. He served two years in the state senate, retiring in 1873, when he was appointed register of the United States land office at Jackson, Minn. Again he was elected to the state senate, this time from the Jackson district, and served during the years 1874 and 1875. At the expiration of his term he resumed the practice of law in Mankato and in 1878 was a second time chosen county attorney, and was again re-elected two years later. After that time he held the office of city attorney for several years. From 1889 to 1893 he held the commission from President Harrison as receiver of the United States land office at Tracy which was later removed to Marshall, Minn., and at the time of his death was president of the Blue Earth County Bar Association.—Special telegram to the *Tribune*.

Edward Brown Furbish, son of D. H. Furbish, Esq., was born in Portland, Me., May 21, 1837. After graduation he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., where he studied for two years. He was then requested to become chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of Maine Volunteers, and he was ordained to that position in the presence of his regiment, by his pastor, who had baptized him as a child and received him into his church. When the regiment was mustered out of the service in 1863, he entered the seminary at Yale and finished his course of study in 1864. He then

accepted a call from the Presbyterian church at New Hartford, N. Y., and labored there from December 1, 1864, to March 10, 1872. March 17, 1872, he became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Potsdam, N. Y., and continued in charge there until August, 1879. He then went to the Congregational church at Lockport, N. Y., and remained as pastor there until July, 1890. He then began a pastorate in the Presbyterian church at Spencerport, N. Y., which lasted for nearly twelve years. May 8, 1902, he was appointed chaplain of the New York State Soldiers and Sailors' Home, at Bath, where he writes that he is pleasantly at work.

He married, October 9, 1862, Miss Grace H. Townsend, daughter of Robert Townsend, of New Haven, Conn. They have had six children, three of whom, two sons and one daughter, are now living.

*** Edward Linus Gaul**, son of John Gaul, Esq., a leading lawyer of Columbia County, N. Y., was born in the city of Hudson, February 24, 1837, and died in that city, April 2, 1894, in his fifty-eighth year.

Gaul entered the class in the spring of Freshman year. He studied law with his father for a few months after graduation, but in the spring of 1861 he enlisted in the United States Navy, where he served until February, 1862, as assistant purser and captain's clerk. In the following autumn he raised a company for the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York State Volunteers, of which regiment he was lieutenant-colonel at the time of his discharge, in June, 1864, on account of disability from swamp fever, contracted in Louisiana, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He then resumed his law studies and was admitted to practice in December, 1865. He formed a partnership in Hudson with Cornelius Esselstyn, Esq., but in 1869 he removed to New York and accepted an editorial position upon the *New York Times*, in connection with the real estate department. On his father's death in 1879, he returned to Hudson to look after the interests of his estate, and that continued to be his residence until his death. He was well known through his prominence in Masonic circles and as an officer of the National Guard of the State of New York. He died after a long period of ill health.

He was the subject of many eulogies from eminent Masons and other men of prominence, at the time of his death. The following are some extracts:

He was one of the most affable of men, who always impressed the least consequential of his acquaintances with that affability which never deserted him. He was one of those men who could refuse a request in so graceful a way as to make it seem like a favor. In appearance he was tall and handsome, possessing a fine figure and graceful carriage; in manner always the polished gentleman.

No one knew him intimately but to love him, and to have known him is to have enjoyed the love of a true man, — one of nature's noblemen. The grandness of his character, the open-hearted generosity of his nature, his innate courtesy, won our esteem. He was a royal companion, a warm-hearted and loyal friend. He had a heart overflowing with sympathy and kindness, ready to assist and encourage a friend, and beyond that, the loyalty and courage to stand by him to the last extremity. He possessed sterling qualities which commanded admiration and respect. He hated devious and crooked ways, and loved direct and ingenuous dealing in all the affairs of life. He was the charm of the social circle and was welcomed at every feast. I do not think another man can be named with as large a circle of friends, and it is a grand testimony to his character that he held them with hooks of steel.

He bequeathed his fine Belles-Lettres Library of about one thousand volumes to the university, and also his portrait, a fine oil painting; these were accepted with the promise of devoting an alcove to their reception and use.

He was never married. His sister, Mrs. George C. Yeisley, of Hudson, N. Y., has an interest in '60 perhaps not even second to that which her brother had.

***George Walter Giddings**, son of Nathaniel Giddings, Jr., was born in Pittston, Pa., July 3, 1832, and died there January 12, 1881, in his forty-ninth year.

Giddings studied theology for three years in the seminary at Princeton, N. J., but after he had graduated his eyes failed him, and in consequence of this, and also on account of his extreme diffidence, he finally abandoned the idea of preaching. He served as a private in the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Militia during the invasion of the state by the Confederate forces, and subsequently, from September, 1864, until August, 1865, in the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers. The following years were spent in teaching, in

farming, and in business, his home being for much of the time in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In 1880, he returned to his native town, where his invalid mother needed his care. In November he entered the employ of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, and while thus engaged fell from a trestle, and received an injury on the head which caused his death a week later. He was never married.

*** George Nelson Greene**, son of Charles Greene, was born in Warwick, R. I., September 18, 1827, and died at Charlestown, R. I., May 17, 1894, in his sixty-seventh year.

The first year after graduation, having had some experience as a Baptist preacher before going to college, he spent in occasional preaching, and the second year in teaching at Montville, Conn. In the spring of 1863, he went to Norfolk, Va., as a missionary to the freedmen, and he remained in the South engaged in general missionary labor until the fall of 1865. On July 21, 1866, he married Miss Mary F. Saunders, of Westerly, R. I., and in April, 1867, accepted a call to the Central Baptist Church in Tiverton, R. I. Two years later he removed to the Baptist church in Tivoli, N. Y., and thence, in September, 1870, to Rosendale, N. Y. In June, 1871, he returned to New England. After a few years mainly spent in teaching, he attempted to resume the duties of a regular pastorate, in the spring of 1876, in Rhode Island, but poor health obliged him to return speedily to an out-of-door farm life. In October, 1884, he took charge of a church in South Newfane, Vt. From there he went to a church in East Hardwick, in the same state, whence he removed in 1892 to Charlestown, R. I., on account of ill health. The next year he was able to resume preaching, but soon after died of heart disease. His wife survives him (1895), with three sons and four daughters.

*** George Hermon Griffin**, son of Hermon and Louisa G. (Faulkner) Griffin, was born in New York City, May 13, 1839, and died in Springfield, Mass., September 9, 1894, in his fifty-sixth year.

After a considerable period of foreign travel he entered the Union Theological Seminary, where he finished the course in June, 1864. On June 22, 1865, he was settled as pastor

of the Plymouth (Congregational) Church in Milford, Conn., where he made himself greatly beloved. He was dismissed February 18, 1885, to accept an invitation from the American Sunday-School Union to become their secretary for New England. He then removed to Springfield, Mass., and though retiring from the service of the Union in 1892, he continued his residence in that city until his very sudden death there, from cerebral apoplexy.

In 1875, he was elected to succeed Catlin as Class Historian, and brought out a supplementary record in that year, thirty-two pages. In 1885, he prepared for publication an additional biographical record, sixty-eight pages, and a report of the meeting in 1890, of eight pages. In the latter year he was elected Class Secretary to succeed William L. Bradley, and, at his request, the office of Class Historian, as a separate office, was discontinued. Into his work for the class he put his usual and well-known earnestness and devotion, as well as good judgment and discrimination. In all things faithful.

He printed a small volume of foreign travel in 1881, and various other publications — especially in the line of his special interest in sacred music. A brief memorial of his life has been issued.

He married, June 13, 1867, Katharine L., daughter of Samuel A. Hoyt, of Fishkill, N. Y., who survives him (1895), with three children. The eldest son graduated at Yale in 1892.

A classmate wrote of him in the *New York Observer*, in part:

He had made his home in Springfield, Mass., when he entered upon his work for the Union, and continued to reside there when his official connection with that organization ceased. But though his official life was over, to be idle was not in his nature. On his first coming to Springfield he had identified himself with Hope Congregational Church, and he at once became one of its most active and efficient workers. He conducted the Congregational Bible class, he led the singing in the prayer-meeting. He co-operated with the then pastor of the church, Rev. David Allen Reed, in the School for Christian Workers, of which the latter was and is president. He was also much interested in the work of the French Protestant College, located in Springfield, and had just undertaken to edit the English department of the paper published by that college for the benefit of the many Canadian French now living in New England. His salutatory had been already printed and other matter was in readiness. He was for a time president of the Armory Hill branch of the Young Men's

Christian Association of Springfield and always active in its work. He was one of the foremost spirits in the Hampden County Musical Association which affords the people of Springfield and vicinity so much of culture and of pleasure. He had indeed a ready hand and an open purse for a great many laudable enterprises, those that pertained to public-spirited citizenship as well as those that pertained to religion and morals. His pen often supplemented his other activities. During all his residence in Springfield he was frequently called to fill vacant pulpits, and became endeared to a number of neighboring churches by his acceptable ministrations.

On Sunday, September 9, he complained of a strange and dizzy feeling in the head, and before his physician could be summoned he was gone. His death was caused by cerebral apoplexy.

The funeral was held in Hope Church, which was filled with mourning friends, young, old, rich, poor, white, black. The services were conducted by Rev. Ralph Brokaw, the pastor. Rev. Oliver A. Kingsbury, a friend from childhood's days, spoke of the beautiful life of the departed. Rev. David A. Reed, the former pastor, offered prayer. A male quartet sang fitting selections, including the hymn already spoken of. It was a bright, beautiful September afternoon, when in a flower-strewn grave in Oak Grove Cemetery, beside the sleeping dust of his two infant children, we laid away all that was mortal of him to gather strength and beauty for the coming of the Lord.

Mr. Griffin leaves a widow and three children. His oldest son, a graduate of Yale (1892), has recently been admitted to practice at the New York Bar. Two older brothers also survive, Mr. Edward Payson Griffin and Mr. C. Francis Griffin, both of New York City.

One who has known George Griffin — playmate, schoolmate, college chum, seminary classmate, received into the communion of the church and licensed to preach the gospel at the same time with him, an intimate friend throughout all the years — bears cordial testimony to the purity, simplicity, beauty, and value of his life. It was a genuinely Christian life, exceptionally happy as human lives go, even if not without its shadows. It was a life which helped one's faith in Christ and his religion. It was a life which put sunshine into many other lives and never brought a shadow into any. His going leaves a great void, and not least in the heart of him who lays this tribute of affection on the grave of his departed friend.

David Lewis Haight, son of Richard R. and Sarah R. Haight, was born in New York City, September 27, 1839.

There is little that the present writer can do for this subject, except to copy and summarize our previous records, and this is being done reluctantly as such an all around good fellow has, no doubt, an interesting life story to tell his classmates if it could be extracted from him, but he has been tried by

ingenious devices and by all peaceable means, but with limited or no results. So much as this, Haight once confessed: That the present commodious and elegant housing of the University Club in New York was due to his initiative, and to his persistent push and courage in silencing objections and overcoming obstacles. It is a monument in which any one may take exultant pride.

To go back a little: He entered college with the class, was a faithful attendant for the four years, and, after graduation, began the study of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, and while still a student served with the Sanitary Commission. In the fall of 1863, he was appointed acting assistant surgeon, United States Army, and was ordered to the Douglass General Hospital, in Washington, where he remained until the close of the war. He then went to Europe and remained there until the fall of 1869, studying his profession in all the best institutions of the chief capitals, with occasional pleasure trips to points of greatest interest. When he returned to New York, he opened an office for the practice of his profession, and also served as one of the physicians to the New York Dispensary. Although a usual attendant on class meetings, he was unable to be with us at the last one. But he reported, by letter, that he was in good health, and doing very well in the real estate business. He sent his affectionate greeting to his classmates, and his regrets at not being able to be at the reunion.

William Henry Hale, Ph.D., was born at Albany, N. Y., August 20, 1840; son of Silvester and Nancy Arzelia (Eames) Hale; grandson of William Hale, of Dalton, Mass., a Revolutionary soldier, who owned and occupied the estate at Dalton which is now the home of Senator W. Murray Crane; and a great-grandson of Dr. Elizur Hale, of Glastonbury, Conn. (Yale, 1742), who was born on the estate which had been in the family since the seventeenth century, and still remains in a collateral branch as the famous Hale peach orchard. On his mother's side he is a great-grandson of Gideon Deming, of Hartford, Conn., and later of Washington, Berkshire County, Mass.; also a soldier of the Revolution.

After completing his professional and postgraduate course in 1863, he engaged in financial and commercial business for a

number of years, in Albany, N. Y., Chicago, and elsewhere; but finally settled down to the practice of the law, having been admitted to the bar at Albany, in 1861, and practiced at Albany till 1888, when he removed to Brooklyn and has continued in practice ever since.

Has for many years made a specialty of attending and writing up reports of scientific meetings for the press, having from time to time corresponded with many of the leading news and professional papers. Was for many years the American correspondent of *Nature*, England. Edited the science department of the *Bachelor of Arts*, a magazine published for a while at New York. Is one of the original fellows of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (1874).

February 25, 1892, he was married to Miss Louisa G., daughter of John and Louisa Washington.

* **Henry Lewis Hall**, son of John and Betsey (Davis) Hall, was born in Guilford, Conn., November 26, 1835, and died at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., November 6, 1869, aged thirty-four years.

He studied in Yale Theological Seminary until October 30, 1861, when he was ordained chaplain of the Tenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers. In August, 1862, he returned home and then went to Europe, where he studied for three years at Halle. He was installed over the Congregational church at Auburn, Me., January 23, 1868, but resigned his charge in less than a year on account of failing health, though he was not formally dismissed until March 21, 1869. His remaining days were spent in seeking recovery of health, but an acute attack of his malady, Bright's disease, caused his death.

He was married, January 17, 1868, to Laura Hale Stickney, daughter of J. N. Stickney, of Rockville, Conn. They had one child, a daughter.

Classmate Griffin wrote of him:

He was uncommonly gifted in mind; a thorough student, a clear thinker, and a terse writer; yet while ranking among the first scholars of the class, he was always modest and unassuming. Of a warm heart, kindly sympathy, and genial temperament, his was one of those transparent natures which answer to the full idea contained in the Latin derivatives of the word *sincere*.

* **Henry Elmer Hart**, son of Ruel and Rosanna (Barnes) Hart, died of pneumonia at West Hartford, Conn., September 9, 1905. He was born at Southington, Conn., June 1, 1834. He fitted for college by private study and in the academy of his native town. He entered college in the fall of 1855, but owing to ill health, entered as Freshman again a year later. This second time of entering, instead of being penniless, as he was the year before, he had forty dollars in his pocket. He secured the privilege of ringing the college bell during his Senior year. After graduating from college he studied theology at the seminary at East Windsor Hill, Conn., whence he graduated in June, 1863. His pastorates have all been in his native state, as follows: Bridgewater, three years; East Hampton, from September 19, 1866, to November, 1871; Durham, November, 1871, to June, 1875; Wapping, June, 1875, to June, 1878; Hadlyme, June, 1878, to May, 1881; Franklin, June, 1881, to May, 1900. In June, 1900, he moved to West Hartford, where he became the beloved pastor *emeritus* of all the people, spending his time in visiting the sick and comforting the afflicted. He was rich only in the blessings and gratitude of those he was able to help in many ways.

Writing to the Secretary, March, 1905, he said:

In reviewing my life I find little occasion for praise or ground for censure. I have tried to improve my opportunities, and I have done some good. Were I at the entrance of life, I would choose the ministry with all its poverty and disadvantages, and live it through again as best I could.

He married Miss Josephine G. Perry, of New Britain, Conn., October 6, 1864. They had three children, who, with the wife, survive him. The children are: William E. Hart, New Britain; Mrs. A. D. Lamb, Franklin, and Miss Elizabeth E. Hart, West Hartford.

* **Henry Eugene Hawley**, son of Irad and Sarah (Holmes) Hawley, was born in New York City, June 24, 1838, and died in his native city, February 10, 1899, in his sixty-first year.

He spent the greater part of the first three years after graduation in mercantile business abroad, the first year in Nassau and Havana. In December, 1864, he settled to a business life in New York City. For a long time he was

engaged in the tea importing and jobbing business, and more recently was at the head of the Standard Asphalt Company.

February 12, 1862, he married Elizabeth T., eldest child of William S. Lockwood, of Norwalk, Conn. His children were four daughters, the eldest of whom died in infancy.

* **Daniel Hebard**, son of Hon. Learned Hebard, was born in Lebanon, Conn., September 3, 1836. For a short time after graduation he was in charge of the library of the American Geographical Society in New York. After a brief service there he became an instructor in the Ohio Deaf and Dumb Asylum, at Columbus, a position which he retained until December 18, 1861, when he was appointed assistant adjutant-general of volunteers and attached to the staff of General Gorman. He acted a brave part in the battles of the Peninsula and before Richmond. But his incessant services seriously impaired his strength and he was sent home to recover his health. The disease, however, terminated fatally soon after he reached New York. He died in the New England rooms of that city, August 7, 1862, aged twenty-six years.

Champion said of him:

Hebard's practical talents were always prominent. I saw this in a variety of circumstances; nowhere was it more manifest than in the Brothers' Library. He seemed born a librarian, and was one of the prime movers in changing the library system. At Columbus he made his mark. When his knowledge was to be applied to practice — when he was to teach others — he at once took the lead. He mastered the manual in an incredibly short period.

He had a very sympathetic and emotional nature. His religious feelings were at times very strong; but in no way did his soul leap out more than in what I call "righteous indignation." His sense of justice as well as of honor was very keen. When others would simply express strong disappointment, he would bring out all his artillery and fire no blank cartridges.

General Gorman said that Hebard was the most exemplary man and the best officer of his class in the division. He had been promoted, but died before the order was published. He entered the army from the purest patriotism, determined to sacrifice everything for his country; his life as a Christian was no less bright than as a patriot. "Death," he said in a letter home, "has few terrors for me. I have learned to trust all upon Him who died that I might live," and his whole correspondence shows the same earnest devotion.

Lucius Hopkins Higgins, son of Timothy and Jennette Carter Higgins, was born in Southington, Conn., July 4, 1832.

He fitted for college at Monson (Mass.) Academy, and passed the first term of Freshman year at Amherst, before coming to Yale. After graduation he studied theology one year at New Haven and the two following years at the Andover Seminary, graduating in 1863. He then spent two years in study and local preaching. In October, 1865, he removed, with his family, to Chicago, and the succeeding March he went to Lanark, Ill., a flourishing town one hundred and forty miles farther west. In June, he was ordained and installed as pastor of the Congregational church. During this pastorate of nearly nine years, he had some of the most pleasant experiences of his life.

On account of impaired health, he returned to New Haven, with his family, in September, 1874, and the next March he became the pastor of the Congregational church at Huntington, Conn. He continued here till October, 1881, when his field of labor was changed to Mount Carmel, Conn., and the Congregational church at that place became his charge. Here nearly seven years were spent, it being, with one exception, the longest period covered by any pastor in that church. A unanimous call to the church at Hanover, Conn., together with physical reasons, led to his making a change to that point where he ministered to a thoughtful and appreciative people for twelve years, closing his labors in December, 1900. This period marked the end of active service in the ministry. Moving, with his family, to West Hartford, he found a most pleasant home with congenial surroundings, with children and grandchildren within a few minutes' walk. He still preaches as often as opportunity offers, passing his spare time in his garden and in other rural occupations, quietly enjoying the sun-setting period of life. He extends the most cordial invitation to the boys of '60, their sons and daughters, to partake of his hospitality. Looking back over a busy life he writes that he can say with another: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

He married, September 3, 1863, Miss Louise Young Blakeslee, of New Haven. They had seven children: Edwin Aurelius, born June 27, 1864; Jennette Carter, November 21, 1867; Henry Dewitte, September 5, 1870; Mary Edwards, Septem-

ber 10, 1872; Gould Shelton, July 2, 1875; David Winne, February 28, 1878, and Homer Blakeslee, July 28, 1882. The latter died in May, 1884. Three sons and two daughters are married, and they have five children.

Edward Goodman Holden, son of A. P. and M. J. Holden, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, January 24, 1839.

After graduation he took up newspaper and literary work as his vocation for life. He writes:

I can hardly remember when I was not interested in newspapers. I learned most of the alphabet from their titles and their modest headlines of more than half a century ago. I early got acquainted with the mystery of typesetting and the primitive hand-printing of those times. I think I looked upon an editor with as much awe as upon a clergyman, which was then heterodox. I was always an assiduous newspaper reader and when I was thirteen years old I was a subscriber to the New York *Daily Tribune*, and from then on was a devourer of newspapers — advertisements and all. I occasionally issued a single copy of my own, printed with pen and ink. So I never had much doubt what I should become after leaving college, where I deemed my election as an editor of the "*Lit.*" as big an honor as any I was likely to obtain.

Daniel C. Gilman gave me a letter of introduction to Charles A. Dana, then managing editor of the *Tribune*. He offered me some good advice, or at any rate, advice, but no position. Perhaps he shared Greeley's alleged prejudice against college graduates. About a month before Sumter was fired on, I heard of a vacancy on the *Hartford Courant*. The duties mainly were to copy and condense the telegraphic dispatches, and to write editorial articles when the editor was absent or didn't feel like it, which proved to be most of the time. After the war broke out, the dispatches generally came until three or four o'clock in the morning. As I was a poor daylight sleeper, I had on that account to secure a more congenial place both for work and hours on the *Hartford Post*, of which I subsequently had charge, until the establishment of the *Detroit Post* with Carl Schurz as editor-in-chief. My year's acquaintance with as intelligent, kind, and genial a man as I ever knew, has always been a pleasant episode in my life. He went elsewhere, but I lived in Detroit for nearly thirty years, engaged in newspaper work, and two years in Cleveland. At this time, my health being broken, I had to give up routine work, but subsequently pursued my occupation for ten years in Chicago and New York, independently of any direct connection.

Newspaper work, except on its commercial or publishing side, never yields more than a comfortable living, and even then is, like office-holding, subject a good deal to caprice and influences independent of the quality of the work. For the most of my life it yielded me a comfortable living in the commercial sense and always an agreeable

one socially and intellectually. With my training and predilections I doubt if I could have done any better in any other pursuit. I do not think the college training at Yale half a century or more ago was especially adapted to newspaper work, the chief occupations recognized by the courses of study being theology, law, and teaching.

Married, June 20, 1874, to Jean M. Stansbury, of Danville, Ill.

Children: (1) James Stansbury, born June 12, 1875; graduate of Detroit High School; two years student at Michigan Agricultural College; graduate of Detroit Law School. Successful operator and dealer in Detroit real estate.

(2) Euphemia Goodman, born September 8, 1877; graduate Detroit High School; two years at the University of Michigan; achieved some reputation as writer for the periodical press.

Ephraim Lindsley Holmes, son of John A. Holmes, Esq., was born in Delaware County, N. Y., February 27, 1830.

He fitted for college at the Delaware Literary Institute, Franklin, N. Y., where he was the valedictorian of his class, and entered college the first term of Junior year. After graduating from college he was married and went to farming and into the lumber business, besides engaging in a mercantile business at Downsville, N. Y., and at the same time began to read law in the office of Johnson & Wagner, doing the most of his law reading at night and on stormy days. During his term as law student he had a large practice in trying cases in justices' courts. After admission to the bar he was a justice of the peace for twelve years, supervisor of his town, besides holding various other offices of local importance. While good health lasted he had a very large and lucrative practice in his own and a neighboring county. After a time, through failure of his hearing, he had to give up practice in the courts. His health is much better now (1905) than it was a few years ago, although he does not expect ever again to be able to undertake and carry on the difficult and laborious tasks of former days.

His early life was one of struggles and sacrifices to enable him to compass a college and professional education. He won success, surmounting difficulties and obstacles that would have daunted a less determined spirit.

He married, September 19, 1860, Miss Emmeline Dann, of

Colchester, N. Y. They had six children, four boys and two girls. The youngest boy and the two girls are still living.

His oldest son, our Class Boy, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who took the silver cup, died September 19, 1894. His death, which was quite sudden, was caused by pulmonary trouble. He had received a good academic education, but owing to his father's business difficulties and losses he was unable to go to Yale. He had already made a fine start in a business life at Binghamton, N. Y., at the time of his decease.

***John Howard**, son of Davis and Martha Howard, was born in Boston, Mass., February 22, 1838. He entered college the first term of Freshman year, from West Bridgewater, Mass. After graduation he engaged in teaching music at Bath, Me., and afterward at Woodstock, Vt. For about six months he served in the Twelfth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. During the years 1867-69 he spent most of the time studying music in Germany. It was during that period, May, 1867, that he married Miss Annie Heawood, at Leipsic. They had one child, a daughter, Annie Curtis, born in February, 1868, and died the September following. On his return to this country, Howard resided for some time at Kansas City, Mo., and later at Fort Wayne, Ind. After a time he returned to Boston, his native city, where he gave lessons in artistic singing according to the Howard Voice Method. Later he removed to New York, where he still pursued his musical studies and lessons. He was a scholar in the whole literature of his profession, including Latin, Italian, German, French, and English authors. He was also skilled in the study and dissection of all the vocal organs, devoting much time to this branch under the direction of eminent specialists.

In 1881 he published a pamphlet of sixty-four pages upon "Respiratory Control," and in 1885, a book of three hundred pages upon the "Physiology of Artistic Singing." Just before his death he had completed for publication a new work on music.

The last twenty years or so of his life were spent in New York City in pursuit of his favorite profession. October 3, 1904, in crossing Broadway to visit acquaintances in West Sixtieth Street, he was run down by a truck, receiving a compound fracture of the skull, from which he died an hour later in the accident ward of the Roosevelt Hospital.

His first wife died in February, 1868. He married Mrs. Helen Graham, at Fort Wayne, Ind., September 16, 1872. In 1880, he married Miss Cicily C. Carbaniss, of Williamson County, Texas, who died in 1889, leaving three daughters and a son, who survive him.

*** Theodore Lewis Buffett Howe** was born in Lenox, N. Y., June 15, 1839. He was the son of Rev. Samuel Howe (Yale College, 1827).

Howe taught school in Madison, Conn., for a short time after graduation, but ill health compelled him to give up the work. In January, 1861, he had a hemorrhage of the lungs, from which he never recovered. It was his hope and intention to become a foreign missionary, and to this end he pursued, as far as his health permitted, the study of both theology and medicine. November 7, 1863, he had a sudden hemorrhage of the lungs which terminated fatally. His age was twenty-four years.

*** Thomas Gordon Hunt**, son of John and Sarah (Gordon) Hunt, was born in New Bedford, Mass., July 29, 1838, and died of heart failure in Washington, D. C., November 2, 1891, in his fifty-fourth year.

He remained at home for two years after graduation, in business with his father. He married Annie G., daughter of the Hon. Jonathan Bourne, of New Bedford, December 29, 1862, and after an extended tour abroad he returned to a business life in his native city. Within two or three years he removed to New York, where he continued in a commission business in oil for many years.

His wife survived him, with their only daughter. His daughter, Mrs. A. Kirtland Michler, is living at Greenwich, Conn. His widow died in Washington, December 29, 1897.

A classmate wrote concerning him at the time of his death:

He was throughout the entire course the popular man of his class. His integrity and nice sense of honor, his scholarship, ripening naturally from congenial study, and little quickened by strife for rank, and the charm of his companionship brought to him the respect, confidence, and affection of both the students and professors of the college.

It may be of interest to his friends, who in his mature years knew him only as a man of affairs, to learn that in the rare art of turning the Greek and Latin poets into elegant English, he had few, if any, superiors among his classmates.

But better than scholarship or grace of manner were the ingenuousness of character and cheery kindliness by which he was very helpful, unconsciously, no doubt, to the better purposes of college life.

* **William Henry Hurlbut**, son of H. A. Hurlbut, Esq., was born in New York City, June 17, 1840, and died at St. Augustine, Fla., February 18, 1905, in his sixty-fifth year.

After graduation he went into business in his native city, and carried it on until 1892. Afterward, while his father was still living, he was engaged with him in looking after private interests, which were of no small magnitude. During the Civil War he went twice with his regiment, the famous Seventh New York, to the defense of Washington. He served for some time as a member of the New York City Board of Education, and was actively identified with all measures proposed for the improvement of the schools, and for the maintenance and extension of their opportunities. Owing to ill health, he lived a retired life, for some years before his death, which came quite suddenly through an attack of pneumonia. Classmates will always remember him as he appeared as their leader and secretary at their reunion in 1895 — the same jolly fellow they had parted with on the campus under the old elms, thirty-five years before.

He married, December 2, 1863, Miss Margaret H. Crane, of New York City, who, with two daughters, survives him.

Mrs. Hurlbut has given, June, 1905, ten thousand dollars to the Yale Infirmary as a memorial of her husband. A room with special reference to the needs of poorer students is provided for, and it is to be known by his name.

Henry Larned Johnson, son of Henry L. Johnson, Esq., and Almira D. (Browning) Johnson, was born in Jewett City, Conn., July 11, 1837.

He entered college with the class, having been prepared at the academy at Thetford, Vt. After graduation he studied law for a year in Hartford, Conn. In the fall of 1861, he volunteered and was made commissary of the Fifth Connecticut Volunteers. Afterwards he was assigned to signal duty on the Potomac, and in the fall of 1862, was appointed aide-de-camp on the staff of General Terry, serving with him in that capacity at Suffolk, Va., Newbern, Port Royal, and

before Charleston. In 1863 he was appointed assistant adjutant-general by President Lincoln, and was assigned to duty as judge advocate of a military commission at Harrisburg, Pa. Later he was ordered to join the army operating before Petersburg and Richmond, and was assigned to duty upon the staff of General Birney. Afterwards he rejoined General Terry, and after the fall of Richmond resigned his commission and returned to his home in Connecticut.

In 1866 he became connected with a firm of manufacturers of paper hangings, and a short time later he engaged with Brayton Ives (Yale, 1861) in gold mining ventures in Nova Scotia. In 1868 he and Ives began business as bankers and brokers in Wall Street, where uninterrupted success has attended him, and in the opinion of his classmates never was prosperity better deserved.

In April, 1902, he transferred his seat in the Stock Exchange to his son Leeds (Yale, 1898) and he has since been in the quiet enjoyment of life, getting much pleasure out of it in many ways. Camping in the Adirondacks in the summer and yachting are his favorite amusements. He is a member of the Union League Club, and of the Atlantic Yacht Club.

He married Miss Carrie D. Howe, of New York City, December 3, 1868. She died May 16, 1870.

June 3, 1873, he married Miss Carrie D. Leeds, of Staten Island.

*** William Curtis Johnston** was born July 11, 1839, at Trebizond, Asia Minor. He was the son of Rev. Thomas P. Johnston, then missionary of the American Board in Turkey. Subsequently he lived in Smyrna, and in 1853 he came to the United States and fitted for college at Salem, Mass.

After graduation he studied for the ministry in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Danville, Ky., and after two years was licensed to preach. In the summer of 1862 he was engaged in preaching and teaching in Greensburg, Ky. In the following September he was ordained and commissioned as a chaplain in the Thirteenth United States Kentucky Volunteers. This regiment was stationed at Mumfordsville, Ky., and while there he was seized with pneumonia and died, December 3, 1862, aged twenty-four years.

At our Triennial, Daniels said of him:

As a writer, speaker, and debater, he stood in the very front of our class. Debate and extempore speaking were his forte, and his happiest intellectual efforts were at those times when he was throwing his whole mind and soul into some grand theme upon the stage. Of native eloquence, the rarest of nature's gifts, he had no mean share.

But in his social, frank, transparent, and confiding traits, in a word, all that made him attractive as a friend, was his greatest natural power. He made friends everywhere. There was a spontaneousness about his friendship that led every one to see that it was genuine. Kind words and gentle deeds were as natural to him as blossom and fragrance to a flower. Johnston was never proud. He did not wear his honors as laurels, but laid them at the feet of the Master, happy to wear the Christian graces as his unfading crown. His best eulogy is that he was a sincere and humble Christian.

Luther Maynard Jones, son of Levi Jones, Esq., was born in Marlboro, N. H., April 21, 1837.

He was prepared for college at Williston Seminary and entered with the class. After graduation he spent the first six months in New York as secretary of the American Geographical and Statistical Society. He returned to New Haven in February, 1861, and remained there until the following September, when he entered the Columbia College Law School. The following May he served in the hospitals, caring for sick and wounded soldiers. The latter part of April he went to Keene, N. H., and resumed the study of law. He received the degree of LL.B. from Columbia in 1865, and of M.A. in 1868.

None of our class records, later than the Decennial, give any additional information about his career. That he went to Europe and was occasionally seen in London, Paris, and at other points, by classmates and other college acquaintances, is matter of common knowledge. It is now many years since he has been met by any of his former friends. If living, he makes no sign; if dead, his resting place, with time, place, and circumstance of his demise, are unknown to those having the greatest interest in these facts.

A classmate writes of him:

We all remember his brilliant and promising career while he was our classmate in college. Many considered him to be by far the ablest man in the Class of '60. It is certain that no member of his class excelled him in versatility of talent. During his college course he won several of the highest prizes. Early in his Sophomore year he wrested the Yale Literary Medal from competition in the Junior and Senior classes,

and no one who heard his speech given at the Freshman Prize Debate in the Brothers in Unity, which at once made him a marked man in the college circle, or his De Forest prize oration, pronounced just before his graduation, will forget either one of his efforts. During his collegiate course also he did that which was better than any brilliant exhibition of ability by exerting the strong and steady influence which grew out of his religious character. For four years he was mentally and morally a great power in the Yale community, beloved even more for his unaffected goodness than for his great ability.

Up to the date of graduation, the college discipline had held Jones to something like a uniform course, but when he entered the outside world, his many aptitudes began to confuse him. His ability to walk in so many paths became his greatest misfortune, and he was excelled by classmates of far less ability who could say: "This one thing I do."

He lost his main chance for a successful career in this country. His conduct in middle life became more and more unworthy of his early promise, and he finally disappeared from view altogether. For a long time Yale alumni who visited the European capitals reported their having met Jones personally or their having seen persons upon whom he had called. But as no rumors concerning him have reached this country for more than ten years, the inference that he is no longer alive becomes very strong. Let us forget the errors of Luther Jones's later years, and remember him as we knew him in the brilliant promise of his college days. Had his almost unlimited ability been matched by a corresponding strength of character and purpose, he might, in our opinion, have made one of the foremost men of his generation. The high expectation to which he gave rise was not fulfilled on this earth, but he was for many years certainly a man of strong religious character, and we trust that the next life upon which he has probably entered may afford him the grand new chance to begin again. The Creator has made "nothing in vain," and it is against all reason to believe that He will permit the splendid powers with which He endowed our classmate to come to a total loss.—W. E. P., January, 1906.

* **Sidmon Thorne Keese**, son of Peter and Melinda A. Keese, was born in Keeseville, N. Y., May 16, 1840, and died, at Peru, N. Y., April 3 1880, aged forty years.

Keese entered our class during the first term of Freshman year, and after graduation studied law in the Columbia College Law School, graduating in 1862. He took the first prize there during his course and was chosen orator for the alumni at the Commencement in 1863. During the summer of 1864, he was in the service of the sanitary commission in Virginia. He practiced his profession in New York City until 1871, when he was appointed by the legislature of New Jersey justice of the first district police court of Jersey City, the place of his residence. He held this office until 1877, when

he resumed practice in Jersey City. A year or two later he had a severe attack of rheumatism which induced dropsy. He went to Peru, N. Y., near his old home, for his health, but died there.

Keese had abilities of a high order, far greater than was generally known to his classmates. He was a great lover of books — a great reader and student of books of the best class, whether in history, politics, poetry, biography, or fiction. He both absorbed and assimilated what he read, and in the privacy of his own room, with a fellow student, would give a comprehensive, lucid, and illuminating view or review of the subject to which he had given his attention. His textbooks and the daily grind of the class room had small interest for him, bored him, in fact, so that his rank as a student was just high enough to keep him from being dropped out of the class. But with all his solid attainments outside the regular course, he seemed to lack that "spur to prick the sides of his intent," and give him a standing in the class and college that he was well able to win and to hold. Perhaps the curriculum of this day is better adapted to a man of his cast of mind. Perhaps life had been made too easy for him in his early days. He had the ability and the culture to have enabled him to take high rank in college and in the world.

He was married, February 14, 1865, to Miss Mary E. Andrews, of New Haven, Conn., who survives him, with one son, who bears the name of Sidmon.

Winfield Scott Keyes, son of Gen. E. D. and Caroline M. (Clarke) Keyes, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., November 17, 1839.

For a short period after graduation he engaged in business in New York. In the fall of 1861, he went to Saxony and studied mining for three years at the Mining School at Freiburg. Upon his return home he went to the Pacific coast and engaged in mining in California and Nevada. In November, 1870, he was elected to the office of state mineralogist of Nevada. At this period of his career he wrote several valuable official papers, such as articles on the mineral resources of California, reports on Montana to mineral commissioner, etc.

He has acted as mining engineer and expert in all the mining

states of the West, and also in Mexico. He has published several monographs on mining and metallurgy, Eureka lode, and Leadville ore formation. At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia he was one of the judges, and was commissioner for Nevada at the Paris Exhibition in 1878. Under date of May 25, 1905, he writes:

I am in the very best of health and spirits, — absolutely sound in mind, body, and estate. I am "up to my eyes" in business. Am opening up two big mines [in Mexico] and getting ready to dam (not damn) for hydraulic and electric works. I am vice-president of a big bank here [San Francisco], and director of another up country. I was offered and refused the presidency of one bank. Last summer at the St. Louis Exposition I received "Grand Prize" for my exhibit of "dry" wines — an unexpected success, as there were only three prizes for the different California wines exhibited. I have reached the top rung of the wine ladder and I have long ago reached that elevation as a mining engineer. So I may fairly consider myself a success as, first, an engineer; second, as a financier; third, as a viticulturist; and, fourth, as a money maker.

Oliver Addison Kingsbury, son of Oliver Richmond and Susan (Patterson) Kingsbury, was born in New York City, August 20, 1839. He was prepared for college at "The Collegiate School" in his native city, and entered college with his class. For a while after graduation he engaged in teaching, but in September, 1861, he entered Union Theological Seminary in New York and graduated June 8, 1864.

In the spring of 1865, he took charge of the Congregational church at Middle Haddam, Conn. In the autumn of 1866, he accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Joliet, Ill., then recently organized, and was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of Chicago, December 11, 1866. A substantial stone house of worship was built during this pastorate. In March, 1869, he resigned this charge and returned East. After supplying various pulpits for a time, he was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Wappingers Falls, N. Y., and continued there from February, 1870, to November, 1873. An attractive church edifice was erected during this time.

In the early summer of 1873, he began editorial work in connection with the American Tract Society, in New York City. His work was upon *The Illustrated Christian Weekly*, *The American Messenger*, and *The Child's Paper*. In addition

to editorial duties he served as pastor of the Union Evangelical Church at Corona, L. I., from July, 1874, to June, 1877. In October, 1878, he removed his residence to Jersey City and remained there until May, 1889, supplying pulpits here and there in addition to editorial work. From the summer of 1887 to February, 1889, he was editor-in-chief of *The Illustrated Christian Weekly*. After this for two years he was occupied in supplying pulpits and writing. He entered upon the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at New Hartford, N. Y., April 1, 1891, which is the oldest church of that region, and where Furbish formerly preached, and there he still abides. For eleven years he was the permanent clerk of the Presbytery of Jersey City, and he is the stated clerk of the Presbytery of Utica. He has been four times a commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America.

Besides contributing many articles to religious periodicals, he has written several books and booklets: "The Freedman's Home," "Hints for Living," "Alfred Warriner," "Burdens," "Holiness," and "The Spiritual Life."

He was married, May 11, 1865, to Sarah Cecilia Stevenson, of New York City. They have had four children, two sons and two daughters; one son died in infancy. There are five grandchildren.

William Ingraham Kip, son of Right Rev. William Ingraham Kip, Bishop of California, was born in Albany, N. Y., in January, 1840.

Soon after graduating he went to Europe, traveled there for a while and then returned to California and began the study of law. Shortly after he was appointed secretary of the United States Legation to Japan and he remained in that country during the year 1862. Most of the following year he passed in China and in East India, and then nearly two years more in Europe, and then in the fall of 1865 he returned to this country. For one year following he lived in the East and then he returned to California and became a [commission merchant in San Francisco.

In our Record of 1885, he reports himself as statistician to the government.

August, 1905, he writes:

Since my last report I have been living quietly in San Francisco

with the exception of trips abroad and to the East. At present I am the United States Statistician here, besides which I am doing some investing and taking care of my private means.

I have one son, a lawyer, and two daughters, both married: One married to Major Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., the other to Dr. Ernest L. Robertson, of Kansas City, Mo. Have three grandchildren.

He was married, February 28, 1865, at Nice, France, to Miss Eliza C. Kinney.

Josiah Edwards Kittredge, son of Dr. Josiah and Sarah (French) Kittredge, was born in Boston, Mass., October 12, 1836. His father was a physician and surgeon, born in Mt. Vernon, N. H., being fifth in descent from John Kittredge.

He fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H., and at Phillips Academy, Andover, coming into the class in Junior year. After graduating he was principal, for one year, of the Mt. Prospect Institute in Montclair, N. J. He studied theology one year at Union Theological Seminary in New York City and two years at Andover, where he graduated in 1864. The two following years he spent in travel in Europe, Egypt, and the East. He organized the first Sunday school of the American Chapel in Paris in 1866. His first pastorate was at Glastonbury, Conn., 1869 to 1873.

The winter of 1873 he spent in Berlin with his family, in charge of the American Chapel. In 1874, he traveled in Scandinavia, and in 1875 in Asia Minor and visited Constantinople. He was pastor of the American Union Church in Florence, Italy, from 1874 to 1876. April 18, 1877, he was installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Geneseo, N. Y. A division in the old church of nearly twenty years standing was healed, and the two parties united in building a church costing forty thousand dollars, which was dedicated in December, 1881.

He is an enthusiastic student of Biblical archæology, a member of the London Society of Biblical Archæology, and of the Victoria Institute, and is local secretary of the Egypt Exploration Fund. The University of New York City conferred upon him the degree of D.D. in 1884. He has published a "Year Book of Sermon Texts" for children, besides sermons, lectures, and addresses. He is secretary of the Chautauqua Archæological Department and, upon its inaugu-

ration, delivered an address entitled "Bible History in the Light of Modern Research," which was favorably criticised and praised in the London Academy. These studies are his recreation, his duties as pastor and preacher are his occupation and delight. In April, 1905, began the twenty-ninth year of his pastorate at Geneseo. He writes:

I am not becoming a bit pessimistic as the years roll on. I am sound in the faith that the brightest and best of the Master's grace is ahead, and that life is well worth living if it can just help some others to live it well.

He married, on the 28th of June, 1871, at Groveland, N. Y., Miss Emma McNair. She died, June 21, 1898. Their children are:

Robert J. Kittredge, instructor of mathematics and physics at Erie, Pa.

Charles F. Kittredge, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Knoxboro, N. Y.

William McNair Kittredge, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Bayfield, Wis.

Mary Emma Kittredge, wife of Rev. Stanley F. Gutelius, of Rochester, N. Y.

December 30, 1903, he married Miss Nettie S. Long, of Geneseo.

Marcus Perrin Knowlton, son of Merrick and Fatima (Perrin) Knowlton, was born in Wilbraham, Mass., February 3, 1839.

He fitted for college at Monson (Mass.) Academy and entered with his class. After graduation he was principal of the Union School at Norwalk, Conn., for six months. His engagement as teacher was interrupted by the burning of the school building, and he went to Palmer, Mass., and began reading law in the office of James G. Allen. Afterward he removed to Springfield, reading law with John Wells and Augustus L. Soule, both of whom were later justices of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Late in 1862 he was admitted to the bar, and eight years later he was admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court.

Before his elevation to the bench, he was connected with numerous large interests and served in various official capacities. In 1872 and 1873 he was president of the Springfield

Common Council. In 1878 he was a representative from that city in the state legislature, where he served on the important committees of the judiciary, the liquor law, state detective force, and constitutional amendments. In 1880 and 1881 he was a state senator. During this time he was also a director of the Springfield & New London Railroad Company, a director of the City National Bank of Springfield, and trustee and treasurer of the city hospital.

He was appointed a justice of the superior court in August, 1881, and was promoted to the supreme bench in 1887. In 1902 he was appointed chief justice of this court, which office he now holds. In 1895, his Alma Mater conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D., and in 1900 the same degree was received from Harvard.

He married, in Springfield, July 18, 1867, Sophia, daughter of William and Saba A. (Cushman) Ritchie. She died February 18, 1886. May 21, 1891, he married, at Portland, Me., Rose M., daughter of Cyrus K. and Susan Ladd. They have two children, a boy and a girl.

His early life was passed upon the farm and in the district school. Hard work and plenty of it, with close application to the duties nearest at hand, have been and are some of his characteristics.

Following is some account of the reception tendered to Knowlton by the bar of his native county to congratulate him upon his accession to the highest judicial honors in the state. Only brief extracts from the speeches on that occasion are here quoted. The Boston bar gave him a similar reception March 13, 1903, which was one of the largest and most enthusiastic gatherings of its kind ever held in this Commonwealth:

From the *Springfield Republican*, February 5, 1903:

One of the most memorable events in the history of the Hampden County bar was the banquet tendered by its members last evening to Marcus P. Knowlton, in honor of his elevation to the chief justiceship of the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth. Not since the new court house was dedicated, more than thirty years ago, has there been such an assemblage of the members of the bar in this city, and it is doubtful if there was ever so large a gathering of the members of the legal profession here. The company was honored with the presence also of Chief Justice Albert Mason, of Brookline, whom it made a guest with Judge Knowlton, as well as Judge Henry

K. Braley of the Supreme Judicial Court, and Judge Elisha B. Maynard of the Superior Court. Judge William C. Waite of the Superior Court was also to have been a guest, but court duties detained him at the last moment. Charles L. Gardner, president of the Hampden County Bar Association, presided over the after-dinner exercises, and Edward H. Lathrop performed the duties of toastmaster. Marshall Wilcox the oldest lawyer in Berkshire County, spoke for that county, former District Attorney John C. Hammond, of Northampton, spoke for Hampshire County, and District Attorney Dana Malone, of Greenfield, spoke for the Franklin County Bar, each bringing words of congratulation to the new chief justice. Milton B. Whitney, of Westfield, was to have spoken for Hampden County, but illness prevented him from attending, and William W. McClench, of this city, spoke in his place. Chief Justice Albert Mason spoke as the representative of the Superior Court, and a characteristic able response was made by Chief Justice Knowlton.

When the banquet was over and cigars were lighted, Charles L. Gardner, president of the Hampden County Bar Association, arose and was greeted with hearty applause. Mr. Gardner said that there were obvious reasons why the opportunity for this gathering should be especially gratifying to the bar of Hampden County. "It is on an occasion like this, and in a manner like this, that we can most fittingly express by our presence and by speech our recognition of the success of one of our members. Many of us recall the last bar dinner which was honored by the presence of the judges of our courts, and we recognize the changes which time has made upon the members of the Hampden County bar. Among the members at that time there was one about whose success there was never any question. He became eminent in his profession almost at the outset of his career. His early attainments procured him promotion to the bench, followed later by his advancement to the highest court of the Commonwealth. And now he has become chief justice of that judicial body, the highest judicial honor possible for the state to confer upon any man. We have with us to-night members of our profession from other counties, from whom we shall expect speeches. It gives me great pleasure to present Brother Lathrop, who has kindly consented to act as the toastmaster on this occasion."

Mr. Lathrop was greeted with long applause. He said that, contrary to his usual custom, he should exercise the virtue of repression and speak but briefly. "Let me say," he said, "that this occasion was born out of the earnest and heartfelt desire of the members of our bar as giving us an opportunity of recognizing the honor which has been done one of our members. The embarrassment of the occasion is speech — in his presence."

Hon. Dana Malone, now attorney-general of the state:

It is a good thing to be well thought of in one's own city; it is a good thing to be well thought of in one's county; it is a good thing to be well thought of in the four western counties; but it is better

to be so well thought of in the whole Commonwealth that when a vacancy occurred in the chief justiceship of her highest court, the only name considered for that position was that of our guest. And when in after years the roll of Massachusetts' most illustrious names shall be called, none will show a purer, higher, and more useful record than that of Chief Justice Marcus P. Knowlton.

From Chief Justice Albert Mason's address:

Mr. President and Brethren of the Hampden Bar, — I do not come here to-night to tell you of the sterling worth of the distinguished guest of the evening, your friend and neighbor, but to rejoice with you that he has come to his true place at the head of the judiciary of the Commonwealth. If I may not share directly your local pride in his advancement, I heartily sympathize with it. I do claim for myself and for the justices of the Superior Court, so far as I may presume to speak for them, to share your satisfaction as his personal friends, that this well-earned honor has come to him. To no one in the Commonwealth is the promotion of Judge Knowlton to be chief justice of Massachusetts more gratifying than to his friends of the Superior Court.

The distinguished guest whom we honor to-night, through all his professional and public life, with increasing singleness of purpose, has given first thought to the service which he could render, and now that the Commonwealth has accorded to him the highest professional honor which it can confer, I am sure that he values more than all else the opportunity which it opens to him for further and higher service. Long may he be spared to serve in the great office to which he is called.

Orlando Leach, son of Simeon and Parne (Ford) Leach, was born in East Stoughton, now Avon, Mass., February 4, 1834.

He was prepared for college at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H. After graduating from college he studied law in the office of Judge Whittemore, of Sandwich, Mass., until April, 1861, when he accepted United States government employment in Boston, devoting all the time possible to continued legal study. In the summer of 1862 he devoted considerable time to the enlistment of troops for the Civil War, and received a commission as captain. In October, 1863, he was admitted to the bar in Boston. In March, 1864, he was detailed in the United States government civil service to some duties among the sea islands of South Carolina. While there he had the pleasure of serving as a volunteer private soldier for some weeks, in company with many other

civilians temporarily employed in that section. There and at Savannah, Ga., he also embarked in some private business, which proved to be unprofitable.

After his return to the North, in the spring of 1866, he made an engagement with a Boston school-book publishing house. A year later he went to New York City and established a branch of the business in that city. In June, 1883, he became the head of the firm and developed and extended the business especially in the direction of high-school and college textbooks.

In addition to the business side of a publisher's life a good deal of editorial work fell to his lot. He prepared one textbook, "State and Local Government of New York," to be used in connection with a more extended work on the civil government of the United States, of which he was the author, in part.

In January, 1899, he retired from business, and in June, following, removed his residence to his native town. Here he has been engaged in usual rural pursuits, including the cultivation of the proverbial two blades of grass. Here, also, he has been in request to hold various town and church offices, and as delegate to church and political conventions. If he has any hobby, it is for trees, shrubbery, and garden.

He married, June 3, 1863, Josephine Langdon, daughter of James F. Langdon, Esq., of Plymouth, N. H. She died in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 4, 1884. June 6, 1888, he married, in New York City, Martha Brewster, daughter of the late Marshall Brewster, of Northampton, Mass., who died at Avon, November 30, 1901. No children from either marriage.

Alba Levi Parsons Loomis, son of Albemarle and Sarah H. Loomis, was born in Coventry, Conn., August 2, 1836.

He studied theology at East Windsor one year, and two at Andover, after graduation. He was licensed to preach in January, 1863, and began at East Coventry. Afterward he preached for a few weeks at Wentworth, N. H., and went to Chicago in January, 1864. For eight months he labored as missionary in the Railroad and the Foster Mission schools, connected with the First Presbyterian Church of that city, and in January, 1865, accepted a call to a church of the same

denomination in Columbus, Wis., where he was ordained the following August. In 1866, he went to a Congregational church in Fort Atkinson, Wis., and two years later to Elkhorn in the same state.

During the years 1871-72, he was pastor of the Congregational church in Downer's Grove, Ill., near Chicago, and there he helped in the care of the sufferers from the great Chicago fire. The most of the year 1873 was spent in a journey through Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land. After his return he was made pastor of the Congregational church at Mattoon, Ill., where he remained three years, and where he enjoyed a wonderful revival of religion, the churches of the city doubling their membership within a year. From 1876 to 1881, he ministered to the church in Milton, Wis., where again there was a great revival. Subsequent pastorates have been:

Rosendale, Wis., 1881-86; Grand Rapids, Wis., 1886-90; Plainview, Minn., 1890-1895; Windsor, Wis., 1895-1901.

In the latter year, he removed to Rochester, Wis., where he is still laboring in the ministry. He is the only survivor among those who were preaching in the state when he went there in 1864. He writes that he and Mrs. Loomis, who has been his co-laborer all these years, both feel young, and that they can do more and better work than ever before. Wherever they have been they have interested themselves largely in literary work and circles, promoting interest in education and good letters.

He married, July 18, 1868, Miss Fannie S. Peck, of Fort Atkinson, Wis. They have had four children,—two sons and two daughters. The oldest son, Arthur, graduated in engineering at the State University of Wisconsin, the youngest son has finished his Freshman year at Beloit College. The oldest daughter was valedictorian of her class at Carleton College, Minnesota.

* **William McAlpin**, son of Andrew and Margaret (Merrie) McAlpin, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, January 20, 1839, and died in his native city, June 2, 1899, in his sixty-first year.

On graduation he returned to Cincinnati and engaged in business in connection with the firm of McAlpin, Hinman & Co., cabinet and general hardware dealers. He became a

member of the firm in 1863, but retired in 1867, after a period of ill health resulting from too close confinement. As his strength allowed he gave himself generously in subsequent years to public and philanthropic work, and came to be regarded as one of the foremost citizens of Cincinnati by his activity in good works.

He had served the First Presbyterian Church since 1864 in various offices, such as trustee, deacon, elder, and superintendent of the Sunday school. From 1874 he gave much of his time to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and filled the office of president from 1879 to his resignation in 1895. He was one of the first to become interested in the establishment of the Cincinnati College of Music, and was president of the institution at the time of his death. He was also a trustee of the University of Cincinnati from 1892.

On the death of his mother, in 1890, he took up an active business life again, as secretary of the George McAlpin Company, a large dry goods firm, but was obliged, by the state of his health, to lay down his work in 1897. He died suddenly of pulmonary hemorrhage after several months of feebleness.

He married Mary, daughter of Hon. George W. C. Johnston, of Cincinnati, who survives him (1899) with two sons and two daughters.

* **Edward DeCost McKay**, son of Ferdinand and Angelina McKay, was born in Warsaw, N. Y., January 1, 1836, and died at Southern Pines, N. C., January 31, 1899, in his sixty-fourth year.

From graduation until May, 1866, he was engaged in the wholesale boot and shoe business in Hudson, N. Y. He then went to New York City, and by his boundless energy achieved a striking success as an agent of the New York Life Insurance Company. He retired from that business about 1880, and, after a course of study at Columbia College, received the degree of LL.B. in 1882, and that of Ph.B. in 1883. He died from heart disease of long standing.

He married, January 15, 1861, Susan E. White, of Worcester, Mass. One son and one daughter survive him.

McKay's later years were darkened, saddened, and even embittered, by business losses, lawsuits, and fruitless efforts to extricate himself from pecuniary entanglements in which he became involved.

* **Othniel Charles Marsh**, eldest son of Caleb and Mary G. (Peabody) Marsh, both natives of Danvers, Mass., was born in Lockport, N. Y., October 29, 1831, and died in New Haven, March 18, 1899, in his sixty-eighth year.

His early advantages were limited, but in 1851 his uncle, George Peabody, of London, offered him a higher education and he began his preparation at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Before he entered Yale, his scientific bent was already manifest, and he had even begun in a modest way his career as an explorer and discoverer.

For two years after graduation he pursued the study of natural science in New Haven, at the Sheffield School, and then spent three years in close study in Germany. In the meantime he had contributed several papers to the *American Journal of Science*, and as early as 1863 his ability had been recognized by his election as a fellow of the Geological Society of London. On his return from abroad, he was elected, in July, 1866, professor of paleontology in Yale College. Three months later, his uncle, George Peabody, gave to the college a foundation, on terms suggested by Marsh, for a museum of natural history. He was appointed curator of the Geological Collection of the college in 1867, and under his superintendence the first wing of the museum was completed in 1876.

Beginning in 1870 he led a series of explorations to the West, which accumulated a vast store of vertebrate fossils, to the description of which the remainder of his life was mainly devoted. In 1882, he was appointed vertebrate paleontologist of the United States Geological Survey, and held this office with his professorship until his death. In January, 1898, he presented his valuable collections to the museum, and, by his will, left the university the main part of his estate.

These gifts to the university represent an outlay of over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the labors of upwards of thirty years, and continuous service during this period without salary.

Condensed from *American Cyclopædia of Biography*:

In his expeditions, and in others under his direction, he discovered more than one thousand species of extinct vertebrates, many of which are of great scientific value, representing orders wholly new, as well as others not known in this country. Descriptions of several hundred of these were published by him, chiefly in the *Journal of Science*.

Among these are a new sub-class of birds with teeth (*odontornithes*), including the genera *hesperornis* and *ichthyornis* from the cretaceous strata of Kansas, and the first known American pterodactyls, including a new order (*pteranodontia*) from the same strata; two new orders of large mammals from the eocene tertiary of the Rocky Mountains; the *melodontia*, related to the carnivores, ungulates, and rodents, and the *dicocerata* of elephantine bulk, and bearing upon the skulls two or more pairs of horn-cones; also from the same formation in Nebraska and Wyoming, *echippus*, *orokhippus*, and *epihippus*, the earliest supposed ancestors of the horse, having three and four toes, also the first monkeys, bats, and marsupials found in North America; from the miocene of Dakota and Nebraska the *brontotherida*, a new family of great ungulates; from the later cretaceous a new group of gigantic horned dinosaurs, the *ceratopsia*, and many rare mammalian remains; and from the jurassic and cretaceous of Wyoming, the first mammals of these formations found in America, and several new families of dinosaurs, probably the largest land animals yet discovered.

He was elected a member of the National Academy in 1874, and was president of that body from 1883 to 1895. He received the honor of membership in numerous learned societies, at home and abroad, and the honorary degree of Ph.D. from Heidelberg in 1886, and that of LL.D. from Harvard in the same year. The Bigsby medal of the Geological Society of London was awarded him in 1877, and the Cuvier prize of the Institut de France (of which he was a corresponding member) in 1897. His publications in the form of contributions to scientific journals and separate monographs are voluminous and of the highest importance. Their titles would fill many pages. His health had been impaired since the fall of 1897, and a cold which he contracted early in March, 1899, passed into pneumonia from which he died, at his residence in New Haven. He was never married.

From the New York *Evening Post*, December 2, 1905:

A collection of Central American antiquities, the value of which was not suspected, has just been brought to light in the Peabody Museum, and, when arranged, will be put on exhibition in the anthropological department. Beginning as early as 1860, A. De Zeltner, French consul at Panama, and Mr. J. E. McNeil, for many years a resident of Panama, collected in that province antiquities of the Chiriqui Indians, who ranked next in culture to the Aztecs and to the Peruvians under the Incas. The collections, chiefly secured from prehistoric graves, were brought down from the interior on horses, but, as the result shows, with only slight breakages. The late Prof. O. C. Marsh bought the collections from time to time and down to the year 1879, storing the boxes away in a remote part of the museum building, where they have remained unopened for twenty-six years.

The collection, now for the first time disclosed, is said to be by far

the largest and most complete gathering of the kind owned by any institution. It includes more than five thousand separate objects, chiefly pottery of diversified shapes and sizes, some handsomely colored and figured and singularly symmetrical in shape; and, besides, come fifty objects in gold, most of them figurines, amulets, and charms, together with a few copper objects. The Panama Chiriquis left behind no large monuments such as are found in other parts of Central America. The collection, when arranged, will be a very striking feature of the anthropological section of the museum, and the prices paid by Professor Marsh — who gave all his collections to Yale — indicate that it has large money value.

Few, if any, of his classmates knew Marsh as a writer of verses, yet here is an amusing skit that he wrote and addressed to Cady Eaton when he was traveling in Greece and Egypt, and was writing rather bilious accounts of his travels for publication in the home newspapers. "Periander" was the name under which Eaton was writing. Marsh was so well pleased with his effort that he had the verses printed for circulation among the friends of both parties.

PERIANDER, COME HOME!

To Professor D. Cady Eaton

BY A CLASSMATE

Come home, Periander, come home!

Come back to your friends on the hill!

We have read of your troubles in Rome,
And grieve at your faring so ill.

When you left, you were festive and gay,
But the sea made you gloomy and sad.
Your comrades were bores, so you say,
And the odors on shipboard were bad.

Gibraltar, it seems, did not please you;
Old Cairo itself was quite vile;
All Egypt you felt sure would tease you,
So declined that fine trip up the Nile.

Even Greece had for you lost its charm;
Its temples had gone to decay;
While robbers and fleas threatened harm;
How you suffered by night and by day!

Come home, Periander, and rest!

Then the tale of your travels relate

• To your friends, who await your request
To tell you their news up to date.

NEW HAVEN, March 30, 1895.

Henry Grimes Marshall, son of Deacon Samuel A. and Jerusha (Grimes) Marshall, was born at Milford, Conn.,

January 2, 1839. He engaged in teaching, after graduation, in Stamford and Milford, Conn., and at Newark, N. J. In August, 1862, he enlisted in Fifteenth Connecticut Regiment of Volunteers, and the same month went to the front and shared the fortunes and marches of this regiment, until January, 1864, when he received an appointment as lieutenant in the Twenty-ninth Connecticut Regiment. In this capacity he went to Annapolis, to Beaufort, S. C., and to City Point, Va., where he was detached for service as aide, or acting assistant adjutant-general, with Generals Birney, Russell, and Wild. In January, 1865, he was promoted captain, and in June following sailed with his regiment for Brownsville, Texas, where he remained, serving most of the time on staff duty, until mustered out the next October.

In February, 1866, he entered the Yale Theological Seminary, but in the fall went to Andover, where he graduated in July, 1868. The next December, he was installed as pastor at Avon, Conn., where he remained until January 1, 1872. In May of that year he went to Charlemont, Mass., where he was pastor till June, 1877. He went at once to Middlebury, Conn., where he preached until June, 1885, going from there the same month to Cromwell, Conn., where he had a continuous pastorate for nineteen years. In October, 1904, he went to Hampton, the home of Denison (whose picture hangs upon the wall of his chapel), and he is now ministering to that people. He writes of his beautiful location, of good health, and of ability to walk all round his parish of six square miles.

He married, August 25, 1869, Miss Marrietta Crosby, of Danbury, Conn., who died March 18, 1871, leaving one son, William Crosby, six months old, who graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School in 1890, and who is now assistant professor in the engineering department. December 29, 1874, he married, at Charlemont, Mass., Mrs. Annette L. (Emerson) Barton. They have one son, Samuel Andrew, who graduated from Yale in 1898, and from Johns Hopkins Medical School in 1902.

***William Wisner Martin**, son of Rev. William M. Martin, was born at Rahway, N. J., December 18, 1837. He died in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 16, 1865.

After graduation he spent two years of his theological course at Andover, and the third year at Union Seminary, New York City. He was ordained as an evangelist, June 18, 1863, and a few days afterwards sailed for California. He preached for a year at Sonora, but finding the work too hard, was obliged to leave for rest. Then after preaching a few months in San Francisco, he was called to San José. His health gave way after a brief effort and he returned, in August, 1865, to Brooklyn, where he died.

Prof. B. W. Dwight, of Clinton, N. Y., wrote of him:

His characteristic traits were clear, discriminating habits of thought, a sturdy, unflinching, conscientious will, a great love of work, high earnestness of character, an exceedingly ingenuous, frank, and genial disposition, great purity of motive, an ardent desire to do good in every form and at all times, a trustful habit of mind toward others, and a temper thoroughly humane and thoroughly religious. He would have made a superior teacher had he chosen that high profession, from his warm appreciation of its duties and privileges, or a superior preacher and pastor.

He married, in 1863, Fanny L., daughter of Crowell Hadden, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

* **Edward Gay Mason**, son of Roswell and Harriet L. (Hopkins) Mason, was born in Bridgeport, Conn., August 23, 1839, and died in Chicago, December 18, 1898, in his sixtieth year.

After graduation he studied law with H. G. Miller in Chicago, where his family had removed in 1851, and was admitted to the bar in 1863. Endowed with superior mental gifts and a peculiar personal charm, he won easily a distinguished rank in his profession; but by preference he devoted himself mainly to office practice, and in later years, in partnership with his brother (Yale College, 1870), gave most of his attention to real estate business.

He was an active spirit in all that concerned the higher intellectual life of the city, and rendered especially valuable service to the community as president of the Chicago Historical Society, from November, 1887, to his death. He was elected by the alumni as one of the fellows of the Yale corporation in 1891, and re-elected without opposition in 1897. Knox College, Illinois, gave him the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1895. His death from Bright's disease was sudden.

He married, December 25, 1867, Julia M., daughter of Charles Starkweather, of Chicago, who survives him, with their children, ten sons and three daughters. Three of his sons were undergraduates at Yale at the time of his death, and four had already graduated.

Concerning the historical work upon which he had been for some time engaged, *The Nation* said:

"Chapters from Illinois History" (H. S. Stone & Co.) represents the chief part of a work which the late Edward G. Mason was preparing upon the annals of his own state. While it must be regarded as a fragment, it covers a relatively long period, and would have formed the bulk of the book which was projected and begun, though never finished. Mr. Mason, who showed himself an eminent man in more than one way, had a great fondness for the study of records relating to Illinois, and we must regret that he was unable to complete his labor of love. What he has left is well studied, excellently written, and filled with a spirit of quiet enthusiasm which one always delights to encounter. After all, he succeeded in covering the best as well as the largest part of his field, for while he begins with the Champlain map of 1632, he reaches the Chicago massacre of 1812. Nearly two thirds of the space is devoted to "The Land of the Illinois," a general subject under which discovery, exploration, occupation, and settlement are treated in separate chapters. "Illinois in the Eighteenth Century" comes next in point of prominence, with its studies of old Fort Chartres and Col. John Todd's "Record Book." Illinois in the Revolution, the march of the Spanish across Illinois, and the Chicago massacre are the remaining topics. The text takes the form of a straightforward narrative, supplemented by bibliographical notes, and stripped of all philosophical observations or other extraneous matter. Mr. Mason seems not to have done much at first hand (in the archives of Paris, for instance), but for one who looked to the broad facts already ascertained rather than to the smaller details which may lurk in the background, he shows himself extremely well informed. One can follow his reading quite easily through the help afforded by numerous references, and it is clear that he had mastered the best literature relating to the connection between the Illinois country and New France.

***John Moses Morris**, son of Moses and Laura W. Morris, was born in Wethersfield, Conn., April 27, 1837, and died in Washington, D. C., of consumption, November 27, 1873, aged thirty-six and a half years.

After graduation he went upon the stump in New York and Pennsylvania. In November, he entered the Divinity School at Yale and remained there until February, 1862. On the

twenty-fifth of the following April, he was ordained in New Haven as an evangelist and accepted an appointment as chaplain of the Eighth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers. In this position, which he occupied until September, 1863, he shrank from no service or exposure, however severe. On his resignation he returned to New Haven, and conducted the Connecticut *War Record* until the close of the war. He then began the compilation of a "History of Connecticut during the Civil War," which was completed in conjunction with Mr. W. A. Croffut, and was published in 1868. In the meantime he became, in 1865, assistant clerk of the Connecticut House of Representatives, and in 1866, clerk of the same body. In 1867, he was clerk of the state senate, and at the close of this service went to Washington as private secretary to Senator Ferry. In October, 1868, he established the Charleston (S. C.) *Weekly Republican*, which he conducted two years as editor, it becoming a daily paper after August, 1869. In March, 1869, he was elected executive clerk of the secretary of the United States Senate, which position he held until his death. During the winter of 1870-71 he purchased the Washington *Chronicle* and continued as principal stockholder and editor-in-chief until June, 1872, when he withdrew from the management on account of declining health, dying in November, 1873.

Morris was the valedictorian of the class and took several college honors during the course.

He married, December 31, 1863, Miss Augusta R. Griswold, of Wethersfield, Conn.

Nathaniel Norton, son of Nathaniel and Caroline G. (Call) Norton, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 7, 1839.

He was prepared for college at the school in Brooklyn of Dr. Benjamin Dwight, having as classmates there, as well as in college, Eugene L. Richards, William Wisner Martin, and Louis Leeds Robbins. In the fall after graduation, he entered Columbia College Law School, and received the degree of LL.B. in 1863. He taught for a time in Newark, N. J., while continuing his legal studies. In July, 1862, he was admitted to practice, but he afterwards started in mercantile business in New York City, joining the wholesale hat house of Jehial Read & Co., where he continued until

about 1880. For a time after this he was engaged in publishing the *American Business Guide* until 1886, when he went into insurance business about which he has been employed ever since.

He writes:

Since the last biographical publication of the members of our class in which my modest story was told, there has been nothing outside of purely domestic concerns to add. I lost one of my beloved daughters four years ago, after a protracted illness, and last April my oldest son was married, but these events hardly have a place in such a sketch. I have been simply a private soldier, fighting life's battle in the ranks, plodding along in business from day to day, finding my happiness in the home and social life, and striving with God's help and what little strength lay in me to make the world a bit brighter and better because I was in it. Holding fast to many of the dear old-fashioned ways of thought and feeling, and yet not altogether out of step with the newer trend and tread of the thousands seeking for the truth regarding life and its meaning here and hereafter.

The Secretary feels sure that he has had and filled acceptably various positions of trust and honor, but his powers of persuasion have been used in vain in trying to get even a brief story of them.

He married, September 27, 1865, Miss Emma S. Read, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Their children are: Nathaniel R. Norton, graduate of Yale (Sheffield) 1891, born July 16, 1871; Caroline S. Norton, born November 1, 1872, Stella K. Norton, born September 15, 1875, died January 20, 1900, and William S. Norton, born June 5, 1877.

***Frederick Callender Ogden** was born in Newport, R. I., May 21, 1839. He was the son of Edwin Ogden, Esq.

Ogden spent a year in Europe after graduation. On his return he entered the military service as lieutenant in the regular cavalry, in which capacity he was actively engaged at Fort Leavenworth under General Hunter, in Kentucky and Tennessee under Generals Buell and Rosecrans, and afterwards under General Stoneman in Virginia. July 17, 1862, he was promoted to be first lieutenant. He participated in the battles at Corinth, Miss., at Tuscumbia Creek, Ala., and in twenty-two engagements in the Army of the Potomac. He

was serving as regimental adjutant when he was killed in action at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 1864. His age was twenty-five years.

Charles Hunter Owen, son of Elijah Hunter and Susannah Boardman Owen, was born in Hartford, Conn., March 15, 1838.

He was prepared for college in the public high school of his native city, which had been combined with the Hartford Hopkins Grammar School dating from 1638. Among his ancestors were the first settlers of the Connecticut towns of Windsor, East Granby, Wethersfield, Otis, Mass., and the first ministers of Boston. For a year after graduation he read law in an office in his home city, and then went to the Law School at Harvard, where he took the degree of LL.B. in January, 1863. He commenced practice in Hartford, but in the spring of 1864 he entered the military service as first lieutenant in the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery. He served for a month at Fort Ward and then served as aide-de-camp with Major-General Tyler, and was transferred with him to Hancock's command (Fourth Division, Second Army Corps) and was in the battles of Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor. In this last engagement he was so badly wounded that he later received his discharge from the service.

He was breveted captain for gallant conduct at Spottsylvania, and major for conspicuous gallantry at Cold Harbor, where he was severely, and, at first, thought mortally, wounded.

Since his army experience he has followed the profession of law, with such avocations as farming, manufacturing, journalism, and politics. In farming he has been the means of introducing highly valued foundation Jersey stock in a dozen states. In journalism he has published articles in the *New Englander*, *Yale Review*, and numerous editorials and book reviews in these and other publications. He led the forces that reformed the state board of education and put three Yale men in control. He was, for a time, member of the state legislature and chairman of three committees in the House. During the time of the state constitutional convention his articles in the newspapers upon constitutional law and international policies and obligations attracted a

good deal of attention and received high compliment. He says he has found it "hard work fighting men and aches at the same time, but that he has knocked out some scoundrels, and helped knock out others." At present he is literary editor of the *Hartford Courant*, on the regular staff.

He was married to Miss Esther S. Dixwell, of Cambridge, Mass., October 18, 1866. They have two daughters.

***Alfred Conrad Palfrey**, son of William T. and Sidney A. (Conrad) Palfrey, was born in Franklin, La., March 20, 1839, and died at New Iberia, La., June 18, 1879, aged forty years.

On graduation he went to Charleston, S. C., where he was married, November 27, 1860, to Eliza E., eldest daughter of James Tupper, Esq., master in equity in Charleston. He was the confidential assistant of his father-in-law in his business until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he enlisted as a private in the Charleston Light Dragoons, afterward Company K, Fourth South Carolina Cavalry. He was with that command in 1864, Butler's Brigade, Hampton's Division. He was with them until October, 1864, when he was appointed assistant auditor of South Carolina, a position which his failing health made it advisable for him to accept. Soon after the close of the war he resumed his duties in the office of master of equity, and remained in that employment until the death of Mr. Tupper, in 1868. His wife died in Charleston, May 2, 1866, and in 1874 he removed to New Orleans, La. In 1876, he was appointed secretary of the Sugar Shed Association of that city, holding this position until his death. He died of pneumonia after a painful illness of three months. One son, the last of a family of four children, survived him.

***John Russell Parsons**, son of Col. Edward Parsons, was born in Northampton, Mass., August 24, 1838, and was drowned at Jackson, Miss., March 3, 1869.

After graduation he remained at home until the fall of 1861, when he engaged in enlisting troops in western Massachusetts. He was made a lieutenant in the Thirty-first Massachusetts Volunteers and sent to the Department of the Gulf. With his regiment he was there transferred to the First Loyal Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers, as captain. He was subsequently promoted to the rank of major and served to the close of the

war. He then remained in the South, partly engaged in mercantile pursuits, and, for the last three years of his life, resided at Jackson, Miss. His intention on graduating was to study law, but the needs of his country appeared more pressing and continued to demand his time and energies.

At the time of his death he was a member of the House of Representatives from Hinds County. On the 3d of March, a friend with whom he had passed the evening parted from him at a short distance from his residence; it was not until a week later that his body was found in the river near by. An official investigation developed no clew to the identity of the assassin nor to the motive that prompted the deed.

William Pennington, son of Aaron S. and Catharine C. Pennington, was born in Paterson, N. J., August 27, 1839.

He entered college at the beginning of Junior year, and after graduating at once began the study of law at the Columbia College Law School, graduating thence in the spring of 1863. Since that time he has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession in his native city. He says:

My biography is simple: I have never married. I am a lawyer practicing in Paterson, N. J., where I was born and have always lived. I really do not know of any fact worth mentioning except those. My biography might as well be of a piece of protoplasm, without differentiation into visible organs, — no events, no offices, nothing to specify, nothing to mention.

A fellow townsman says:

In later years his home has been in a picturesque spot on the banks of the Passaic River, some distance above the falls of the same name. He has always been fond of pedestrian exercise, — never rides when he can walk, — and he may be daily seen, satchel on arm and robust walking stick in hand, walking with vigorous stride the miles that lie between his suburban estate and his law office.

He has never had a taste for public life or a desire for official position, though his engaging manner, character, and ability would have often made him their choice for offices within the gift of his fellow citizens had he been inclined toward such preferment. Being a man of exceptional literary tastes, he spends much of his time in literary recreation.

* **George Dwight Phelps**, son of George D. Phelps, was born in New York City, August 8, 1839, and died June 22, 1883.

Phelps set out for Europe shortly before Commencement,

in 1860, and did not return until September of the following year. He began the study of law in New York and was admitted to the bar in 1863. He then opened an office in Wall Street, but did little or no professional business, though his residence continued in New York. He was found in a dying condition in Vesey Street, near Broadway, at an early hour of the morning in June 22, 1883, and expired soon after. His skull had been fractured, it is supposed by a fall on the sidewalk or in the street. A post-mortem examination showed that his brain had been for some time seriously diseased. He was unmarried.

***William Walter Phelps**, son of John Jay and Rachel B. (Phinney) Phelps, was born in New York City, August 24, 1839, and died at Englewood, N. J., June 17, 1894, in his fifty-fifth year.

He entered college in 1855, but left in March, 1857, on account of his health; in the fall of 1858, he joined our class. He was married on the evening of Commencement Day, July 26, 1860, to Miss Ellen Sheffield, daughter of Joseph E. Sheffield, Esq., of New Haven, and sailed at once for Europe, returning in the spring of 1862. He then entered the Law School of Columbia College, where he was graduated with high honor in May, 1863. He practiced law with eminent success in New York City, until the death of his father in May, 1869, obliged him to relinquish general practice in order to devote himself to the management of the family estates and other private trusts. Soon after this, having removed his residence to Englewood, N. J., he became prominent in political affairs in that state, and, in 1872, was elected by a large majority to the Forty-third Congress as a Republican. In his brief term of service he made a national reputation as a brilliant debater. He was again the nominee of his party in 1874, but was defeated by seven votes. In May, 1881, he was appointed by President Garfield minister to Austria, but he resigned his post in the summer of 1882. The same year he was re-elected to Congress, as also in 1884 and 1886. In June, 1889, President Harrison appointed him as minister to Germany, where he represented his government with distinction for four years. On his return to America, in June, 1893, he accepted an appointment as lay judge of the Court

of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey, and devoted himself laboriously to his duties in this relation, until his last illness. He died at his home near Englewood, of quick consumption. His wife survives him, with their three children, two sons (Yale College, 1883 and 1886, respectively) and one daughter.

He was a warm friend of the college and was included in the original election of trustees by the alumni in 1872. He retained this office until he refused a renomination in 1892. The degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the corporation in June, 1890, as it had already been by Rutgers College in October, 1889. He had made liberal gifts at various times to the Sheffield Scientific School, the Medical and Law schools, and other university interests, and, as the trustee of a large bequest from his father, as well as by his own gifts, had been a very helpful friend to the university.

Correspondence of New York *Tribune*:

MR. PHELPS IN BERLIN

HIS LEGATION, HIS DIPLOMATIC SERVICES, HIS PERSONAL AND SOCIAL SUCCESSES

Our minister to Berlin has several titles to respect in his official capacity, and among them one which is, so far as I know, unique. He has housed the legation comfortably and even handsomely. This ought not to be remarkable or exceptional, still less unique, but it is. Our American policy in such matters is seldom a wise one. Perhaps it is not a policy; perhaps it is only a custom, but, whichever it be, it is a mistake.

Mr. William Walter Phelps, however, has established the American Legation in Berlin in an apartment which does no discredit to him, or to the government he represents. It is in a good street, a good building, on the first floor, with a suite of large, airy, well-decorated, and elegantly furnished rooms.

All about the walls of the central room hang portraits of American presidents and of American ministers to Germany. On either side of the minister's desk is a bust of Washington and a bust of Frederick the Great. If the patriotic American wonders why they are thus bracketed together, he has only to recollect that Frederick was the first European sovereign who recognized the independence of the United States. He may remember, also, that it was upon this precedent that Prince Bismarck, as he himself said in 1886, based his policy of friendship to the Union during the Rebellion. He had been asked to do otherwise. "But did they suppose I was going to forget Frederick, or reverse the policy of good will to America which ever since his time had prevailed?"

The other and more important services of Mr. Phelps during his mission to Berlin are better known; perhaps so well known that it is

superfluous to say anything more about them. Still, the end of them all has come, and the completion of a career, or of one phase of a career, is a good time for taking stock. And four years is a long time. The unassisted human memory occupies itself in these hurried days with the things of yesterday, but how about the things of day before yesterday? It is four years since the Samoan Conference took place, in May, 1889, when Mr. Phelps came to Berlin, not as minister, but, together with Messrs. Kasson and Bates, as commissioner. He did his share of that work, more difficult and important than it seemed, — difficult enough and important enough to engage a good deal of Prince Bismarck's attention. He did it so efficiently and wisely as to earn the name of the peacemaker. No name is more honorable to the diplomatist; it is the final testimony to his capacity and his success, for peace is what diplomacy aims at. Anybody can quarrel; to compose a quarrel, and to adjust conflicting interests and appetites in a stable and honorable way, is the highest triumph.

What happened upon the conclusion of the conference is known, but may be told once more. Mr. Phelps quitted the Foreign Office in Berlin where the Samoan Conference had been held during May and part of June, carrying a little yellow traveling bag, which contained the treaty that had just been signed. He drove straight to the station, caught the train to Bremen and the North German Lloyd steamer from Bremen to New York; journeyed on by the first train from New York to Washington, and presented himself and his treaty to Mr. Blaine, who took him to the President, and to the President the treaty was handed over. For once, the somewhat frigid individuality of Mr. Harrison showed itself sympathetic. Whether he asked Mr. Phelps to sit down is disputed. He was himself standing, as his habit was, at the corner of his desk. But he received the treaty, opened a drawer, took out a commission as minister to Germany, handed it to Mr. Blaine, saying, "You won't mind signing this"; and then delivered the signed commission to Mr. Phelps, with the remark: "I offer you this because you have earned it."

Mr. Phelps returned to Berlin, this time as minister, in September, and presented his credentials to the Emperor. They made each other speeches, cordial on both sides; rather longer than usual on the Emperor's side, — which were duly published in the German papers. I would tell the whole story of the publication if I dared, but I do not wish to be indiscreet or to raise an international question. It is enough to say that first impressions were in this case lasting. The foothold which Mr. Phelps gained he kept, and both at court and elsewhere established those relations of confidence and personal good will without which the most skillful diplomacy has but half a chance. He spent no small part of his ministerial life in endeavoring to secure the reintroduction into Germany of American pork. It is a topic of which no heroic treatment is possible, but it concerned a great industry and the prosperity of many Americans. At the end of a year of diplomacy the prohibition was removed. His countrymen who deal in this commodity need not be the less grateful to their representative

because the German consumer was also grateful. It was one of the acts which helped make Mr. Phelps popular in both countries; and his securing the admission of American live cattle was another.

American cereals were looked after, also, and there is a curious tradition in Berlin that the American minister's "corn dinners" to members of the government and of the Reichstag created a demand for this peculiarly American product. It is even on record that he contributed something to the hilarity of nations, or of the German nation, by securing the admission of Colonel the Hon. W. F. Cody's bucking ponies and buffaloes. Certain it is that the six hundred — just the number of British warriors who charged at Balaklava — American doctors who came to the Medical Congress at Berlin found themselves well looked after. Many other American compatriots could say the same thing, whether transient or resident.

Mr. Phelps has a kindliness of nature which makes this burden easy to him, and his circumstances make it easy. Berlin is pretty full of American students of both sexes and at times of American travelers. Both will remember their minister's friendly good will, though few of them will ever understand how constant was the call upon it, and no one of them ever realized that he or she was not the sole beneficiary of these attentions.

If I add that Mr. Phelps was a favorite in Berlin society, a constant and delightful host, and ever on friendly terms with the two Bismarcks, father and son, and yet again that he nevertheless found it possible to get on comfortably with the Emperor and with his present chancellor, I shall have come pretty nearly to the end of my history. There is, at any rate, among the best people of Berlin and even in the German press, a general and sincere expression of regret at Mr. Phelps's departure. — GEORGE W. SMALLEY (Yale, 1853).

* **Isaac Joseph Post**, son of Rev. Albert L. and Eleanor C. Post, was born at Montrose, Pa., June 21, 1837, and died at his native place, July 10, 1885, aged forty-eight years.

After graduation he studied law at Montrose in the office of Hon. William Jessup (Yale College, 1815), and was admitted to the bar in January, 1862; in September following, he entered the army and served one year with honor. He then took a position under the solicitor of the treasury at Washington. After two years' service he resigned this position and entered into partnership with Alfred Hand (Yale College, 1857) at Scranton. This partnership was dissolved in consequence of the election of Mr. Hand to a judgeship in 1879. He continued the practice of law alone for five years, during which his health began to fail. In January, 1885, he formed a partnership with William H. Jessup (Yale College, 1849).

He married Eliza Blake Todd, of Paterson, N. J., June 23,

1868. Two sons and their mother survived him. He was an accurate and successful lawyer, retained a fondness for scientific investigation, was thoroughly grounded in Christian principles, kept pace with the religious controversies of the day, was a generous friend and highly esteemed in business circles.

He visited Europe during his lingering illness of three years and was interested in affairs up to a few days before his death.

*** George Rice**, son of Martin and Betsey (Gibbs) Rice, was born in Natick, Mass., September 28, 1837, and died at South Framingham, April 18, 1905, in his sixty-eighth year.

He fitted for college at the Framingham High School and at Exeter (N. H.) Academy. He entered college the second term of Junior year, having previously studied in the Medical Department for about two years. After graduation from college he continued his studies in the Yale Medical School and graduated from that department in the following January. He practiced medicine in Framingham for about three years and then enlisted in the Government service. He was hospital steward in the surgeon-general's office at Washington, and later was appointed acting assistant surgeon in the United States Army, from which he received an honorable discharge in 1869.

In 1872 he established a pharmacy in South Framingham, from which he retired a few years ago. He was a member of Grace Congregational Church, and for a number of years was actively connected with the Sunday school of that church, serving as its superintendent. He was also connected with the Grand Army post and served in an official capacity. Up to a short time before his death, he had been engaged in writing the history of the Framingham volunteers in the Civil War. His death was caused by apoplexy, by which he had been attacked before.

He was noted for earnestness and hard work in whatever he undertook, and his disposition always was to look upon the bright side of things.

He married, June 14, 1871, Miss Almira Emily Appleton, of Bentsonsport, Ia. They had one son, Hugh Belfield, who, with his mother, survives him.

Eugene Lamb Richards, son of Timothy Pickering and Agnes

Lamb Richards, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 27, 1838.

Ill health, caused by a boating accident during Junior year, required much of his attention after graduation for a considerable period. Gradually, however, the attacks of paralysis occurred with less frequency, and he was able to resume work to a limited extent. Even as late as September, 1870, he sometimes lost the use of his legs for a few days and had to resort to crutches.

He was appointed tutor in mathematics in Yale in May, 1868, to fill a vacancy, and the appointment was confirmed at the next meeting of the corporation. In 1871, he was made assistant professor of mathematics, and, in 1891, he was made full professor. In 1888-89 he began to agitate for a new gymnasium and went to alumni meetings galore to speak on that behalf; finally, he interested some influential New York alumni enough to persuade them to form a committee to raise funds. They raised the money, bought the land on which to build, and handed over the hall equipped and paid for in 1892. He was appointed director, his associate directors doing the work which was laid out under his supervision. For all the work which he did he received the immense addition of one hundred dollars to his salary. After seeing the work well started and in good running order, he resigned in 1901. At the time he was on this committee to raise funds and form plans, he was doing hard college work, having two optional courses, besides his regular grind. To meet all his obligations he drew so much upon his reserve strength that after the completion of the gymnasium he was almost a wreck. The corporation recognized his services and his need of rest by giving him a year off in 1896-97, and again in 1902-03.

He has published two books: "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry with Applications," in 1878-79, and "Elementary Navigation and Nautical Astronomy," in 1902. He has written a great many articles for the magazines, most of them going to the *Popular Science Monthly*, — in February and March, 1884, two articles on "College Athletics"; in July, 1886, one on the "Influence of Exercise on Health"; in April, 1888, one on "College Athletics and Physical Development"; in October, 1894, one on "The Football Situation";

in August, 1895, "The Physical Element in Education." The *New Englander* published an article of his in July, 1883, upon "Elementary Geometry." The *Educational Review* of January, 1892, had his article on "Old and New Methods in Geometry." In August, 1894, his "Walking as a Pastime" appeared in the *Century*. Other minor articles he has published in various periodicals.

He calls himself pretty well, and says that if he can get through to our class meeting (June, 1905) without any setbacks, he ought to be good for at least two years more of work, before, by a rule of the corporation, he is shelved as an *emeritus*. Later he has asked to be retired from active service in 1906.

The men of '60 have not forgotten how Richards was cheated out of the valedictory by the above-mentioned mishap, which seriously impaired his health and interrupted his studies.

He was married, November 27, 1861, to Miss Julia L. Bacon, of New Haven, Conn., and they have had four children, — two sons and two daughters. The oldest son graduated from Yale in 1885 and is a lawyer in New York City. The younger son graduated in 1895 and studied and practiced medicine in New York City, until he had to give up and go South for his health. The elder daughter married Prof. James Locke (Yale, 1890). The younger daughter is living in Boston, Mass.

Charles Herbert Richards, born in Meriden, N. H., March 18, 1839, son of Cyrus S. Richards, LL.D., and Helen Dorothy (Whiton) Richards.

His father was a graduate of Dartmouth (1835) and was for thirty-six years principal of Kimball Union Academy, and fourteen years dean of the preparatory department of Howard University, Washington, D. C.

He fitted for college at the academy of which his father was principal, and first went to Amherst, but entered our class at the beginning of Junior year. After graduating in 1860 from Yale, he taught more than two years in Kimball Union Academy. He was for six months in the "Christian Commission" in the Army of the Potomac. He studied theology two years in Union Theological Seminary, New York

City, during which time he also taught in private schools. His last year in the seminary he took at Andover Theological Seminary, from which he was graduated in 1865.

Declining two good offers to settle in Massachusetts, he went West, and was pastor of a Congregational church in Kokomo, Ind., 1866-67. Here he was ordained and dedicated a pretty church.

In March, 1867, he began service as pastor of the First Congregational Church in Madison, Wis., where he continued for twenty-three years. Here he led the people in building a fine stone church, and the membership greatly increased. He engaged considerably in lecturing through the Northwest; was chaplain in the legislature, and in the state hospital; was conductor of the Monona Lake Assembly (the Wisconsin Chautauqua) for a time; was trustee of Downer College; and president of the Wisconsin Home Missionary Society; and rendered other public service. The state university being located here, a large number of the faculty and students were in his congregation.

In February, 1890, having accepted a call to Central Congregational Church, Philadelphia, he removed to the "Quaker City," and continued as pastor of that church for thirteen years. While here he was president of the Evangelical Alliance of Pennsylvania; vice-president of the New England Society of Philadelphia, and held other official positions. He was also increasingly brought into active participation in the national work of the missionary and benevolent societies of this denomination.

By an unexpected election he became secretary of the Congregational Church-Building Society in March, 1903. This aids in building, on an average, about two churches and one parsonage each week, and its work is in fifty states and territories.

He received in 1882 the degree of D.D. from Beloit College, "the Yale of the West."

He published, in 1871, "Will Phillips" (a book for boys); in 1880, "Songs of Christian Praise" (a hymn and tune book) and "Scriptural Selections for Responsive Reading"; and, in 1883, "Songs of Prayer and Praise" (a hymn and tune book). A volume of his sermons was also printed by a friend, entitled "Sunday Mornings with Our Pastor."

He has also published various pamphlets and magazine articles.

He was married, November 18, 1868, in Charles City, Ia., to Marie M. Miner, daughter of the Rev. Absalom Miner. They have had six children: Paul Stanley, Charles Miner, Helen Dorothy, Marie Louise, Mildred Whiton, and Gladys Lyman; four are living, Charles and Mildred having died in early childhood.

His address is Congregational Church-Building Society, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York. His home is at 35 Hillside Avenue, Montclair, N. J.

***Jacob Wadsworth Russell**, son of Jacob and Mary H. Russell, was born in Chicago, Ill., December 22, 1839, and died in that city, May 29, 1875, aged thirty-five and a half years.

After one year's study of law in his native city, he entered the military service as an attaché of the paymaster's department and served until 1863, when he resigned and engaged in oil speculations and banking. From 1867 until his death he was secretary of the Chicago board of health, and was esteemed as a faithful and efficient public officer. The cause of his death was a sudden attack of pleuro-pneumonia.

***James Henry Schneider** was born at Broosa, Turkey, March 14, 1839. He was the son of Rev. Dr. Benjamin and Susan M. Schneider, missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Aintab, Syria.

During the first three years after his graduation, Schneider was a teacher in the State Normal School at Bridgewater, Mass. He often felt called upon to offer his services to his country after the Civil War began, and, when at length he was drafted, he waited no longer, but reported at once for duty. He presently received the appointment of lieutenant in the Second Regiment of United States Colored Troops and was afterward chosen chaplain of the regiment, being ordained at Bridgewater, October 27, 1863. He was stationed at Ship Island and then at Key West. After a short illness he became a prey to yellow fever and died, April 25, 1864, aged twenty-five years.

In determining from the purest love of his country to enter

the military service he declined an appointment as tutor in Yale, and postponed indefinitely direct preparation for the work of a foreign missionary on which his choice was fixed.

Kingsbury wrote of him:

He showed himself admirably adapted to the functions he had to discharge. He not only ministered to the spiritual wants of the men, being instant in season and out of season, but he also did much for their education and general improvement. He taught classes in the rudiments of learning, held a lyceum, and frequent prayer-meetings, had regular Sunday preaching, ministered to the sick and dying, and buried the dead.

And so all his plans, — of completed study, of union to the woman he loved, of life-long labor for Christ as a missionary to his native land, — all his plans were ended, and he had entered into rest, and yet those four years of earnest labor, have they not been worth more to the world than the ten that the most of the best of us have spent since we said good bye under these elms? Let us say then, as we pause in our festivity for a moment to call up these tender recollections, let us say: "Thank God for the example and for the memory of *James Henry Schneider*."

***John Frank Seely** was born at Ludlow, Ohio, October 1, 1836, and died at Des Moines, Ia, October 21, 1865, aged twenty-nine years. He was the son of John H. Seely.

The first year after graduation he studied law at Beverly, Ohio. The following year he attended lectures in the Cincinnati Law School, from which he received his degree in the spring of 1862. He removed shortly after to Des Moines, where he engaged in the practice of his profession until his death.

Park wrote of him at our Decennial:

Many may not realize fully the extent of hope and promise cut off by his early death. Time, growth, and new responsibilities materially changed his character after he left us. The impulsive brightness of his youth was fast developing into the firm energy and judgment of the man, and the genial temper which once pleased his classmates, gathered a whole community about him in its later and stronger development. As a citizen, the loss of his influence is deeply felt in his western home, nor will it be easy to replace it. It is not, however, as the lawyer, or citizen, but as the Christian man, from which all other right relations spring, that Seely should be remembered. While in college he commenced the religious life, but those who saw only its earlier steps did not realize with what increasing power eternal things would take possession of his mind during each one of the few remaining

years to be allotted to him. In a growing western city the influence of one decided Christian man is very great. Vice is there bold and determined, and religion is compelled to assume the same attitude, and amidst a population so forming and plastic, the influence of a marked man is far greater than it can be in a staid community. Our classmate saw at once the only principle that could build up the community around him; he gave himself with all his heart to the work of religion and said: "This one thing I do." No sooner had he located in Des Moines than he connected himself with the Congregational church of the place, and became the cherished friend and right-hand man of the pastor. The two labored side by side to mold and form the community around them. Some advantages for religious work our friend did not possess; he had not enjoyed the full benefit of early religious training, and he found some Christian duties difficult, because he had commenced them late. To take part in religious meetings he found at first severe and difficult, but perseverance overcame the obstacle so that he was able to speak with freedom, and sometimes with real pathos and power. In the Sunday school he took an ardent interest, and was superintendent of it at the time of his death. The death of some leaves but a small void behind, but the classmates of our friend must feel a peculiar melancholy in viewing the departure of one who was called away when he had finished so many years of preparation, and had just approached the result. His mind had passed the stage of growth, and commenced that of action, but too soon was he snatched from the love of those around him, from hopes that can be completed only in another world, and plans which another hand must finish.

September 8, 1863, he was married to Eliza M., daughter of Eli W. Blake, Esq., of New Haven. They had one child.

Henry Ward Siglar was born at Seneca, Ontario County, N. Y., October 11, 1833, son of Samuel Siglar.

Immediately after graduation Siglar accepted the position of principal of Staples Free Academy, Easton, Conn., in which position he remained from September 20, 1860, till August, 1863. He then conducted the Fairfield Family School for Boys till April, 1864, when he removed to Newburgh, N. Y., and established the Siglar School, a preparatory school for boys.

Although Easton is but nine miles from Bridgeport, there was but one mail a week. He was, therefore, practically buried during the exciting times of 1860 and 1861; and not till the fall of 1862, when Connecticut made a draft for nine-months men was the town really stirred. So many of the patriotic citizens found themselves unfit for military duty

that of the small number finally subject to the draft, Siglar was the first one to draw a prize. Not able to be in two places at once, and having decided that duty required his presence in Copperhead Easton, he paid a young man five hundred dollars to take his place in the army. Through some mistake he was arrested as a deserter, while his substitute was in camp near New Haven. Having set this matter right, he was not disturbed till the United States enforced a draft in August, 1863, when the schoolmaster was again drafted, but fortunately his nine-months' substitute had not yet been mustered out, and Siglar could not be held, though in consequence of another blunder, he was again posted as a deserter in January, 1864. He had to stand another draft on his removal to Newburgh.

The Siglar School was opened in Newburgh on the 10th of May, 1864, and from a small beginning, and in spite of many discouragements, became one of the prominent preparatory schools of the country. Over a hundred Siglar boys have been graduated from college, fifty of them from Yale. After over a third of a century in the schoolroom, he gave up the work of teaching and discontinued the school in the spring of 1902.

After closing his school, Siglar removed to New York City and engaged in a variety of pursuits, including tutoring, advertisement writing, and editorial work.

Since January last he has been employed as a special agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Siglar published an English grammar in 1874 (Henry Holt & Co., New York). He has never been a candidate for public office.

He was married, August 14, 1861, to Miss Mary Frank Burr, of Easton, Conn. They had one son, Henry Burr, born February 29, 1876. He graduated from Yale in the class of 1897, and is practicing medicine in New York City.

* **Calvin Harmon Smith**, son of Abial M. and Sarah R. Smith, was born at Coventry, Vt., September 19, 1838, and died at Potsdam, N. Y., July 24, 1866, in his twenty-eighth year.

He entered college at the beginning of Junior year, and after graduation he studied law for eighteen months, at the

end of which time he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice at Potsdam, N. Y. In 1863, he was appointed assistant district attorney for the Northern District of New York, and acted in that capacity until near the time of his death, three years later. He had, however, formed an advantageous connection with an established law firm in Chicago, and was about to remove to that city when he was prostrated by a fatal attack of inflammation of the bowels, and nervous fever, induced by exposure while traveling in the West.

William Thayer Smith, son of Rev. Asa D. Smith, D.D., was born in New York City, March 30, 1839.

Long continued ill health prevented his carrying out his plans to study theology and enter the ministry. He lived in New York after graduation until April, 1864, when he went to live with his father who was president of Dartmouth College. In 1878, he graduated from Dartmouth Medical College. After all these years of ill health he was able to enter on his professional life in the following year. In 1885, he wrote two school physiologies which have been in the hands of several million children and are still in use. In 1877-78, with his family, he spent six months in Europe studying at Paris, Heidelberg, and Vienna. In 1901, again with his family, he took a trip across the continent, spending a few weeks in California. In 1903, with two sisters and his sons he spent the summer in England, Scotland, Holland, and Paris.

In June, 1897, he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Dartmouth College. For one year, the limit of the term of office for any member, he was president of the New Hampshire Medical Society (1900-01). He is a member of the American Academy of Medicine, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, dean of the Dartmouth Medical School, and "last, but not least" a deacon in the Congregational church. He writes that he works hard, and his health is excellent.

He married, at Norwich, Vt., January 14, 1885, Miss Susan Weston Kellogg, who died, "translated in a night," in 1902. Two sons were born to them, — the elder, who is now (1905) a Junior in Dartmouth, in 1886; the younger, who is a Senior at Phillips Andover Academy, in 1889.

Pierre Sythoff Starr, son of Jonathan and Catharine L. Starr, was born in New London, Conn., November 18, 1839.

He was prepared for college at Williston Seminary, East-hampton, Mass., and entered with the class. After graduation, he studied medicine in the medical department of the University of the City of New York. The first year after receiving his medical diploma, he was acting assistant surgeon in the United States Army, and the next two years he was assistant surgeon of the Thirty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

When he was mustered out of the service, he began the practice of his profession in Chicago, but later he removed to Hartford, Conn., where he has long been in the quiet enjoyment of a large and lucrative practice. He has one son, Robert Sythoff, who is in company with him in the practice of medicine.

He married Miss Louise G. Tudor, of South Windsor, Conn., May 27, 1868. Besides the son, they have a daughter, also.

* **Joseph Lord Taintor**, son of Ralph S. and Phebe L. Taintor, was born in Colchester, Conn., September 21, 1835, and died in Bloomingdale, N. Y., September 1, 1881, at the age of forty-six.

Taintor entered our class in the spring of Freshman year. He had intended to study law after graduation, but anxiety about his health induced him to enter the map and guide-book publishing business, with his uncle and brother. In the spring of 1864, while residing at Avon, N. Y., he purchased the interests of his partners in business. Two years later he was attacked with congestion of the lungs, and on regaining strength he removed to South Orange, N. J., where he continued to reside until his death, highly esteemed for his public spirit and Christian influence. In the spring of 1867, in conjunction with his brother, Charles Newhall Taintor (Yale College, 1865), he began the business of publishing school and miscellaneous books in New York City. The success and growth of the firm were evidence of the good judgment, strict integrity, and painstaking industry of both the brothers. In 1879 he was attacked by pneumonia, which was followed by a permanent weakness of the lungs in consequence of which he retired from business in August, 1880, and devoted him-

self to the care of his health. He died in the Adirondack region, where he had gone in the hope of recuperating.

He was married, September 4, 1862, to Miss Isabella Comstock, of Avon, N. Y., who survives him, with several children.

Charles Henry Vandyne, son of Henry and Emily G. Vandyne, was born in New York City, February 8, 1838. He entered the class the second term of Freshman year. He writes:

I entered the theological seminary of the Protestant Episcopal church in the vicinity of Alexandria, Va., in the fall of 1860. Within a few months the seminary was closed by the disturbances incident to the war for the Union. Finding my way homeward to New York, I continued the study of divinity at the General Seminary located in that city. In August, 1862, being eager to begin my chosen work of preaching the gospel, I was ordained to the ministry and placed in charge of a little mission church among the poor in the city of Chicago. I became attached to the little flock and with reluctance left them to accept a call to an attractive parish, delightfully situated on the shore of Lake Michigan. There I had a fine field, and applied myself to the work with all the ardor of youth, but found ere long that my physical strength was inadequate. This fact, which it was difficult to accept without discouragement, hindered me at the outset, and has been my chief obstacle all through, limiting my diligence and causing me to make changes time and again when I would gladly have remained at my post and worked on. In spite of it, however, I was permitted to preach the gospel for nearly thirty-five years without any protracted interruption. For that privilege I feel deeply thankful. I regret only that I did not proclaim saving truth more vigorously and effectively. Those for whom I ministered listened to my teaching with interest, and treated me with kindness and liberality, providing abundantly for my temporal needs. My general aim was to instruct and enlighten rather than directly to persuade and entreat. Gospel truth has a charm and fascination for all noble minds when clearly and accurately presented. I endeavored primarily to awaken loving attachment to the Founder of the Faith on account of his infinite elevation and amiability of character and his self-sacrifice for poor sinning and suffering humanity. I was not troubled with rational doubts and temptations to unbelief. It seemed to me that any man who strives sincerely to put the Christian religion in practice will obtain abundant conviction of its truth. The Bible has always impressed me as a glorious divine revelation. Its numerous prophecies, wonderfully fulfilled, furnish the most irresistible proof of its supernatural origin.

In the earlier years of my ministry I was zealous in advocating church unity. I felt deeply that there was excessive and pernicious dissension on points of minor importance. But later, when the so-

called higher criticism began to rage, I took the ground that nothing could be lower or more detestable, and that Holy Scripture must be defended at any cost. No imaginable unity would compensate for its loss. No genuine agreement is possible between those who reverently and thankfully accept the Bible as the word of God and those who appoint themselves its critics and assailants. This doctrine I endeavored to emphasize both in the pulpit and through the press. Though I set very high value upon unity and harmony, I could not doubt that when divine revelation was treacherously attacked by men who were most solemnly obligated to be its earnest defenders, the time had come for division and war. But as my term of active service was about to end, I could do little more than lament over the general apathy on this vital question, and declare my warmest sympathy with those, wherever they may be found and by whatever name called, who are zealous for the dear old Book transmitted to us by souls faithful unto death through all the centuries as the genuine record of divine truth.

In the last years of my preaching, I was impressed by the alarming weakness of the church to stem the rising tide of unbelief, to resist the evident decline in moral and religious sentiment and to ward off threatening social disaster, but was sustained by the assurance that where man fails, God is mighty, and that the second advent of our Lord is now near at hand. On the bright and consoling topic of a dawning millennium, I delighted to discourse and found eager listeners. I would gladly have worked longer, but it is better to be thankful for privileges and blessings already enjoyed than to complain because they come to an end.

He filled acceptably a number of pastorates in New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, the last being at St. Mary's Church, Pocomoke City, Md., where he remained for five years. Changes were made on account of the necessity for brief periods of rest and recuperation.

He married, August 28, 1867, Miss Helen Marselis, daughter of Dr. Isaac N. Marselis, of Philadelphia, who died, June 29, 1895. They had one child, a boy, who died in infancy.

***Julius Hammond Ward**, son of Hammond and Laurinda (Lathe) Ward, was born in Charlton, Mass., October 12, 1837, and died in Worcester, May 30, 1897, in the sixtieth year of his age.

For six months after graduation he taught school, and then entered the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Conn., where he was ordained deacon by Bishop Williams, June 4, 1862. He then took charge of Grace Chapel in Yantic, a part of Norwich, Conn., and May 6, 1863, he was advanced to the priesthood. In February, 1864, he became rector of

Christ Church, Ansonia, Conn., and went thence in August, 1865, to St. Peter's Church, Cheshire, Conn. In the fall of 1866, he published the "Life and Letters of James G. Percival," which he had begun to prepare for publication while a student in college.

In December, 1867, at the earnest call of Bishop Neely, he took charge of an extensive missionary field in Thomaston and Rockland, Me., where he labored assiduously until the early part of 1875. By this time he had become greatly overworked, and he removed to St. Michael's Church, Marblehead, Mass., where his health was re-established. In the beginning of 1877, he acted for three months as editor of the *North American Review*, and, in September of that year, began a connection with the Boston *Herald*, which he served as literary editor and editorial writer until his last illness. In 1878, he removed to Boston and undertook a series of Sunday afternoon lectures in the Union Hall, which he hoped might lead to the organization of a permanent People's Church, but the experiment was abandoned after three seasons, and he found an abundant opportunity for influence in his successful editorial work. Besides his constant service on the *Herald*, he wrote largely for other daily and weekly papers, and for monthly magazines, especially on questions in religion, social movements, and education. He also published several volumes, the most important of which was "The Church in Modern Society" (1889). His health failed in November, 1896, and an attack of paralysis, which occurred May 25, 1897, left him unconscious, and led to his death five days later.

September 2, 1862, he married Olive E., daughter of John Witter, of Brooklyn, Conn., who survives him (1897), with two daughters.

Samuel Reed Warren, one of the sons of Dr. John P. Warren, a prominent physician, was born at Wardsboro, Vt., on April 4, 1834. He fitted for college at Monson Academy in Monson, Mass., and after spending one term at Amherst, he entered the class of '60 at Yale, early in the winter of 1856-57. After graduation he studied law in New York City and was admitted to the bar. When Banks's expedition sailed from New York in the winter of 1862-63, he accompanied it as assistant to General Beckwith, chief commissary of subsist-

ence, and remained in New Orleans in that capacity until the summer of 1865. He then resigned his position, and soon after returned to New York and resumed his legal pursuits. Subsequently he removed to Washington, where, at one time, he was in the practice of law, although most of the years he has spent in the executive departments of the national government in responsible and important positions. For a long time he was in the office of the adjutant-general in the War Department. For several years previously to 1885, he was connected with the National Bureau of Education, and while engaged there he was the chief author and compiler of the comprehensive work published by the government, entitled "Public Libraries in America." The *New York Tribune* referred to this publication as "a document of uncommon interest, containing a rich fund of information on points that rarely come within the purview of the general government, affording a complete and exhaustive treatise on the statistics and bibliography of American libraries." The reviewer with entire justice went on to say: "Its value in a great degree is due to Mr. Warren's literary experience, accurate scholarship, excellent judgment, and conscientious fidelity."

Warren is still living in Washington, and is rendering valuable and appreciated service in the War Department. He has never married.

Xenophon Wheeler, son of Salmon and Gillin Wheeler, was born in Homer, Ohio, February 19, 1835.

After graduation he began the study of law in New York, but in July, 1861, he went to his native state and enlisted in the Sixty-seventh Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, and soon saw active service. A musket ball fractured his thigh at Winchester. After nearly four months in the hospital he recovered and then returned to his former home in central Ohio, and went into a law office for a few months. But he soon returned to the army again, and this time as captain in the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Ohio Volunteers. After being mustered out of the service he began practicing law, and in the summer of 1865, he went to Tennessee and took up his residence at Chattanooga, where he has since lived. He was United States district attorney for the Eastern District

of Tennessee from 1879 to 1883, and he declares that this is the only office he has ever held. But the Bar Association of Tennessee honored itself and him by electing him as the president of that body. He writes that his life has been quite prosaic, while he has much to be thankful for, he doubts not that the Lord has used him really much better than he has deserved. There is reason to surmise that he has enjoyed a large and lucrative law practice. Although he entered our class only at the beginning of Senior year, yet every one feels as if he had known him even from the pinafore stage of existence.

He married, July 14, 1863, Miss A. E. Knowlton, of Utica, Ohio. They had three children, two daughters and a son. The wife died in December, 1887. He married again in September, 1890. The son graduated from Yale with the class of 1894.

Thomas Howell White, son of Henry and Martha (Sherman) White, was born in New Haven, Conn., February 4, 1840. He was fitted for college at the Hopkins Grammar School and entered college with the class. For three years after graduation he pursued the study of medicine, and followed his profession in New York City.

In April, 1871, he was married to Elizabeth Ann Van Buren. They have one child, a daughter. His present address is Mackie Cottage, Grand Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

* **Francis Roscoe Way**, the son of Francis D. Way, of Philadelphia, was born in that city, April 28, 1840, and died at Jacksonville, Fla., March 16, 1868, aged twenty-eight years.

After graduation he commenced to study law in Philadelphia, and was admitted to the bar in 1863. In the summer of that year he joined an artillery company, the First Philadelphia Light Battery, organized for temporary service in consequence of the invasion of Pennsylvania by General Lee. A few weeks of exposure, combined with the excitement of actual conflict, sufficed to destroy his health, not strong before. He afterward entered into active business, without being able to check the progress of the disease. He went to Florida in December, 1867, in hope of being benefited by the

climate. His strength failed rapidly and he died of consumption the following March. His remains were brought home to his native city and buried at Laurel Hill.

Lemuel Tripp Willcox, son of Amaziah and Susan H. Willcox, was born in Fairhaven, Mass., August 8, 1835.

After graduation he commenced the study of law in the office of Congressman Elliott, of the Southern Massachusetts District, in New Bedford, and was admitted to the bar in 1862. He has ever since lived in his native town and practiced his profession in the neighboring city. He has persisted with the Secretary that he had no life story to tell that would interest his classmates. But a lucky chance brought a letter from a member of the Bristol County bar, through which we get an interesting and lifelike sketch of our friend.

No man in the community in which he lives is more highly esteemed than Mr. Willcox. His moral standards are on the very highest levels. Every good cause has his hearty support, and every ignoble action of public men or parties meets his fearless condemnation. His reputation is that of a man who places truth in the foremost place regardless of personal or other consequences. In his whole career he has followed where his conception of truth has led him, — in some instances to the sacrifice of valued personal relationships and important business advantages. In his profession he is high toned. He will not allow himself to be retained in causes of doubtful morality. The one question with him in the practice of his profession is, What is right? He will fight hard and brilliantly for his client, if he is persuaded that his cause is just, but he will do nothing to help him get the best of his adversary regardless of the merits of the case. No man anywhere has a more creditable standing at the bar. He handles his cases admirably and generally with success. He is still in active practice.

He was married, June 22, 1865, to Miss Harriet Curtis Field, of New Haven, Conn. They have one son, Standish, whose home is in Boston.

Edwin Sidney Williams, son of Wilmot Williams, Esq., was born at Elizabeth, N. J., June 8, 1838.

He was prepared for college at Oberlin, Ohio, where he also says he became a Christian. He entered college with his class in 1856. His story is best told in his own words.

You will not expect the poorest mathematician in the class to cipher out his love for the boys of '60. When I tell you I have two ivies growing which are the horticultural grandsons of the ivy we planted

in 1860, and brothers of our vine of 1900, you recognize the sentiment of love which brought these ivies across the continent.

I studied theology at Oberlin, graduating in 1865. My first parish was Northfield, Minn., where I learned to love people, and helped start Carleton College, staying there nearly two years. I preached to Free Church, Andover, Mass., for a time. Like an old war horse hearing a bugle, I was easily won back to Minnesota, where I divided three years, 1872 to 1875, between Glyndon and Brainerd. Coming to Minneapolis I wrought until 1883, with what is now the Park Avenue Church of that beautiful city, and was city missionary for two years. Then I began to think of going to California, whose charms slowly but surely won me from Minnesota, with which I was bewitched. In 1891-92, I represented the Congregational Church Building Society on the Pacific coast, resigning, as I had told them I should do, in 1892, to carry out a long cherished plan to go around the world. Unexpectedly, I was appointed World's Fair Commissioner and rendered hearty service in Japan, China, India, and Egypt. I had a rare opportunity to study Christian missions, which I enthusiastically improved. While my excellent wife was recovering, during 1893-94, from sickness contracted during the world journey, I was helpful in building the useful Mayflower Church at Pacific Grove, Cal. Then I spent nearly two years as associate pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland.

Since 1898, I have lived upon a small, but very beautiful ranch in Saratoga, where I have tried to do a little good as life's evening has come on. My latchstring is out for the boys of '60. I tell them what I tell thousands of visitors to this superb country, that the sight of the ninety billion of white prune blossoms in the springtime is, while it lasts, the unsurpassed horticultural sight of the world.

I am in excellent health, and life is richly worth living. I love my Bible, Oberlin, dear old Yale, and the Class of '60, and always expect I shall preach the gospel until I die.

Dunham says:

Ned Williams, in college days, was one of the most ardent, enthusiastic, and warm-hearted fellows I ever knew. One day, in Senior year, I met him out under the elms, and he said, "Well, Sam, what are you going to do when you get through college?" I told him I had decided to study for the ministry. "Why, *bless your heart*, Sam, if any church ever gets you for a pastor, they'll never let you go as long as you live." Some of us Yale boys, when studying in New York, enjoyed Williams's generous and graceful hospitality out at his Elizabeth home. We went out skating together, and returned, with our appetites, to a savory turkey dinner, the delicious flavor of which lingers even unto this day. Ned has not yet quite forgiven me for twice failing to visit him at his California ranch when on the Pacific coast. Nor have I ever forgiven myself for missing so splendid an opportunity. I had, however, a delightful little time with him in San Francisco, and found him the same genial, large-hearted fellow as of yore.

He married, December 31, 1861, Miss Frances A. Lee, of Garrettsville, Ohio. They had one child, a daughter, who died in infancy.

Robert Newton Willson, son of Rev. Robert E. Willson, was born at Hammondsport, N. Y., February 7, 1839.

He entered college with the class and after graduation spent a year and a half in teaching in Connecticut, and then went to Philadelphia and commenced the study of law with his uncle in that city. In 1864, he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of his profession. He was for a term a member of the city Board of Education, and, in December, 1872, he was appointed first assistant city solicitor. In November, 1884, he was elected one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and is now serving his third term of ten years upon the judicial bench. For many years he has been president of the Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work of the Presbyterian church, and is a prominent factor in the church life of Philadelphia.

He was married, September 28, 1869, to Miss Lizzie S. Dale, of Philadelphia. They have six children, three of whom are married, have homes of their own, and all of whom make the lives of their parents happy.

* **Morris Woodruff**, son of Hon. Lewis B. Woodruff (Yale College, 1830) and Harriette B. Woodruff, was born in Newark, N. J., July 30, 1838, and died in New York City, March 3, 1894, in his fifty-sixth year.

He prepared for college at Andover, and entered with his class, but did not complete the course, leaving in 1858 to engage in mercantile pursuits in New York City. He was connected with two different firms in the dry goods importing business, and in 1864 became a member of the firm of George W. Lane & Co., importers of teas, of which house he was for over ten years and at the time of his death the head.

In October, 1863, he married Juliette daughter of George W. Lane, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, by whom he had four children, the eldest son being a graduate of Yale in 1893, and the younger now (1894) in the class of 1895 in the Sheffield Scientific School. In 1874 the college conferred upon him the degrees of A.B. and A.M., and his

name was enrolled with his class. He was a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce and for many years treasurer of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of which he was also a member.

He died suddenly of paralysis, at his home; his wife and all his children survive him (1894). He was a man of sterling qualities and of inflexible business and personal integrity, and his genial social characteristics endeared him to a large circle of friends.

Lewis Nicholas Worthington, son of Lewis and Sallie A. Worthington, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, March 21, 1839. He entered college with the class, from a preparatory school in his native city. He devoted three years after graduation to the study and practice of law in Cincinnati, and also served some time in the army as lieutenant in the Sixth Ohio Volunteers, and again during Morgan's raid. In 1863-64, he attended lectures at the Harvard Law School. He then went to Europe and passed some time in travel, but for the most part devoted himself to the study of medicine and surgery in Paris, and in perfecting himself in the French and German languages.

Since our Decennial, he has resided mostly in Paris, and practiced medicine in that city. In 1875, he published a medical thesis, "*De l'Obésité*," and he is an *Officier d'Académie*, France. In July, 1899, he writes that he

visited New Haven and spent the day looking over the college grounds and buildings, reviving old memories, seeing but one familiar face, Van Name of '58,—Eugene Richards had already gone off for his vacation. It was melancholy for one to note the almost complete change, not only of the college buildings, but also of streets of the city. The old familiar look was gone, and I felt a complete stranger. I longed for a sight of some of the old classmates, and for handshakings and greetings of comrades who were young when I saw them last.

He was married, May 18, 1886, in London, England, to Miss Emma L. J. Browne, of Antigua, West Indies. They have two boys, who are at school in England, and who, he writes, are looking forward eagerly to the time when they shall be students at Yale, both being enthusiastic Americans.

* **Mason Young**, son of Henry and Anne Mason Young, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 6, 1838, and died in New York City, March 27, 1906, aged sixty-eight, nearly.

He was prepared for college at a private school in New York City and could have taken his entrance examinations at the age of fourteen; the next few years he spent in foreign travel and in 1855 he was an *attaché* of the American Legation at Madrid. During this period he became thoroughly conversant with the French, German, Spanish, and Italian languages. He entered the class at the beginning of Sophomore year, and with the exception of a short period of ill health, remained through the course.

After graduation he studied law, both in an office and in the Columbia College Law School, and was admitted to the bar in May, 1862, in New York City, where he practiced his profession until about 1887. While in New York, he was a vestryman of St. George's Church. In 1875, he moved his residence to New London, Conn., and became a warden of St. James' Church there.

In his law practice he was associated with Thatcher Adams of '58 and Eugene Smith of '59.

After leaving law practice in New York, he lived for some time at St. Augustine, Fla., and became interested in railroad and hotel enterprises which proved financially unsuccessful. He was a member of the Corporation from 1873 to 1884. Mr. Joseph E. Sheffield retiring in the former year, Young was chosen as his successor. He was a zealous promoter of all Yale's interests, whether in finances, athletics, or any other department of need or endeavor. About two years ago he suffered a paralytic stroke which rendered him an invalid to the day of his death.

He was married, December 10, 1862, to Miss Louise M. Hurlbut, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who survives him, with four daughters and three sons, George H. Young, Yale, 1887; William D. Young, Yale, 1892; and Mason Young, Yale, 1897.

Biographical Record of Non-Graduates

Richard Hinckley Allen, son of Richard L. and Sally O. (Lyman) Allen, was born in Buffalo, N. Y., August 4, 1838. He writes:

From 1848 to 1854, I was a school boy in Northampton and Lenox, Mass., and then for two years lived on Staten Island, N. Y., and was a scholar under Prof. Charles Anthon at Columbia Grammar School in old Park Place.

I entered our class at the beginning of Freshman year, but nearly broke down in my eyesight, and ought not to have gone in at all; so that I was not surprised when my physician told me to get out at Sophomore year. This I did, and so ended all active participation in Yale for me.

After two years of travel and rest, I went into business in New York, where I remained until 1886, and have since lived quietly in this country place (Chatham, N. J.), where I still remain, busy with the usual interests and cares, as well as enjoyments of a landed estate, and two or three estate trusts in my charge. I am a member and officer in the Presbyterian church here, but I have no other honors, social or political. I am interested in an amateur way in ornithology and astronomy, but proficient in neither. I have always thought pleasantly of my brief stay in Yale, and of the fellows in the class, though I have seen few of them since. Your reunion papers bring them all before me, and I wish that I could see you all again.

He was married, in 1873, to Miss Mary Collins Wallace, younger daughter of William C. Wallace, of Newark, N. J. They have no children.

***Jonathan Knight Bacon**, eldest child of Rev. William T. Bacon (Yale College, 1837) was born in New Haven, August 10, 1840. His mother was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Prof. Jonathan Knight, M.D., of the Yale Medical School. He was in the class through Freshman and the greater part of Sophomore year.

He began his course in the Yale Medical School in 1861, and graduated in March, 1864. He entered the United States Navy as acting assistant surgeon, and was in the fleet under

Admiral Farragut at his capture of Mobile. He resigned from the service in October, 1865, and in January, 1868, began the practice of his profession in New Milford, Conn. He remained there until his death, a period of almost thirty years, and was widely known and appreciated, both as a physician and a surgeon.

He died July 17, 1897, after an illness of several weeks, aged nearly fifty-seven years.

He married, December 16, 1868, Sophie, eldest daughter of Frederick A. Marsh, of Litchfield, Conn., who survives him. He left no children.

*** George Becker**, son of Abraham and Maria D. Becker, was born in South Worcester, N. Y., April 19, 1839.

He entered college with the class, but left during Freshman year and began the study of law; he was admitted to the bar in 1860, and practiced in Schoharie, then in Cooperstown, and afterward in Binghamton, where he was settled for some years. He was engaged in the celebrated Ruloff murder trial in the later sixties. He is remembered by some of the older lawyers of Binghamton as a rather brilliant, though somewhat erratic member of the profession. It is believed that he died some twelve years ago, and that his family is now living in Milwaukee, Wis.

He was married, near Hanover C. H., Va., May 8, 1865, to Miss Mollie E. Cady.

George Bernard Bonney, son of George and Elvira S. T. Bonney, was born in Rochester, Mass., March 10, 1839.

He entered college with the class, but left during Freshman year. Subsequently he joined the class of 1861 and graduated with them. After graduation he studied law six months in Providence, R. I. During the summer of 1862, he served as a private for three months in the Tenth Rhode Island Regiment, which left for the seat of war at only a few hours' notice, on the occasion of Jackson's raid up the Shenandoah valley. He had some hard marching, but for most of the time was on duty near Washington. On his return he entered Harvard College Law School, where he remained until March, 1863. He then removed to New York, and was admitted to the bar December 6 of the same year. Since that date he

has been practicing his profession in that city. His address is 51 Wall Street.

He was married, in New York, April 3, 1872, to Miss Caroline K. Holbrook, who died May 19, 1901. They had six children.

***John Routh Bowie**, son of Dr. Allen T. and Matilda J. (Routh) Bowie, was born in Natchez, Miss., April 14, 1839, and died at St. Joseph, La., in 1878.

He entered college with the class, but did not remain through the Freshman year. He went first to the University of Virginia, and then to the University of North Carolina, where he joined the class of 1861, and graduated with it. At first, after graduation, he engaged in cotton planting in Tensas Parish, La. In the Civil War he enlisted in a cavalry regiment and was appointed to the command of a signal corps, and of a small detachment of scouts on the Mississippi River, which was occupied in conveying stores through or around the Federal lines. At the close of the war he was paroled at Jackson, Miss. He afterwards engaged in planting and merchandise at St. Joseph, La., until some time during the year 1878, when he died. All efforts to get further information or to get into communication with his family have been futile.

He was married, January 15, 1861, to Miss Carrie Calloway, of Wilkes County, N. C. They had three children.

William Pomeroy Brooks, son of James S. and Mellicent Brooks, was born in Meriden, Conn., March 4, 1838.

He entered college with the class and left during the second term of Freshman year. Upon leaving college he at first was a bookkeeper, but afterwards went to sea before the mast for three years. During the Civil War he served for four years, first in the First Connecticut Volunteers, and afterwards in the Seventh. He was afterward engaged in mechanical pursuits at Spring Valley, N. Y. There are rumors that he rose to a position of some importance in railway circles, but all efforts to get into communication with him or his friends have proved fruitless.

He was married to Miss Ellen M. Smith, of Clarkstown, N. Y., June 1, 1870.

* **William Brown** entered college with the class, but on account of sickness left college during Freshman year and returned to his home in Bethel, N. Y., and remained there until the time of his death, which occurred during the following year. He was one of our class monitors.

Charles Henry Bunce, son of John L. and Louise M. Bunce, was born in Hartford, Conn., May 25, 1839.

He entered college with the class, but a serious illness early in Senior year compelled him to leave, and when he recovered a year later, so as to be able to resume his studies, he entered the Sheffield Scientific School and graduated in 1862, with the degree of Ph.B. He spent one year as draughtsman in the Woodruff and Beach Iron Works at Hartford, three and a half years more in the government service as civil engineer on the coast fortifications. Later he resumed his place as draughtsman, and then became division engineer upon the Connecticut Valley Railway. He was, for many years following, city surveyor of Hartford, and he is now pursuing the profession of expert and consulting engineer in his native city.

Bunce ought to be restored to the class "with all the rights and privileges" of an academic graduate, and a full-fledged member of the Class of '60.

He was married, February 16, 1865, to Miss Mary L. Beebe, of New Haven, Conn.

* **John Groesbeck Burnet** entered college with the class and left at the close of the second term of Freshman year, returning to his home in Cincinnati, Ohio. The only information the Secretary has been able to get in regard to him comes from General Garrard, of 1858, who writes that he has been dead for twenty years or more.

George Chalmers, son of Thomas C. and Margaret M. Chalmers, was born in New York City, September 4, 1840.

He left the class at the close of the second term of Freshman year and entered the class of 1861 at the beginning of its Sophomore year, graduating with that class. After graduation he studied law at the Columbia College Law School and was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1863. He practiced

law in New York City until 1888, when he went to England, and although he has not lately been heard from it is believed he is still there.

Titus Munson Coan, son of Rev. Titus and Fidelia Church Coan, was born in the Hawaiian Islands, entered college with the class and left during the third term of Freshman year. He subsequently entered Williams College and graduated there in the Scientific School in 1860. Later Williams honored him with the degree of A.M. He studied medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, and after graduating entered the navy as assistant surgeon, serving for two years (1864-65) in the West Gulf Squadron under Farragut. On resigning from the navy he began the practice of his profession in New York City.

In 1880 he established a bureau of revision for purposes of criticism, editing, compiling, and preparing manuscript for publication, and acting as general intermediary between authors and publishers. He is a trustee of the Authors Club, member of the Century Club, of the Loyal Legion, of Phi Beta Kappa, and of the Deutscher Liederkranz.

He was married in 1877; a widower in 1901. His address is 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

* **Walter Douglas Comegys**, son of Joseph P. Comegys, Esq., of Dover, Del., entered the class during Freshman year and left during first term of Sophomore year. Subsequently he entered the class of 1861 and remained through its Sophomore year. He then studied law and practiced for a time in Cincinnati, Ohio, and after 1866, in Philadelphia, where he died suddenly, December 28, 1877.

He married the daughter of the late Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee.

George Langford Curran, son of Edward and Mary (Langford) Curran, was born in Utica, N. Y., March 10, 1840.

He was prepared for college at the Utica Free Academy and entered college with the class, and remained through Freshman year. Subsequently he joined the class of 1863 and graduated with them. He has been in the hide and leather business in his native city ever since, is a prosper-

ous merchant, and interested in charitable and Christian work.

He was married, September 6, 1865, to Cornelia, daughter of Dr. J. H. Douglas, of Utica. They have two children.

*** Laban Smith Cutler**, son of William and Susan M. (Barnes) Cutler, was born in New Haven, Conn., February 25, 1839, and died in that city July 6, 1890.

He was fitted for college in New Haven, and entered with the class, but did not remain through Freshman year, owing to the financial embarrassment of his father. He opened a bookstore in Middletown, Conn., but that venture not proving successful, he went to California, where he remained till 1880, when he returned to New York and entered the publishing house of A. S. Barnes & Co. He remained with them for nine years, leaving on account of poor health and returning to New Haven, where he died in 1890. He was never married.

*** William H. Davenport**, son of William H. and Ellen M. Davenport, was born in New York City, April 6, 1840.

He entered the class during the third term of Freshman year and left at the close of Sophomore year. He entered the New York School of Design, and was besides engaged in teaching school for a short time. He was a special artist for the *Harpers* for a time during the Civil War. He was quite successful as an illustrator and writer of magazine articles, also as a political cartoonist and painter of *genre* subjects. Some of these he exhibited for three successive years in the National Academy of Design. Since 1882, and up to the time of his sudden death, on October 2, 1885, he was figure artist and leading designer at Tiffany's silver works.

His three pictures, "Freshman Initiation," "Burial of Euclid," and "Biennial Examination," drawn and lithographed during the Sophomore and Junior years of the class, were greatly admired for their apt illustration of prominent events of college life of that day. Davenport's occasional pencil illustrations of passages in Whately's Rhetoric, and other textbooks, which were sometimes passed about the recitation room, served to raise a smile on countenances darkened by gloomy forebodings of a fizzle.

***John Purvis Davis**, of Kingston, Miss., entered college with the class and remained until some time during the second term of Sophomore year, when he returned to the South. Little information in regard to his subsequent career has been obtained. The place near which he lived was not a post-office and efforts to get his correct address have been futile. It is said that he served in Hampton's Cavalry with Foules, in the army of Northern Virginia, but in what capacity is not known. Foules wrote the Secretary, June 30, 1900, that Davis was practicing medicine in Louisiana, opposite New Carthage, Miss.

It has since been learned that he died September 5, 1902, upon a plantation near New Carthage, La., on which he had been living.

***Samuel Harrison Davis**, who was until recently the editor of the *Insurance*, died on Thursday morning, May 21, 1903, in Plainfield, N. J. He had been ill for several months.

He was born in Wethersfield, Conn., on December 16, 1838, and entered college from the high school at New London, Conn. He left during the second term of Sophomore year for financial reasons. He was popular in his class, which escorted him in a body to the depot upon his departure from New Haven. From Illinois he went to the Civil War, and was mustered out as a major. In 1868, he became editor of the *Chicago Evening Record*, a financial and trade paper. Later he established a weekly paper in Whitehall, Ill., and returned to Chicago in 1871 to edit *The Insurance Herald*. With Charles D. Lakey he established the paper *Insurance* in 1883, in New York City.

Charles Cleveland Dodge was born in New York City in the year 1840. He left the class in the first term of Junior year and was engaged in business in New York until the breaking out of the Civil War. He entered the service as an officer of the First New York Mounted Rifles, and was successively promoted to be colonel and brigadier-general. In the summer of 1863, he resigned and returned to New York. His address is No. 1 West Eighty-third Street. Circulars and letters from the Secretary to him remain unanswered.

William Couch Eggleston, son of Thomas and Mary J. Eggleston, was born in New York City, June 30, 1839.

He was with our class through the first two years of the course, and then traveled abroad for a year. On his return he joined the class of 1861 and graduated with it. In August, 1861, he became first lieutenant in the Forty-third New York Volunteers and remained in the service until the following December. Since that time he has been in banking and stock commission business in his native city. His address is 7 Wall Street.

He was married, January 8, 1863, to Miss Ella L. Bates, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wood Fosdick, son of Samuel and Sarah A. (Wood) Fosdick, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, December 24, 1838.

He left the class during Freshman year, but continued his studies for two years under a private tutor. He entered the Law School of Harvard University and took the degree of LL.B. During the war he served as a private in the Sixth Ohio Volunteers, and afterwards as adjutant of the Third Ohio Cavalry. He served for two and one-half years. On his return to Cincinnati he took up newspaper and literary work. Beyond the fact that he is living in Paris no additional information has been obtained from or about him.

* **Clinton Furbish** died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday, December 24, 1904. He was born in Portland, Me., in 1838, and prepared for college at Andover. He entered Yale with his class in the Freshman year, but remained only until close of the first term of Sophomore year. He then returned to Portland and engaged in business with his father. Later he took up newspaper work and established the *Leader* in Chicago in 1890. For several years he was connected with the *Chicago Times*, and did work on other papers.

He was married, October 27, 1862, to Miss Grace Codman, of Portland, Me.

* **Samuel Clark Glenney** was born in Milford, Conn., and died in the service of his country, September 11, 1862.

He left college at the close of the first term of Freshman year, remained at home for a year, and then engaged in teach-

ing school. He enlisted, April 15, 1861, in the Fourth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, afterwards the First Artillery. He was taken sick during the seven days' battles before Richmond and was carried to Philadelphia, where he died.

*** Herman Day Gould**, son of Herman Downs and Ann Eliza (Sherwood) Gould, was born at Delhi, N. Y., October 13, 1838, and died at Chicago, Ill., May 1, 1892.

He entered with the class, but did not remain through Freshman year. He engaged in mercantile pursuits, first in his native place, and later in Fernandina, Fla. Afterwards he became engaged in railway business in Chicago and Peoria, Ill., living in the latter city for sixteen years, and was general freight and passenger agent of the Toledo, Peoria, & Western Railway.

He was married, December 19, 1860, at Philadelphia, to Miss Ellen Lasell. They had eight children, of whom three are now living. The address of Mrs. Gould is 349 West 145th Street, New York City.

*** George Washington Green**, son of John and Catharine Green, was born in Reading, Pa., November 15, 1838, and died at Hart's Island, N. Y., January 8, 1866, in his twenty-eighth year.

He was with the class the first two years of the course, and then entered the law office of his brother in his native city, where he studied two and one-half years. On the breaking out of the Civil War, he joined Captain McKnight's battery, which was one of the first three companies to reach Washington on the morning of April 18, 1861. The following July he was commissioned lieutenant in the regular army. He was subsequently promoted to the captaincy of his company, and continued in active service until some time after the battle of Gettysburg, taking part in the Peninsular and Pope campaigns, and in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. After the battle of Gettysburg, in which he was slightly wounded, he was placed on recruiting service, and so continued till the close of the war. In the fall of 1865, he was engaged in drilling recruits on Hart's Island. On New Year's Day, 1866, he took a severe cold, in

New York City, which developed into erysipelas and terminated fatally in eight days.

He had been brevetted major and lieutenant-colonel for meritorious services, and in his death the army lost an officer, the country a defender, and the class a comrade, of whose record each may be justly proud.

Albert Newton Hatheway, son of Amos Morris and Mary Gay (Thrall) Hatheway, was born in Windsor, Conn., February 20, 1838, his ancestry being of old English and New England stock.

He graduated from Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass., in 1856, and entered Yale with the class. Leaving early in the course, he became a law student at Harvard University, also attending the lectures of Lowell and Agassiz and received his degree of LL.B. in 1860. In the same year he was admitted to the bar in Boston, and for twenty-four years thereafter engaged in the practice of his profession in Hartford, Conn. He was for one term an alderman in Hartford, and for some years a judge of one of its municipal courts.

Under the first administration of President Cleveland, he was appointed United States consul at Nice, France, and served there for four years. Since his return from abroad he has retired from his profession and lived with his family in Washington and New York. His address is 128 West 109th Street, in the latter city.

On the third day of October, 1860, he was married to Miss Emma S. Robbins, daughter of David Lowrey Robbins, of Newton, Conn. She died October 15, 1897. They had one child, a son.

James Walter Hervey, son of Ebenezer and Hannah Hervey, was born in New Bedford, Mass., February 2, 1838. He writes:

During my first year at Yale College, I was offered the position of teller in the Mechanics Bank, New Bedford, Mass. As I learned that to remain in college would be a financial burden to my father, I left, and accepted the bank position. On October 8, 1859, I was chosen assistant cashier; in 1882, cashier. In 1897, I resigned, and entered the service of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, Wis., and still continue to serve as special agent. August 23, 1862, I enlisted in the Forty-first Regiment, Massachusetts Volun-

teer Infantry, for three years, or the war. August 31, 1862, mustered as first lieutenant; February 1, 1863, commissioned captain. I remained with the regiment, participating in every engagement, up to March 5, 1864, when, as the result of severe injuries received while on picket, followed by serious illness, I was compelled to resign. I have never fully recovered my health, but in the main, my health has been good, and I have so much to be grateful for, I do not repine at any of my army privations and sufferings.

September 11, 1862, I married Miss Elizabeth R. Nickerson, of New Bedford. Of this union, two children were born,—Walter Everett, February 2, 1865, and Helen Curtis, May 7, 1872. My son died June 7, 1875; my daughter still lives. I held office as treasurer of New Bedford Lyceum for about twenty years. Treasurer of New Bedford Bible Society, seventeen years. Was treasurer of the North Congregational Church, fifteen years; clerk of the corporation of the North Congregational Church, six years; deacon, eleven years. In 1888, I was elected commander of R. A. Peirce Post 190, G. A. R. I am now its quartermaster. I am also treasurer of the associate and contributing members of the post, also of the associate members of Company G, Naval Brigade, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. For the past ten years I have been a member of the board of trustees of Wheaton Female Seminary, Norton, Mass., an institution with an endowment of nearly eight hundred thousand dollars. I am one of the auditors of Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass. My chief avocation since the war has been music. I have played the organ in various churches up to last April. In about two weeks I expect to have an organ in the largest church (Protestant) in the city. I was sixty-seven years old last February (1906).

Hervey has attended every class meeting.

* **Edgar Augustus Hewitt** was born in New London, Conn., and fitted for college in the Bartlett High School of that city. He entered with the class, but remained with us only through Freshman year. All efforts to get a statistical or other record of him or of his family have failed. He has a son who is on the staff of the *Insurance Post* in Chicago, but he is unresponsive to the requests of the Secretary for information about his father. It is known that Hewitt became a Baptist preacher, that he had troubles, and that he left the ministry. He had one of the brightest minds possessed by any member of the Class of '60. He was a fervent, even impassioned, speaker; as an extemporaneous debater he was ready, apt, and interesting. When he had taken time for preparation, he showed comprehension and mastery of his subject, and frequently almost magical eloquence in its exposition. Had his moral

nature been under equal control and with equal development with his intellectual, he should have made no ordinary impress upon his generation. Here are extracts from the *Boston Journal* and *New York Times* of June, 1877, — the date was not preserved:

Mr. Edgar A. Hewitt, a well-known journalist, for ten years editor of the *Insurance Chronicle*, died of consumption on Friday, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York. He continued his journalistic labors up to the day before his death. . . . As a writer he was regarded as able and forcible. His age at the time of his death was thirty-nine years.

The funeral of Edgar A. Hewitt, for ten years editor of the *Insurance Chronicle*, took place yesterday afternoon from his late residence, the St. Nicholas Hotel. The body, which was laid in a handsome rosewood casket, with silver plate and silver mountings, and covered with flowers, was placed in the parlor on the first floor of the hotel, and was viewed by a large number of the friends of the deceased. The funeral service was read by the Rev. Arthur C. Kimball, of St. Augustine's Chapel, and chaplain of Astor Lodge, F. and A. M., of which Mr. Hewitt was an honored member. Delegations from the New York Press Club, the Liberal Club, the Masonic Order, and the Knights of Pythias, were in attendance. A number of prominent insurance men were also in attendance. After the funeral services the body was conveyed to the steamboat for New London, Conn. It will be interred by Union Lodge of that city with Masonic honors.

* **Edward Augustus Hixon**, of Springfield, Mass., was with the class through Freshman year, when he left and went into business with his father in his native city,— wholesale boot, shoe, and leather dealers. He died July 5, 1862.

* **Alpheus Hyatt**, assistant in invertebrate paleontology at Harvard University, died suddenly, Wednesday night, January 22, 1902, in Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Hyatt was born in Washington, D. C., April 5, 1838. After a course at the Maryland Military Academy, he entered Yale, but left at the end of the second term of Sophomore year, in 1858, for a period of travel in Europe. When he returned he entered the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard, and graduated from there in 1862. In the Civil War he served as captain in a regiment of Massachusetts infantry. Mr. Hyatt assisted in founding the Peabody Academy of Science at Salem, Mass., in 1869, and in 1881 was elected curator of the Boston Society of Natural History. In 1886,

he was appointed assistant in paleontology in the museum at Harvard, where he had, for many years had charge of the fossil cephalopods. He was one of the four founders and one of the original editors of the *American Naturalist*. Mr. Hyatt was corresponding member of the Geological Society in London in 1897.

Samuel Jessup:

My dear Leach, — In reply to your letter of inquiry regarding our classmate, SAMUEL JESSUP, let me say that few members of our class probably realize the great work which he has already done, and still continues to do. He is a strong member of a very strong family. His first American ancestor, John Jessup, was settled in Massachusetts soon after the landing of the Pilgrims; his father, William Jessup, was a distinguished jurist, and a church worker of national reputation. His brother William was a noted lawyer and politician, and had for his legal partner our much loved classmate, Isaac Post, who died in 1886. Another brother, Henry, who was graduated from Yale in 1851, is one of the foremost missionaries living, having declined calls to very important churches in this country, as well as President Arthur's invitation to become the United States ambassador to Persia. He served as moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly during a visit which he made to this country in 1879.

Samuel Jessup was born in Montrose, Pa., in 1833, and spent several of his earlier years in mercantile pursuits. It was here that he acquired that business faculty, which has been so serviceable to him in his later career. But he resolved, influenced probably by his elder brother, to devote himself to the foreign missionary work, and entered Yale College with us in 1856. His manly character and the strong, healthy influence which he exerted while he remained with us forms part of the wealth of our college memory. In consequence of a crisis in the affairs of the Syrian mission his services in the foreign field were required sooner than he had expected, and he left us in 1858 to become a member of Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. He was graduated from this institution with distinction in 1861, soon after which he received ordination from the Presbytery of Montrose, Pa. The Civil War broke out, our classmate heard the call of his country, and became the chaplain of the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserve Corps. After a few months of effective service in the nation's army, he joined the great foreign missionary army, which is ever conquering the world for righteousness, and sailed for Syria in 1863, where he joined his brother in the service of the American Board, but his mission passed under the Presbyterian control about six years later.

His life has been spent in preaching, teaching, editing, organizing schools and churches, attending to the endless details and meeting the numerous emergencies of missionary life. The pastor in his own country finds most of the church organizations made to his hand, but

the foreign missionary resembles Robinson Crusoe on his island, who, before he can obtain bread, must sow and harvest his wheat and then make the pots and pans needed for cooking it. In the foreign field our classmate has become that which his college course showed that he would be, an able organizer. The details of his work have not been fully given to us, but he spent several years laboring with his brother at Beirut in Syria, after which he worked for a long term at Tripoli in that country. He was accounted able to supply a vacancy at the central office, and during the year 1889, he was acting secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He became editor of the *Arabic Weekly*, and was for thirteen years manager of the Arabic publishing house in Beirut. He suffered a heavy affliction by the death of his wife in 1895, and after that event he changed his residence to Sidon, the city near which, probably, our Saviour healed the daughter of the Syrophenician woman, and the port at which the Apostle Paul landed on his journey from Jerusalem to Rome. In this place thus associated with the origin of Christianity, a place in which his daughter, now the wife of a pastor in Philadelphia, was then engaged in teaching, our classmate continues the work which was begun by Jesus and Paul. His only son is associated with him, and the two together conduct a school which numbers one hundred and fifty pupils. Lately Dr. Jessup wrote to an American friend, "I am schoolmaster, not only acting principal, am business manager, treasurer, superintendent of the trades taught, Sunday-school superintendent, and preacher." He added a thrilling account of the efforts which he was making to protect his scholars and church members from the rapacity of the Turkish magistrates, and told of the devotion of his scholars who, on the twenty-fourth of January, 1905, celebrated the thirty-second anniversary of his arrival in Syria.

The Class of '60 has had long arms and pushed her influence into many places. We have had Camp to represent us on the battlefield, Marsh in the halls of science, Eugene Richards and Joe Daniels in the professor's chair, Mason at the bar, Phelps in diplomatic and congressional work, and Samuel Jessup to hold up the flag of '60 in the foreign missionary field.

W. E. P.

OBERLIN, OHIO,
January 8, 1906.

* **Robert Barclay Lane**, son of Ira and Hannah Lane, was born in Preble County, Ohio, December 29, 1838, and died, March 17, 1869, in his thirty-first year.

He was a member of the class during the first and second terms of Junior year, when he returned to his home in Henderson, Ill. Shortly afterwards he removed to West Tennessee, where he was engaged in teaching until the outbreak of the war. He served four years as captain in the Fifteenth Tennessee Infantry, in the Confederate service. After the

war ended he engaged in mercantile pursuits for a year, and afterwards in farming. On the 17th of March, 1869, while he was a passenger upon the steamer *Belle Memphis*, at the head of Island No. 10, he met a violent death. His brother, Clinton A. Lane, and C. P. Edwards were killed with him in the affair. His surviving brother, Dr. E. F. Lane, states that the affair was entirely unprovoked on the part of the deceased.

He was married, December 29, 1865, to Miss Julia M. King, of Tiptonville, Tenn. They had two children.

*** William McCaleb Martin**, son of William H. and Mary M. Martin, was born near Port Gibson, Miss., November 1, 1840, and died July 14, 1864, in his twenty-fourth year.

He entered college with the class and remained till the close of the first term of Sophomore year, when he returned to his native state and engaged in planting. He joined the Confederate army in 1861 and served a year in Virginia, six months as a private in the Claiborne Guards, and six months more as first lieutenant of the same. At the close of this term of enlistment he returned home and assisted in raising a cavalry company of which he was appointed first lieutenant and which formed a part of the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry. On the death of his captain, who was killed in a skirmish, he succeeded to the command and filled it until the 14th of July, when, in an engagement at Hattiesburg, Miss., he received wounds simultaneously in his left arm, temple, and side, and was almost instantly killed.

*** Elbridge Francis Meconkey**, of West Chester, Pa., was a member of the class a part of both Sophomore and Junior years. During the war he was an aide to General McCall in the Army of the Potomac.

The single word "dead" is all the information vouchsafed the Secretary in reply to his inquiries. Some of us recollect him as a rather tall, athletic-appearing young man, of frank and engaging manners. And all of us will remember the famous evening chapel rush, joined in by the whole class, in resentment to an injustice done to Meconkey, and to others of the class, by a tutor who had never had any official connection with, or jurisdiction over, us.

* **William Warriner Merriam**, of Springfield, Mass., began and closed his career at Yale with the first term of Freshman year in 1856. After a while, he entered the class of 1861 at Williams College and graduated with it. He afterwards went to the Albany Law School, but remained only a short time. He then entered the Theological School at Madison (now Colgate) University at Hamilton, N. Y., where he graduated in the summer of 1863. He afterwards taught for a short season at Essex, Conn.

He died at Springs, Long Island, N. Y., January 30, 1889. He never married. It has been difficult to get any particulars in regard to his life as he was for a long time estranged from his family and held no communication with his class secretary of Williams College. This much seems well assured, that he was a Baptist minister, that he was eccentric to an unusual degree, and that he had property in United States bonds to the amount of eighty thousand dollars, which he willed to the government.

* **David Judson Ogden**, son of Rev. David L. Ogden (Yale, 1814) and Sarah A. (Judson) Ogden, was born at Whitesboro, N. Y., December 24, 1837.

He was prepared for college at the Hopkins Grammar School, entered college with the class, but owing to poor health he gave up during the first term of Senior year and went traveling for his health. A year later he entered the class of 1861 and graduated with it. For nearly two years after this he studied theology at the Yale Divinity School, when ill health again made him give up his studies. Subsequently he graduated in 1868 with the degree of S.T.B. He lived in New Haven until 1876, all his plans of life being apparently frustrated by his lack of good health. In that year he became acting pastor of the Congregational church at Tolland, Mass., where he remained for three years. During the succeeding two years he supplied for brief periods the pulpits in Congregational churches at Riverton, West Hartland, and Stanwich, Conn., and Hillsboro Centre, N. H. From May, 1881, to July 25, 1885, he was pastor at Niantic, Conn. After leaving Niantic he passed a year in New Haven, and in the fall of 1886 began the supply of the Congregational church in Easton, Conn., with which he remained until his

sudden death in New Haven, of neuralgia of the heart, November 7, 1891.

He was never married. He was for four years scribe of the Fairfield West Consociation of Churches. At his funeral many ministers who knew him intimately were present and paid strong tributes to his worth as a man and a pastor. Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth

spoke with much feeling, eloquently testifying to his strong personal attachment for Mr. Ogden, an attachment so close as to render it about as difficult to speak at his funeral as if it had been his own brother. Their ministerial lives had had much in common. Laboring as they had, repeatedly, in closely related fields of pastoral work, he had peculiar opportunity, in their frequent interchange of thought as to the best interests of their parishes, to note the loyalty with which Mr. Ogden had served his people and his unflagging effort to secure their highest welfare.

***William Wesley Palmer**, son of Henry and Mary Palmer, was born in Chenango, N. Y., January 4, 1836, and died in New York City, December 18, 1892.

He left the class during the second term of Freshman year, and after traveling for some months, entered the class of 1861, the third term Freshman (1858), and remained until the end of Sophomore year. The next year he spent at home in study and then entered Auburn Theological Seminary, where he graduated in May, 1863. He was licensed to preach September 23, 1862, and ordained at Owego, N. Y., April 29, 1867. He preached for a number of years at Hawleyton, and at Silver Lake, Pa.

A classmate writes:

I knew Palmer quite well. He was for years an active member of the Binghamton Ministerial Association. His papers always displayed ability and original thinking. His was an acute mind. He was recognized as able, but rather erratic.

He was married, December 19, 1859, to Miss Mary E. Tyler, of Buffalo, N. Y. She died October 29, 1861.

May 9, 1863, he was married to Miss Emily S. Rexford, of Cortland, N. Y., who still survives him. They had two children, William B. Palmer, on the staff of the *Evening Bulletin* of Philadelphia, and Mary Emma Palmer, wife of Frank S. Nash, and who lives in New York.

William Edwards Park, son of Edwards A. and Ann Maria (Edwards) Park, was born in Andover, Mass., July 1, 1837.

He was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, and spent the first three years of his college life with our class, but left at the close of Junior year and later graduated with the class of 1861. After graduation he studied at home until March, 1862, when he went to Port Royal, S. C., and spent the succeeding four months in teaching the freedmen. The following year he engaged in studying law in New York City, and in teaching. In the fall of 1863, he entered the theological seminary at Andover and graduated in 1867. During this period he spent ten months at Nashville, Tenn., as an agent of the Christian Commission, and in 1865 cooperated in raising funds to rebuild Phillips Academy when it had been destroyed by fire.

He was ordained and installed as pastor of the Central Congregational Church at Lawrence, Mass., November 13, 1867, and remained there eight years. He then became pastor of the Congregational church at Gloversville, N. Y., and was installed there June 21, 1876, where he had a continuous pastorate for twenty-eight years. He resigned last year (1904) and removed to Oberlin, Ohio, where he reports himself as "working up a mass of papers and memoranda on President Edwards, left me by my late father, and which I hope to be able to work into a book." While at Gloversville, he held various offices in connection with local, state, and national organizations of his church. He also gave much time and effort to the formation and care of a public library in that city. In 1872, he spent six months in Europe, and again, in 1881, he made an extensive tour of Europe and the East. In 1902, he went to Russia, visiting St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw. In 1903, he crossed the continent and made a tour of Alaska.

Besides his weekly labors in the preparation of sermons and addresses, he has been a prolific writer upon many different subjects, as well as a public lecturer. His articles have been published in newspapers, magazines, and encyclopedias.

He was married, March 4, 1874, to Sara B., daughter of the late Prof. B. B. Edwards, of Andover, Mass. Their daughter graduated at Bryn Mawr in 1898, and is now a professor in Colorado College. Their son graduated from Yale in 1900, and is a physician.

* **Elihu Frank Pomeroy**, son of Samuel and Mary Coe Pomeroy, was born in Granville, Mass., June 7, 1837, and died in Minneapolis, Minn., April 17, 1883, aged forty-six years, nearly.

He was desirous of becoming a minister and was prepared for college at Monson Academy and he entered Amherst College in 1856, but soon became attracted to Yale and joined our class. But under the advice of a physician, he gave up his college course before he had completed his first year. In 1858, he went to Chicago and became interested in the grain business. In 1866, he removed to Cedar Rapids, Ia., and became a railroad contractor. He continued in this work for some years when he became a manufacturer of soap, and in 1879 he removed to Minneapolis, where he established the Northampton Soap Company, of which he became the first president.

In each place of his residence he at once became an active church and Sunday-school worker. For a great part of the time he was an elder in the Presbyterian church and closely identified with its mission and philanthropic activities. Notwithstanding his constant fight with poor health his career was active and useful.

He was married to Miss Jane E. Carpenter, of Warren, Mass., in July, 1858. They had six children, of whom three daughters and one son are now living. Mrs. Pomeroy and two daughters are living in Minneapolis at 1400 Nicollet Avenue.

Horace Reed, son of John S. and Jane E. (Terry) Reed, was born in Geneva, N. Y., February 28, 1839.

Our Decennial Record left him a member of the Chicago wool house of Reynolds, Reed & Co., a firm which long since went out of existence, and all efforts to trace him, either from that firm or from his birthplace, have produced no results. He was with us for a short time only in Sophomore year, and on leaving college went to his father's home in Chicago, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced for one year. In 1862, he enlisted in Battery B, First Illinois Artillery, and served with it to the close of the war.

He was married, May 1, 1867, to Miss Julia March, of Chicago.

* **Louis Leeds Robbins**, son of Matthew P. and Isabella I. Robbins, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 9, 1840, and died in that city, July 17, 1866, in his twenty-seventh year.

He entered with the class and remained through Freshman year, when he left to engage in mercantile pursuits. Two years later he received an appointment in the Security Insurance Company, of New York, and filled his position there up to the time of his death. He was ill only nine days. His father wrote of him at the time of his death:

He died as he had lived, an affectionate, dutiful, and Christian child; none knew him but to love him; no child of poverty and sorrow ever appealed to him in vain. He had been a member of the South Presbyterian Church for eleven years.

Daniel Bennett St. John Roosa, son of Charles B. and Amelia E. (Foster) Roosa, was born in Bethel, N. Y., April 4, 1838.

He fitted for college at the academies in Monticello, N. Y., and Honesdale, Pa. On account of ill health he did not remain in the class through Freshman year, but continued his studies with a private tutor and matriculated in the medical department of the University of the City of New York, and received his degree in 1860. In April, 1861, after a year's study in Germany, he became assistant surgeon of the Fifth Regiment of the National Guard of the state of New York, and later served for a time in the same capacity in the Twelfth Regiment. He also served as house surgeon in the New York Hospital in 1861-62. After this he spent a year in study at the ophthalmic clinics in Berlin and Vienna, returning to New York in May, 1863. In the autumn of that year he engaged in private practice, chiefly in ophthalmology and otology, in New York City.

He has been aural surgeon in the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, and professor of diseases of the eye and ear in several institutions. Besides, he has held several honorary positions in connection with the practice of his profession, and is the author of several standard medical works relating to his specialty, either alone, as a translator, or in collaboration with others. He received the honorary degree of A.M. from Yale, and of LL.D. from the University of Vermont.

He married Mary Hoyt Blake, who died in 1878. Afterwards he married Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, of New York City.

Alexander Porter Root, son of John B. Root, was born in Galveston, Texas, June 21, 1840.

He left the class at the close of Freshman year, but subsequently joined the class of 1861 and graduated with it. He passed the fall after graduation in Delaware, but afterwards ran the blockade, reached home and went to live upon his father's plantation. He enlisted in the Confederate service as a private in a cavalry regiment and served one year in Texas. After the battle of Galveston he was promoted to be lieutenant of a light battery, and served another year in Texas and Louisiana. During the last part of the war, he was assistant adjutant-general on the staff of General Drayton, with the rank of major. After the war he went into business with his father in Galveston. In the summer of 1874, he became teller of the First National Bank of Houston, Texas, and he is now the president of that institution.

He was married to Laura N. Shepherd, of Houston, January 24, 1869. They have had four children, three now living.

* **Francis Ritter Schmucker**, son of Jacob and Mary Ann Schmucker, was born in Oley Township, near Reading, Pa., May 24, 1838, and died in Reading, Pa., March 3, 1902.

He left the class at the close of Sophomore year, and later joined the class of 1861 and graduated with it. After graduation he began reading law in an office in Reading, and was admitted to the bar in that city in August, 1862. The same month and year he volunteered in a regiment of nine months' men and was commissioned as a first lieutenant in the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. He took part in the battle of Antietam, was promoted to be captain in February, 1863, and participated in the battle of Chancellorsville the following May. His term of service having expired he was mustered out the same month. He again volunteered during the second invasion of his state and was adjutant of his regiment, the Forty-second Militia.

For the next few years he practiced law in Reading. Then his health having failed him he took up the study of medicine

at the New York Homeopathic Medical College, where he graduated in 1873. He went to Reading and practiced his profession until the time of his death. He furnished articles to medical journals, both in this country and in England.

He was a member of several medical associations, and of the Loyal Legion. For nearly forty years he was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Reading, and for many years a ruling elder.

He was married, August 31, 1865, at Allentown, Pa., to Miss Emma C. Young. They had nine children. Five sons and his wife survive him.

Kidder Mercon Scott, then and now of Geneseo, N. Y., entered college with the class, but did not remain through the first year. He went to studying law and was admitted to the bar in 1861. In the Civil War he was first lieutenant and then a captain in the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth New York Infantry. In 1863 he was discharged for disability, and then took up the practice of the law in his native place, sometimes alone, and again in partnership, and he is still engaged in that profession.

He was a member of the New York Assembly from 1881 to 1885, inclusive. He has also served as clerk of the Surrogate Court in Livingston County, and as supervisor of his town. He is a member of the Episcopal church, and is known as a man of retiring disposition, which, perhaps, accounts for the Secretary being unable to get from him any reply to his communications.

He has been married, but has no children.

Lorenzo Sears, son of Nathaniel and Cordelia Morton Sears, was born in Williamsburg, Mass., April 18, 1838.

He entered college in the second term of the Freshman year, being prepared at Williston Seminary, and left at the beginning of Sophomore year. Subsequently he entered the class of 1861, with which he graduated. In 1864 he graduated from the General Theological Seminary in New York, and was then ordained to the diaconate and to the priesthood in the following year. For twenty-one years he was in the ministry, having parishes in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire.

For the last twenty years, with the exception of two years,

he has been a professor in colleges, first as professor of rhetoric and English literature in the University of Vermont, and then in Brown University for the last fifteen years, first as professor of rhetoric and later of American literature.

He has the honorary degree of Litt. D.

Among his articles and books published are: "A History of Oratory from the Age of Pericles to the Present Time," Griggs, Chicago, 1896. "The Occasional Address, Its Composition and Literature," Putnams, New York, 1897. "Principles and Methods of Literary Criticism," Putnams, New York, 1898. "American Literature in the Colonial and National Periods," Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1902. "Seven Natural Laws of Literary Composition," American Institute of Literature, 1904. "Makers of American Literature," American Institute of Literature, 1904. Also numerous articles on literary and biographical subjects, the last being an account of "Colonial Libraries," and of the books our forefathers read and wrote.

A last and largest book, nearly ready for publication (1905), is entitled "A Comparative View of American and English Writers during Three Centuries," or from the landing of John Smith at Jamestown in 1607.

He married, January 2, 1866, Miss Adeline A. Harris, of Wyoming, R. I. Of two children, one, Sophie Harris, is living.

* **George Royal Sibley** was born in Augusta, Ga., June 19, 1839, and died there in July, 1887, forty-eight years of age.

He entered college with the class and remained until sometime during the second term of Sophomore year. He afterwards joined the class of 1861, and remained with it a short time, but then went to his home and engaged in the wholesale grocery business. Soon after the breaking out of the Civil War he entered the Confederate service in which he remained throughout the war. He then returned to Augusta and engaged in the cotton commission business.

He was married, January 21, 1862, to Miss Emma S. Tucker, of Milledgeville, Ga. They had two children.

Munroe Snell, son of Melville and Harriet F. Snell, was born in Ware, Mass., November 13, 1836.

He was fitted for college at the Sturbridge Select School

and at Williston Seminary, entering with the class. The financial crisis of 1857 caused him to leave college, with the expectation, however, of returning the following year. During two and a half years of the Civil War he was employed at the Springfield Armory with about fifty skilled mechanics from his father's factory. In 1865, he became established in the life insurance business in Baltimore, and after nine years' successful business with another company, Boltwood interested him in the Berkshire Life and he has ever since represented that company as general agent for Maryland, doing a successful and prosperous business from the beginning. He is a member of the Yale Club of Baltimore, and of the Associate Congregational Church, and is secretary of its board of trustees. He is active in Sunday-school and other church work. He has been active and prominent in Masonic circles. He says that being a member of the grand jury of the United States District Court for the last October term is about the highest civil office he has ever held. His address is 909-911 Union Trust Company Building, Baltimore, Md.

January 13, 1870, he was married to Miss Nettie M. Stirret, of Baltimore. They have three daughters: two of them are graduates of the Woman's College of Baltimore, and another is the wife of Dr. Hubert L. Clark, of Harvard University, and formerly of Olivet College.

* **William Henry Seward Sweet** was born in Marcy, near Utica, N. Y., September 20, 1838. He was prepared for college in the public schools of Utica, entered with his class and remained one year only. He then entered the Albany Law School, where he graduated in 1860, and then took up the practice of law in Utica. On the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted in the One Hundred and Forty-sixth Regiment of New York Volunteers and served successively as lieutenant, captain, and colonel. He was taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness and confined in an officer's prison near Andersonville for several months.

His active army life served to make distasteful his plan to follow the profession of law, and after leaving the army he went to North Carolina and engaged in distilling turpentine, and later he engaged in railroad building in the South. The panic of 1872 put an end to his operations in that part of the

country and he returned to Utica, where he lived until his death, on the 30th of August, 1890.

He was married, in Marcy, in 1869, to Emily Richardson. Of five children, three are now living: M. Louise Sweet, a Senior in Smith College (1905), and Arthur J. and Horace B., graduates of Cornell University, and now occupy responsible positions.

William Floyd Taylor, son of William and Jane Taylor, was born in Philadelphia, July 29, 1838.

He entered college with the class and left us during the second term of Sophomore year. He at once became book-keeper in his father's wholesale provision house, and on his father's death, two years later, became the senior partner in the firm.

This firm long since went out of existence, and all efforts to get into communication with Taylor or any of his friends have been unavailing.

* **David Todd** entered college from Great Valley, Pa., and died in New Haven, December 30, 1857. He entered with the class at the beginning of the first term in 1856, and by his manly and frank nature and generous disposition, had won for himself many friends during the period he was with us. He was taken sick during the winter vacation of Sophomore year, and died after a short illness. His remains were taken to his home for burial, accompanied by a committee of his classmates.

William Campbell Trull, son of Willard and Sarah (Vanderlip) Trull, was born at Cherry Valley, N. Y., March 18, 1839.

He remained a member of the class through the first term of Freshman year only. Then he went to Union College and remained a year. He began the study of law, and on admission to the bar removed to New York City, where he has since practiced his profession. His address is 20 Fifth Avenue.

On February 26, 1876, he was married to Jennie Blanchard, of Salem, N. Y.

***John Dresser Tucker**, son of Erastus and Emma A. Tucker, was born in Scotland, Conn., December, 19, 1838, and died in Hartford, Conn., December 3, 1904, aged nearly sixty-six years.

He entered college with the class and remained through Sophomore year. Subsequently he joined the class of 1861, with which he graduated. At first he engaged in teaching after graduation, but later took up the study of law in Hartford and was admitted to the bar in July, 1865, and practiced law until the death of his father in 1868. He then gave up his law practice and, in partnership with his brother, engaged in the business his father had left, wholesale dealers in strawboard and papers. He died of an apoplectic stroke.

He was married, June 3, 1869, to Miss Sarah L. Ingraham, of Vergennes, Vt., who died March 8, 1872. He was married again, October 8, 1879, in Brooklyn, N. Y., to Miss Kate Abbott Fox. His wife, sister, and three brothers survive him.

***George Makepeace Towle**, son of Dr. Nathaniel C. and E. M. Towle, was born in Washington, D. C., August 27, 1840, and died in Brookline, Mass., August 10, 1893, aged nearly fifty-three years.

He entered the class during Freshman year and left it at the close. Later he became a member of and graduated with the class of 1861. He graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1863, with the degree of LL.B., made an eight months' tour of Europe, and was admitted to the Boston bar in December. He was engaged upon literary work and law practice until about July, 1866, when he was, for two years, consul at Nantes, France, and was then transferred to the consulate at Bradford, England.

He was a prolific writer of books, having more than twenty volumes to his credit. His articles in magazines, both American and English, were numerous, and besides he was a man of prominence in the lecture field. Since about 1870, he was a resident of Brookline, Mass., was a trustee of the public library, and took an active interest in public affairs.

He was married to Miss Nellie Lane, of Boston, at the United States Legation, Paris, France, September 16, 1866.

* **Henry Upton**, son of Daniel and Electa Upton, was born in Batavia, N. Y., June 20, 1835, and died in Pierce, Neb., July 29, 1887.

He was a member of the class a part of Freshman year. When he left college he went to farming. In August, 1862, he volunteered for the Civil War and became a lieutenant in one of the New York State regiments; he was severely wounded in the lungs at Chancellorsville. He was, therefore, obliged to resign the following February. In 1867-68 he was principal of the public school at Andalusia, Ill., and in 1869 he had charge of the high school at Rock Island. From 1876 to 1883 he was superintendent of schools at Decatur, Mich., and later he was secretary of the Board of School Examiners for Van Buren County.

In 1883 he left educational work and located at Pierce, Neb., where he invested in real estate, established a large stock ranch, and engaged in various enterprises incident to the development of a new country. As a school officer he was instrumental in organizing a high school and erecting a handsome building. He was an officer in many societies, and a candidate for the state senate at the time of his death. His wound received in battle had always troubled him, and to its effects his death was attributed. In every community where he lived he was always respected and influential, an example of clean and healthful living, diligent, enterprising, and successful in business, an exemplary and earnest Christian worker.

He was married, August 9, 1864, to Miss Susan C. Osgood, of Brookfield, Ill. His widow and their six children are now living.

John Marshall Varnum was from Lowell, Mass., in the halcyon days of 1856 to 1858. Why he left us at the close of Sophomore year, making no sign, he has confided to the Secretary, and he, in turn, has tried to prevail upon him to take the whole class into his confidence; suffice it to say, that he never has considered himself a born mathematician, and in severing his connection with the college he took away with him no burning love for Professor Newton. In this he was not singular. At this day and age he is sure that had his case been handled by a man of flesh, blood, and heart, like one we know, coefficients, angles, sines, tangents, and other

things, horrid and forbidden, would have become as familiar and lovely as members of his own family.

The Secretary undertook to hunt Varnum up, and knowing several members of the Varnum family, first tried to approach him by the way of Florida, and, finally, after various adventures, corralled him in his broker's office at 7 State Street, Boston. He is the same Varnum that we knew in Freshman and Sophomore days, and will give a cordial welcome to any '60 man who will climb his stairs, and hopes to have the chance yet to meet many of them in the flesh, either at his own home or at theirs.

Daniel Webster was catalogued as from Killingly, Conn., in our Freshman days. Our Decennial Record reports him as having become a wool broker in Providence, R. I. He left us during the second term. Some of us will recollect him and his almost striking resemblance in size, complexion, and figure to the great and original Daniel of that name. There are three Daniel Websters in the city directory of Providence, one of whom is a retired broker, and lives at 184 Waterman Street, but whether this one is our Daniel or not he will not tell, and so we cannot immortalize him in these pages.

* **Charles Burr Wheeler**, son of Charles Burr and Jerusha (Bradley) Wheeler, was born in Easton, Conn., July 2, 1836, and died in Gallatin, Tenn., in March, 1883, in his forty-seventh year.

He entered our class from that of 1859, and remained with us a part of Sophomore year. He taught school for a while at Tarrytown, N. Y., and then studied law in Bridgeport, Conn., where he also practiced his profession. Later he went to Louisiana and taught school for a brief period. He then enlisted in the First Regiment of Louisiana Cavalry, commanded by Judah P. Benjamin, and served four years in the Civil War. When he surrendered at Clinton, La., he was an acting adjutant-general.

After the war he practiced law both in Pass Christian and in New Orleans, La. While living in the latter city he was a judge for eight years. He was also a state senator for two terms, the last term being quite breezy, owing to the dual governorship of Nichols and Packard. In that struggle he

was a member of the legislature that was locked up in the State House for several days. He removed to Nashville, Tenn., in 1879, and placed his only daughter in a school in that city. In 1880, he removed to Gallatin, Tenn., and soon after he resumed teaching as a profession, it being his intention to build up a training school for young men and prepare them for college. In March, 1883, he died of pneumonia, after an illness of about a week. At the time of his death he was the highest Mason in the state, having received all the degrees that could be conferred in this country.

He was married, November 27, 1862, to Miss Mary E. Lee, of Concordia Parish, La. His wife and daughter survive him, the latter is married to W. W. Pardue, an attorney-at-law of Gallatin, Tenn.

Pierre Westcott Wildey, son of Pierre and Mary Ann (Mandeville) Wildey, was born at Tarrytown, N. Y., May 12, 1840.

He prepared for college at the Collegiate Institute in his native place, and at the Friends' School at Providence, R. I. He entered college with the class and left some time during Sophomore year. Afterwards he entered the class of 1860 at Columbia College and graduated with them. Following this, he took a three years' course in the Columbia Law School and graduated with the degree of LL.B. Yale gave him the degree of A.M. in 1865, *honoris causa*. He was associated in law business for some time with William Walter Phelps, until he gave up the law for politics and the care of his large estate. During the Civil War (in 1863) he came near entering the navy with the rank of lieutenant, but sickness at home defeated this plan and he remained a peaceable man. He has taken some part in politics as a delegate to state and other nominating conventions. He has made a considerable study of genealogy, a study which he and his wife find both interesting and absorbing. He says of himself that his "life seems more a record of what I would have liked to do than of actual accomplishments."

October 4, 1870, he was married to Anna Cheesborough, daughter of Robert J. and Anne (Birmingham) Cheesborough, at the Church of the Incarnation in New York City. They have had no children. He lives at 146 Central Park,

West, and his address is 82 Beaver Street, New York City. He expects to meet with the class upon its fiftieth anniversary.

* **Frank Wiley Wiswell**, son of Calvin and Hannah (Burr) Wiswell, was born in Holden, Me., January 5, 1835, and died in Mexico, February 8, 1904, in his seventieth year.

He entered college with his class and remained until the close of the first term of Junior year, when he left and went to studying law. But before he had completed his studies he enlisted as a private in the Eleventh Maine Regiment of Volunteers, was promoted to be a lieutenant, and then a captain, and so served until the close of the war. He then engaged in oil business in Pennsylvania, but was unsuccessful. In 1868 he went to the Rocky Mountain region and engaged in mining. For a time he served as probate judge of Sweet-water County, Wyo.

Under date of June 5, 1900, he wrote the Secretary from La Noria, Sinaloa, Mexico, full of love to the class and of regret that he could not attend our fortieth anniversary. He said in part:

During the war I met Camp in Virginia. Since then I have met Marsh twice, I think, in Wyoming, and once I met Professor Silliman in Salt Lake, at the time he was making an examination of the Emma Mine. . . . Thank God I am well and tough as a knot. Reading your note and passing in memory back to other days, I feel almost as young as I did then.

I am engaged in mining here, but expect to close out this year. . . . I have wandered much by sea and by land. Have crossed the Rockies many times, and the Andes several times, and am getting about the right age to settle down now.

His death was reported by the United States consul at Mazatlan, but no particulars could be obtained.

Class Statistics

For full and extended statistics of the class the reader is referred to our Decennial Record, pages 113 to 134. The table of professions and occupations is printed below, both on account of some omissions, and for the sake of a more accurate classification.

The first term of Freshman year 134 entered: The whole number at any time in the course enrolled with the class was 168. Of these, 108 graduated, and one was given a degree later and restored to class membership, making 109. Of the remaining 59, 10 graduated from the academic department in some later class in Yale, one from Sheffield, and three from some other college. Of the others (45), 17 pursued their studies in some professional school or office, whence they graduated, and the rest engaged in teaching or in some of the higher branches of business.

The average age at graduation was twenty-two and a half years; the oldest member of the class was born in 1827, and the two youngest in 1841. During the first decade, 17 died, 2 of these being killed in battle and 6 dying from causes connected with the Civil War. Between 1870 and 1880 8 died; between 1880 and 1890, there were 5; between 1890 and 1900, 18 died, and from 1900 to April, 1906, 9.

During the Civil War, 48 graduates and 27 non-graduates saw service in some capacity, either in the army or the navy.

Of the living graduates all but three have been married. Of the 109, 23 were never married. Of the 134 entering at the beginning of Freshman year, 83 took the full course and graduated. Twenty-six took the degree of M.A. at Commencement, July, 1863. The honorary degree of D.D. has been bestowed upon five, and eight have been awarded the degree of LL.D. The class has supplied three members of the Corporation,—Mason, Walter Phelps, and Young: the two former were overtaken by death while yet in office.

The great gifts and distinguished services of Marsh to the university are noted on another page.

If this page is seen by any one who has knowledge of Luther Maynard Jones later than 1890, or of William Pomeroy Brooks, Horace Reed, William Floyd Taylor, or Daniel Webster, whether alive or dead, later than 1870, he is urged to communicate at once with the Class Secretary.

Professions and Occupations of Graduates

Law. Arnold, Bunnell, Champion, L. H. Davis, Fowler, Freeman, Gaul, Hale, Holmes, Jones, Keese, Knowlton, Mason, Palfrey, Pennington, G. D. Phelps, W. W. Phelps, Post, Seely, C. H. Smith, Warren, Way, Wheeler, Willcox, Willson, Young. — 26.

Theology. H. E. Barnes, Blakesley, Boies, T. H. Brown, Chapell, Denison, Dunham, Furbish, Giddings, Greene, Griffin, Hall, Hart, Higgins, Howe, Johnston, Kingsbury, Kittredge, Loomis, Marshall, Martin, C. H. Richards, Schneider, Vandyne, Ward, Williams. — 26.

Business. Beckley, Boltwood, W. E. Bradley, Clay, Elder, Fairchild, Finney, Hawley, Hunt, Hurlbut, Johnson, Kip, Leach, McAlpin, McKay, Norton, Parsons, Russell, Taintor, Woodruff. — 20.

Medicine. Ball, E. R. Barnes, Ferd. Beach, W. L. Bradley, R. B. Brown, Colton, Delafield, Engs, Eno, Foules, Haight, Rice, Starr, White, Worthington. — 15.

Professors. Beers (Kansas Medical College), Bristoll (Ripon College), Carrier (Olivet College), Daniels (Olivet College), Eaton (Yale University), Marsh (Yale University), E. L. Richards (Yale University), W. T. Smith (Dartmouth College). — 8.

Literature. Catlin, R. S. Davis, Foster, Holden, Morris, Owen. — 6.

Teachers. E. C. Beach, Camp, Hebard, Howard, Siglar. — 5.

Army. Dutton, Ogden. — 2.

Mining Engineer, Mining Expert, Viticulturist, Banker. Keyes.

Revised Addresses

BALL, ALONZO B., M.D.....42 W. 36th Street, N. Y. City
 BARNES, EDWIN R., M.D.....1258 West Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
 BARNES, REV. HENRY E., D.D.....16 Littell Road, Brookline, Mass.
 BEACH, FERDINAND, M.D.....235 West 75th Street, N. Y. City
 BECKLEY, JOHN W.....941 Second Street, Louisville, Ky.
 BLAKESLEY, REV. LINUS, D.D.....El Paso, Tex.
 BRISTOLL, WM. M.....815 East 18th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
 CLAY, JOSEPH.....22 E. Oglethorpe Avenue, Savannah, Ga.
 COLTON, FREDK. H., M.D.....136 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 DANIELS, PROF. JOSEPH L., D.D., LL.D.....Olivet, Mich.
 DAVIS, HON. LOWNDES H.....Huntsville, Ala.
 DAVIS, ROBERT S.....4045 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
 DELAFIELD, DR. FRANCIS, LL.D.....12 West 32d Street, N. Y. City
 DUNHAM, REV. SAMUEL.....35 North Street, Binghamton, N. Y.
 DUTTON, MAJOR CLARENCE E.....Englewood, N. J.
 EATON, D. CADY.....218 Prospect Street, New Haven, Conn.
 ENO, HENRY C., M.D.....Saugatuck, Conn.
 FAIRCHILD, HORACE L.....Box 262, Bridgeport, Conn.
 FOSTER, WM. E.....431 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
 FURBISH, REV. EDWARD B.....Bath, N. Y.
 HAIGHT, DAVID L., M.D.....1 W. 54th Street, N. Y. City
 HALE, WM. H., Ph.D.....40 First Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 HIGGINS, REV. LUCIUS H.....West Hartford, Conn.
 HOLDEN, EDWARD G.....138 East 40th Street, N. Y. City
 HOLMES, EPHRAIM L.....Downsville, N. Y.
 JOHNSON, HENRY L.....20 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City
 JONES, LUTHER M.
 KEYES, WINFIELD SCOTT.....Pacific Union Club, San Francisco, Cal.
 KINGSBURY, REV. OLIVER A.....New Hartford, N. Y.
 KIP, WILLIAM I.....Box 2179, San Francisco, Cal.
 KITTREDGE, REV. JOSIAH E., D.D.....Geneseo, N. Y.
 KNOWLTON, HON. MARCUS P., LL.D.....Springfield, Mass.
 LEACH, ORLANDO.....Avon, Mass.
 LOOMIS, REV. ALBA L. P.....Rochester, Wis.
 MARSHALL, REV. HENRY G.....Hampton, Conn.
 NORTON, NATHANIEL.....11-19 William Street, N. Y. City
 OWEN, CHARLES H.....Hartford, Conn.
 PENNINGTON, WILLIAM.....148 Ellison Street, Paterson, N. J.
 RICHARDS, REV. CHARLES H., D.D.....105 East 22d Street, N. Y. City
 RICHARDS, PROF. E. L.....New Haven, Conn.
 SIGLAR, HENRY W.....158 Waverly Place, N. Y. City

SMITH, Prof. WM. T., M.D., LL.D.....Hanover, N. H.
 STARR, PIERRE S., M.D.....Hartford, Conn.
 VANDYNE, Rev. CHARLES H.....569 West 161st Street, N. Y. City
 WARREN, SAMUEL R.....War Department, Washington, D. C.
 WHEELER, XENOPHON.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
 WHITE, THOMAS H., M.D.....Tuckahoe, N. Y.
 WILLCOX, LEMUEL T.....New Bedford, Mass.
 WILLIAMS, Rev. E. S.....Saratoga, Cal.
 WILLSON, Hon. ROBERT N.....2226 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
 WORTHINGTON, LEWIS N., M.D., 85 Avenue Henri Martin, Paris, France
 Fifty-one.

Addresses of Non-Graduates

ALLEN, RICHARD H. Chatham, N. J.
 BONNEY, GEORGE B. (1861) 51 Wall Street, N. Y. City
 BROOKS, WILLIAM P.
 BUNCE, CHARLES H. (Sheffield) Hartford, Conn.
 COAN, TITUS M. (Williams S.) 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City
 CHALMERS, GEORGE (1861).
 CURRAN, GEORGE L. (1863) Utica, N. Y.
 DODGE, CHARLES C. 1 West 83d Street, N. Y. City
 EGGLESTON, WILLIAM C. (1861) 7 Wall Street, N. Y. City
 FOSDICK, WOOD Paris, France
 HATHEWAY, ALBERT N. 128 West 109th Street, N. Y. City
 HERVEY, JAMES W. New Bedford, Mass.
 JESSUP, SAMUEL Sidon, Syria
 PARK, WILLIAM E. Oberlin, Ohio
 REED, HORACE.
 ROOSA, DANIEL B. St. J. 20 East 30th Street, N. Y. City
 ROOT, ALEXANDER P. (1861) Houston, Texas
 SCOTT, KIDDER M. Geneseo, N. Y.
 SEARS, LORENZO (1861) Providence, R. I.
 SNELL, MUNROE ... 909-911 Union Trust Co. Building, Baltimore, Md.
 TAYLOR, WILLIAM F.
 TRULL, WILLIAM C. 20 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City
 VARNUM, JOHN M. 7 State Street, Boston, Mass.
 WEBSTER, DANIEL.
 WILDEY, PIERRE W. (Columbia) 82 Beaver Street, N. Y. City

In Memoriam

Arnold, George Waterman
Beach, Erastus Chittenden
Beers, George Louis
Boies, Charles Alfred
Boltwood, Edward
Bradley, William Edward
Bradley, William Lockwood
Brown, Richard Baxter
Brown, Thaddeus Howe
Bunnell, Lyman Benham
Camp, Henry Ward
Carrier, Oscar Mortimer
Catlin, George Lynde
Champion, Henry
Chapell, Frederick Leonard
Denison, Daniel
Elder, Daniel Riker
Engs, George
Finney, Edgar Augustus
Foules, Charles Dougherty
Fowler, William
Freeman, Everett Parker
Gaul, Edward Lewis
Giddings, George Walter
Greene, George Nelson
Griffin, George Herman
Hall, Henry Lewis
Hart, Henry Elmer
Hawley, Henry Eugene

Hebard, Daniel
Howard, John
Howe, Theo. Lewis Buffet
Hunt, Thomas Gordon
Hurlbut, William Henry
Johnston, William Curtis
Keese, Sidmon Thorne
McAlpin, William
McKay, Edward DeCost
Marsh, Charles Othniel
Martin, William Wisner
Mason, Edward Gay
Morris, John Moses
Ogden, Frederick Callender
Palfrey, Alfred Conrad
Parsons, John Russell
Phelps, George Dwight
Phelps, William Walter
Post, Isaac Joseph
Rice, George
Russell, Jacob Wadsworth
Schneider, James Henry
Seeley, John Frank
Smith, Calvin Harmon
Taintor, Joseph Lord
Ward, Julius Hammond
Way, Francis Roscoe
Woodruff, Morris
Young, Mason

Fifty-eight

Bacon, Jonathan Knight
Becker, George
Bowie, John Routh
Brown, William
Burnet, John Groesbeck
Comegys, Walter Douglas
Cutler, Laban Smith
Davenport, William H.
Davis, John Purvis
Davis, Samuel Harrison
Furbish, Clinton
Glenny, Samuel Clark
Gould, Herman Day
Green, George Washington
Hewitt, Edgar Augustus
Hixon, Edward Augustus
Hyatt, Alpheus

Lane, Robert Barclay
Martin, William McCaleb
Meconkey, Elbridge Francis
Merriam, William Warriner
Ogden, David Judson
Palmer, William Wesley
Pomeroy, Elihu Frank
Robbins, Louis Leeds
Schmucker, Francis Ritter
Sibley, George Royal
Sweet, William Henry Seward
Todd, David
Tucker, John Dresser
Towle, George Makepeace
Upton, Henry
Wheeler, Charles Burr
Wiswell, Frank Wiley

Thirty-four

Boating Days of Sixty

AN interesting suggestion to the philologist goes with the general newspaper and university substitution of the word "athletics" for some words it displaces, and the question whether this succession in the reign of words carries unimpeachable, because involuntary, evidence of succession in the reign of things.

At Yale, "before the war," "sport" was a word in frequent use and could be made to run the full gamut of the *Century Dictionary's* later definitions; there was: "Amusement, enjoyment, entertainment, diversion, fun, play, pastime," out on the hills, on the harbor, across "the green," and especially in the *Varuna*.

There was no occasion then for the recent pathos of a waist-oar and right-guard: "With boat practice almost lapping football training, and, football over, tank rowing begun, it gets to be a serious question how a man is to get a little fun for himself."

A sporting man was not "one interested in open-air sports" only, for dancing, fencing, boxing, and wrestling were mainly practiced indoors. Neither was the sporting man to be too easily disposed of as: "in a bad sense, a betting man, a gambler, a black-leg (colloq.)."

If one of the crew had taken sport in the "Century's" (3) sense, "Jest, as opposed to earnest," and too shortly before a race, there would have ensued worse than philological controversy with a trainer.

Trainer is the word; the coach came into sport as coaching, except for millionaires, went out; coaches having also been recently reported as holding that "coaching is no sport" when a pitcher or a half-back has gone stale.

And at any era of sport or athletics, if a favorite for the ring or the track had taken "(4) amorous dallying" for sport, none of the words used about him would get into a dictionary at all.

There is another good word of the early date which the dictionary scorns even to stigmatize " (colloq.) ": Sport, or, effusively, old sport, for the lover of rod or gun or foil or oar.

I remember that when Sam Johnson, prince of college boot-blacks and judge of the article in question, dubbed me a " regular sport," I was far vainer than when the president gave me my degree. The only verbal question in Sam's preliminary examination had been: " Why don't ye box Jep Garrard?" to which the answer had been: " Because he is not up to my weight," which was nicely accurate.

I am using the first person. It makes a yarn spin simpler, and, as the athletic authorities have not sent me the Y, which, under the rules, I have a right to wear, it gives me pleasure to wear such look of authority as I can assume while I recall some of the story of the *Varuna* and the boating period that name represents. The ladies of New Haven were too attractive for Yale boating to surrender itself readily to boat racing. A " tub " which could give comfortable sittings to some lovely young matron and her bevy was a necessity.

Heavy oars and heavy rowing are excellent early practice; far preferable to wabbling about in a cranky shell before learning to sit firm and get the back into the stroke.

There were plenty of races, one or more per week if Saturday and Wednesday afternoons were fair; tubs, gigs, " race boats," such as there were, all contesting. An ambitious crew, fancying themselves " in better shape " than others, or with " a score to settle," was slow to get off as the rest left the red farmhouse up Mill River (it was a farmhouse in the fifties); an oar leather had to be helped with a tack or two, or an oarsman refused to be too suddenly awakened from his snooze under an apple-tree. Once off, down would come that rearmost boat with a " spurt," and by the time the broader water was reached at the confluence of the Quinnipiac, there would be a gallant outlay of such skill and strength as were in the navy, as far as Tomlinson's bridge, and sometimes through between its piers and round the steamboat wharf to Brooks's.

The first race of the *Varuna* crew was from Fort Hale to Savin Rock, four miles. The *Thulia*, '59, was in it with Ed.

Perkins and Carpenter, the completest of gymnasts but too light, as their whole crew were, for a tub. There were Jep Garrard and Bob Galloway in the *Wa Wa*, a '58 boat; the *Nereid*, '58, with Penny Morgan and Esty Stephens, Magill, and more of the winning crew in the last "regatta," all very soft. The old scientific *Transit* (badly renamed *Varuna*, for a wooden god) started last, by management of Ed. Curtis, S. S. S., '57, who was pulling stroke and coaching the new crew, and "wanted to see them brush"; and was teaching me to pull bow and steer. It was not good form for a bow to look around and twist his face over his shoulder too often; his course once laid and cross current or drift observed, he could feel the boat edge away or hold up to her course. If one man slurred some part of his work, or forced it, I could feel it on my oar as a fencer feels on his foil the weariness or new resolve of his opponent.

There was always the boat's wake giving increasing praise or blame, renewed from stroke to stroke until the finish line was astern. If the triple ribbon of the dip of the oars and the cut of the rudder disappeared in too stiff a ripple, there was the criticism, harder to read but no less inflexible, of the imaginary line from the starting flag to the stake boat; how nearly did it pass through the center of the boat, and how abruptly was the angle changed at which that imaginary line kept crossing the line of the keelson.

Few realize that a boat never goes in the direction in which she is heading. She progresses on a line which is the resultant of the ratio of the speed of the wind to the speed of the tide, and of both to the speed of the boat, and the angle at which the lines of motion of the three cross each other.

The Varunas used to sit with their hands in their laps when waiting for the word, taking it easy and willing to see rival crews bent down over their foot boards, pumping their wind already; content to give a half length of start for the advantage of clear breathing, and satisfied that in no position could another crew be sized up better than lapping her quarter.

All this and more Curtis was teaching us in the *Varuna*, week after week, or it developed in his pupils in the score of races in which they afterwards were winners; and to him, more than to any other, was due our ideas of training, style of rowing and racing.

By 1858 the races of the *Nereid* and *Halcyon*, the *Transit*,

the *Undine* of Hartford, the *Virginia*, manned by New York pilots, the *Nautilus* and *Wa Wa*, *Olympia* and *Wenona*, had brought about some fair practice and care as to diet of a crew.

William D. Morgan, Frederick W. Stevens, George E. Dunham, and Henry L. Johnson, under William Plumb Bacon, "commodore," were in training for a Harvard race, and pulling regularly in the *Volante*, a log-sided, tipsy craft, but believed to be very fast. The men were all that could be wished for individually, and there was prospect that Harvard must eclipse all previous precedents to win, when Dunham was drowned. It seemed impossible that such an athlete was not a swimmer, or that the superhuman exertions of the others should not have rescued him. The accident came at the end of three miles on time. Yet Morgan, the stroke, dived for him a dozen times, stood sobbing with exertion and whatever else, his eyes still searching the clear depths under the bridge at Springfield, saw something gleam in an eddy, plunged again and brought up his own flannels. Every candidate for a place on the *Varuna* race crew passed first a searching examination as a swimmer.

Occasional hints or criticisms from the *Volante* crew were of value to the *Varuna*; but little was known of their practice. After the tragic end, none of them ever liked to speak of it.

As a club, the *Varuna* had been unlucky. Her first stroke oar was Alpheus Hyatt, an ideal for the place. When I offered it to him, his answer was: "Well, I can row in a heavy boat. The first thing I can recollect is rolling about in a dug-out on the Chesapeake." He left us before we had a race, to take his scientific course at Boston, where, at the head of the museum work, he spent his life.

As some of the '69 Freshmen were trying a "running jump" (the running broad) in front of the Atheneum one evening, a swart, lithe six-footer, broad-shouldered, a little bent with recent work at the plow, where he said he had been earning the wherewithal for making his way through Yale, with a send-off of half a dozen steps cleared 19+ feet in smooth turf. Five minutes later he and I were wrestling at collar and elbow. He drew out with a protest that it was all trick, and took a back hold with Johnson, who threw him, after a hard bout, as he did everybody else, but said at once

in my ear, "He is green, but strong enough; twists like an eel and could tire anybody." Before bedtime we had signed David Todd for a *Varuna* waist. In a pair oar of Brooks's he exhibited capacity for everything except fatigue. When we came back from vacation he was dead, of typhoid.

Henry L. Johnson, the Wall Street broker coming from a Connecticut farm in Lebanon, was presumably the best oar in the class. If he had not been, he would not have been drafted into the *Volante* (Yale) four. That honor did not make less the loss to the *Varuna* of her stroke, though he rowed in her in some of her more important races and found little to change.

The clubs were class clubs, until 1861, and the *Wenona* had taken her first choice, or very nearly so, from the 1860 Freshmen. The gymnasium had been canvassed, the traditions of the preparatory schools taken in evidence. The New York boys and their money had guaranteed a new boat by James, "without a straight line in her," and had enlisted, among others, Eugene L. Richards (from that date to the present, mathematician and leader in the Yale gymnasium), D. Cady Eaton (the art professor), William Edwards Park (of Andover and pulpit fame), both looking very fit; Othniel Charles Marsh (already wrestler, campaigner, sportsman, and always paleontologist), Edward B. Furbish (the strongest man I knew in college, and the ideal pastor ever since), Jacob W. Russell (who had been the pet athlete of the Russell Military School), and for stroke, Joseph Clay (Georgia planter, dangerous wrestler, kindly gentleman through all these years, and "had broken two oars already"). They were steered and commanded by the class favorite, William T. Smith (Dartmouth professor and LL.D., M.D.). Clearly a crew not to be easily disposed of, whether estimated by brain or muscle. We were to have at least stout competitors in our own class. In his senior year Richards pulled on the *Yale*.

Meantime the *Varuna* club, and with it the crew, would have gone to pieces had it not been for Henry Champion, Charles H. Bunce, now city engineer in Hartford, Conn., and his schoolmate, John D. Tucker, merchant; Winfield Scott Keyes, mining engineer and capitalist in California; William McAlpin, Cincinnati merchant; Col. Edward L. Gaul and Edward Boltwood, Detroit judge of probate and president

of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, father in insurance of the late Col. Jacob L. Green and his successor, John M. Taylor, presidents of the great Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn. Others filled the crew: Horace L. Fairchild, always reliable and as good as any in the waist, now a Bridgeport merchant and manufacturer; Clarence L. Dutton, powerful and unimpressible at starboard bow or port stroke, lieutenant-colonel, United States Army, ordnance officer at Sandy Hook under General Burbank, United States Army, who, by an odd coincidence, was pulling stroke in 1859 in the Hartford *Atalanta*, a rival of *Yale* to be mentioned later (to them all the artillery of the world to-day, in comparison with experimental equipment, is as antiquated as Parrots and Rodmans); Robert N. Willson, good at any oar, judge of the superior court, Philadelphia. Everett Parker Freeman, of Hartford, pulled starboard bow in more than one race, with great courage and skill; graduating from Yale, and a year later from the Albany Law School, he settled at once in Mankato, Minn., then the border, where he "grew up with the town," and was a leading lawyer until he died. A state senator, a political and social power, Freeman was a type of what is the sinew of a republic. With a soft heart which made "Lo, the poor Indian" his invariable school declamation, his military training at Russell's and his personal worth made him an officer in the local volunteers when they went out into the wilderness against the savage allies of the Confederacy, who swarmed over British boundaries, as they did in 1776 and 1812, to burn and slaughter.

We could hardly have got the championship without Frederick Henry Colton, another farm boy, from Longmeadow, Mass. It was doubtfully, almost reluctantly, that I sent Colton to stroke, after Johnson was drafted for the *Volante*. Accustomed to the square shoulders induced by "the horizontal bars," then much in vogue, we had not learned to appreciate the power in sloping shoulders and a comparatively narrow chest and trunk. It was only after Colton outran and outjumped all rivals that we put the tape round him and learned that cubic capacity is quite consistent with a symmetrical and almost slender look.

I met Colton at the Bi-centennial, and it was good to hear him say he never felt more vigorous than now that he has

graduate sons to bless him. Johnson, except for ten or twenty pounds and gray hair, looked as fit to step into a racing shell as ever. So also did Rev. Samuel Dunham, of Binghamton, N. Y., who pulled in two or three of the *Varuna's* minor races with all the skill and determination of the best, and only failed of a place in all the races by an inch or two of stature. His wedding cards are on my table as I write, and are of this year's date, 1902.

My reluctant, unequal pen has been putting off mention of Henry Ward Camp, major of the terrible Tenth Connecticut, "the knightly soldier" of Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull's and Rev. Joseph H. Twichell's beautiful biography, and the named ideal of the dead hero in the memorial oration to Yale's martyrs, of Horace Bushnell, D.D. His portrait in oil hangs among those of Yale's most dear and honored.

There is a fascination about so clear and flawless a character as Camp's, which draws to it and its delineation that which is best in those about him or who write about him, so that the chief beauty of those sketches by those chosen Christian leaders, whom I knew only less well than Camp, is in the look one gets into the characters of Trumbull and Twichell and Bushnell as they talk about him, and wisely let his own letters speak for him.

When in one race I had drawn first choice of position, and had chosen the outside because it was to windward, and at the start had headed the boat so sharply into the wind and tide, which set strong across the course, that the crew thought it absurd, and I would listen to no remonstrance, Camp was hopeless, but all he said was: "If we have four miles to row instead of three, it's time we were about it"; and for a few lengths I had all I could do to hold down the crew from expending too much force at the start.

Camp had a theory in which he did not stand alone, that training was a mistake, certainly if weight were lessened; that so much of power on the oar was lost, and that: "as for wind, a man of determination enough could pull two miles or so after his wind was gone." As the time in practice improved, even with reduced weight, he was too honest a reasoner not to concede the point; but probably he was half right, the *Varuna* and the *Yale* of '59 were drawn too fine.

To detail the training and practice of the *Varuna* would

be tedious, and would, perhaps, tax memory too far for accuracy. The table fare was very like the present, save that vegetables and liquids, even water, were more scanted, and cereals were in less variety and very inferior; it was a memorable privation that oatmeal, quite sweet and fresh, was sometimes not procurable. Fruits, especially at breakfast, were permitted in fair variety and almost plentifully. Every Yale athlete, and probably in some degree every athlete, who has gone to a training table in the last forty years, owes a debt of gratitude to Jonathan Knight, M.D., professor of surgery, etc., and to Eli Ives, M.D., professor of materia medica and therapeutics, emeritus, neither of whom ever scorned a consultation with a bewildered coach, or would take a fee for advice as to the hygiene of a crew. Both professed the utmost interest in methods and results, grudging no time in considering weights, temperatures, or lassitude, pledged their professional reputation on the recognition of constipation as the umpire which must always overrule too stimulating diet; and laughed with bitter irony at the preference of sulphur and molasses to the strawberry or the banana. Both had gardens and had critical knowledge of quality in fruits, and the need of freshness, even beyond the need of ripeness.

William Plumb Bacon, of New Haven, and Samuel Davis Page, of Philadelphia, were not so overweighted by the title of commodore as to have been disqualified for great successes as commissaries, and training was much mitigated and assisted by their judicious marketing, as well as the styles of rowing subjected to their constant criticism. Lyman B. Bunnell, long respected at the New York bar, was gymnastic instructor in '59, and much was due to his kind assistance.

Camp had not the money to spend on boat fees, was unwilling to ask his father, a minister, for more, and thought it wrong to borrow. Bunnell took him home for the vacation to Burlington, Conn., where Camp "accepted a position" (I am glad to say that in those days we said "got a job") in the hayfield, and earned enough to pay his own way, and subscribe to the navy funds.

The training of the *Varuna* and of the *Yale* crew of 1859 was severer than that of later crews.

The *Varunas* held the champion flag for two years, and in the autumn of 1859, after four of her crew had rowed in the

Yale, notified the commodore that they would no longer contest the championship — it being evident that competition could be expected only with *Varuna* barred. The flag was less than a yard of dark blue bunting on a green staff, bearing the white letters, "Pioneer Yale No. 1." It was presented to the Yale navy on Wednesday, May 26, 1858, as "the first ever hoisted over a Yale boat," by the captain of the *Pioneer*, 1844, William J. Weeks, of Yaphank, L. I.; and by Article V of the constitution of the Yale navy it was to be "offered at each annual regatta as a champion flag, and to be subject to challenge throughout the boating season on a notice of four weeks."

When four *Varuna* men went to Lake Quinsigamond, at Worcester, on the *Yale*, in '59, the flag hung in Johnson's room, a trophy held in trust for the navy. When they returned for Commencement it had been removed. No one of the *Varuna* crew knew of, or approved of, its removal, or has ever regarded its continued detention from the Yale navy's custody without indignation.

During two boating seasons the *Varuna*, holding the championship, was compelled to keep a crew in condition to race within four weeks. The training was almost identical with that of the *Yale* '59, — a run before breakfast out "Tutor's lane" and back, pulling weights in the gymnasium at noon, a row, generally over the full course, in the evening.

There has been a legend readily adopted by lovers of antithesis, who liked a contrast for the orderly management of modern athletics, that "there were giants in those days," and that the 1859 crew made one tally by its overwhelming brawn. As a matter of fact, the winning crews of that date were not large men.

The average height of the *Yale* crew in 1859 and the *Varunas* was about five feet, nine inches.

I take from a memorandum the following weights, in pounds:

Varuna: Colton, 145; Johnson, 150; Freeman, 145;* Owen, 140.

* The crew was made up by adding Horace L. Fairchild, of Bridgeport, and Henry W. Camp, of Hartford, each about one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

Freeman alternated with Robert N. Willson, Philadelphia, and Clarence L. Dutton, New Haven.

Wenona: Richards, 156; Eaton, 145; Park, 160; Clay, 175; Marsh, 170; Russell, 150; total, 956.

The average weight of the *Yale* crew of 1859 was one hundred and forty-eight. The men were probably larger and more muscular than the weight would indicate to-day, as the crews were then too fine.

When the Harvard and Yale met at Worcester, both crews had had more work than is now approved. The Harvard had beaten the best professional talent of the country in the Boston races on the 4th of July. The *Varuna* men had trained for, rowed and won, a championship race June 8; had rowed and lost an open race for six-oared boats at New London, July 4, their gunwale broken in two places in a southeaster (time, 22 min. 28 sec.), and another for four-oared boats on the same day, July 4, four men pulling the six-oar boat; and had won a championship race in New Haven July 5, defeating the *Olympia*, and the *Atalanta* manned by a picked crew in which were Joseph H. Twichell and Charles T. Stanton, stroke (time, 22 min. 26 sec.). The New London race is worth some description as the only one in which the *Varuna* ever suffered a defeat, and probably the only one of the kind ever rowed. The start was from near the west ferry-landing. The course was around a stake boat near Fort Pequot, around another stake boat near the Groton shore and return. This made the turns to port and favored the boats of our competitors which were new and rigged in the new fashion, stroke on port side. Their boats were manned by an admirable set of whalers and fishermen from all along shore. These new boats were not so long as the *Varuna*, nor probably so fast, but scientifically planned and built for speed in the weather they were expected to encounter and the stalwart crews they were to float, by the same talent which was, at this period, building the New York Yacht Club winners. The *Varuna* did better than hold her own for the first mile, with the ebb tide and in a stiff chop, against a strong southerly blow; but at the turn, our port gunwale broke across in two places at the waist outrigger; five oars could not keep up to the weatherly and well-handled boats of our rivals, and the *Pequot* won in 22 min. 28 sec.; *Varuna* fifth, in 24 min. 27 sec. An elegant method of turning the stake boats was developed in this race which does not seem to have met with favor in later days, but

is deserving of a record. Port oars in the racing boat were trailed; the stroke locked hands with a friend in the stake boat, and the turn was made closer and quicker than the Harvard's splendid swoop around the stake at Quinsigamond, comparable only to a swallow's. We were advised to protest the decision, but, as our broken boat had defeated us in any case, we offered the *Pequot*, the winning boat, fifty dollars for expenses, to come to New Haven, and row for prizes offered by the city on the following day. This was declined, but the best of feeling was established for Yale in New London, as appeared a few days later in Worcester, and has been maintained for almost half a century.

The *Varuna* crew was obliged to take care of its boat on two platform cars on the return trip to New Haven, that evening; and the next day rowed for the city prizes and the championship. Against them were entered the Sheffield Scientific School *Olympia*, eight oars, which, by agreement, gave no handicap, and the six-oar *Atalanta*, '61. The *Atalanta* crew had been allowed, by consent of all contestants, to take on any men from all college, except Varunas, to contest this championship race and to pull for 4th of July prizes in Middletown, — where they defeated the *Olympia*, and the *Atalanta*, of Hartford, in 23 min. 10 sec., — but they were all 1861 men, except Joseph H. Twichell, '59. Charles T. Stanton, Stonington, Conn., was stroke.

The *Atalanta* '61 was newer and faster than the *Varuna*, which was a little hogged from her New London accident; and the *Varuna* crew felt that they had their work cut out. The *Atalanta's* work becoming a trifle ragged, overboard went one of her oars. The *Varuna* stopped, backed water, and hailed, "Pick up your oar and come on." But the *Atalanta* drew out, gave what passed for a cheer, and called back, "Go on or you won't catch the *Olympia*." We did, however, and finished the mile and a half and repeat, — *Varuna*, 22 min. 26 sec., *Olympia*, 23 min. 35 sec.

This was the last race of the *Varuna* as a contestant for college honors, and established beyond cavil her title to the Yale championship, whatever her place among whalers in a blow. Her almost uniform success was due to thorough and faithful training and, what I do not hesitate to pronounce, after seeing

contests at Springfield, Saratoga, New London, on the Harlem, the Isis, and at Putney, scientific rowing. Her time, 22 min. 6 sec., was not what she could have made if pushed to the finish, but was good for the class of boats and the tide rips of New Haven Bay, which met more wash from its open entrance before the breakwater was built. Also one and one-half miles and repeat is quite different from three miles straight away, for the same boat. No boat ever made a perfectly straight course to a stake boat at a mile and a half, in choppy water and a varying cross tide.

In the race in which *Varuna* made 22 min. 6 sec., the *Yale* or *Harvard*, of '59, would have gone to pieces in the first mile; in an eight of present-day contests, much sooner.

The length of swing or stroke was not complicated then with any question of length of slide, though there was a free use of the leg, in the last position of the leap, in which its strength is greatest. The men were made to stand on a flat floor, and, with knees rigid, touch the fingers as far in front of the toes as possible; on the recover swinging back and drawing the hands to the ribs. Then the men *took their places in the boat without oars* and without straps on the footboards; the length of swing possible with easy recover rectified errors, and the length of stroke was determined. The full power of an easy back-swing remains a constant quantity in all rowing problems, however complicated with slide, and Yale cannot defeat Oxford and ignore it.

Our oars were straight spruce, twelve and a half to thirteen feet long, in the waist, and were sometimes balanced or loaded inboard, with a pound or more of lead driven into an auger hole bored into the center of the end of the loom.

The races commenced with a recover from an easy sitting position, an instantaneous catch, and a half-stroke. The second stroke and the rest were as long as could be easily recovered from, without lift on the oar or foot straps, the legs and back straightening together, and the arms finishing, though all the movements were almost simultaneous; then an *accelerated* recover, to insure against loss of time in a cramped position, and an instantaneous catch to hold the boat from any dip at the recover point. Already somebody had made the phrase "the victorious *Varuna* catch." The full power or stress was not, however, so quickly put on as the

catch. The back-swing took the catch, and the almost simultaneous thrust of legs, back, and arms against the footboard came as the oar was at right angles to the line of the kelson.

Stanton and Twichell with four Varunas* had gone into the *Atalanta*, now the *Yale*. There was no considerable change from the *Varuna* stroke, which had been 36 to 40, though the count was not much regarded and the principal attention was paid to maintaining uniformity and *length of swing* in line with the boat and *at whatever pace*. When the new shell came, three days before the race, it was rigged for a coxswain, and, instead of with twelve and a half and thirteen foot oars, with what Stanton at once denounced as "tooth-picks," spoons ten and one-half feet long, and identical with the sculls, of which, in 1870, Walter Brown pulled a pair.

If will-power develop additional energy in the drag at the loom, if superior training has given more endurance, if experience *has given a veteran crew nerve to withstand the temptation to sacrifice more for the lead at the start than it is worth*, that crew will win, and very probably, if necessary, in better time — relative, of course, to weather and tide conditions — than its practice time; and just as probably it will have averaged from start to finish a stroke or two more per minute, but *not by any other variation of stroke than increase of power*. When there is so long studied and well-perfected system as in the boats of to-day, differences are nearly eliminated and are difficult of recognition. What makes the *Varuna* an invaluable study is that the differences were so obvious that the 1859 races afforded a final solution of the so-called quick-stroke problem; or rather an absolute proof that there is no such problem: and that the *number of strokes per minute is purely a result from the real factors*.

Stanton and Twichell added something to the quality of the *Varuna*, certainly with spoon oars and in a shell. Stanton was as powerful as any of his weight, and was equally with the Varunas a veteran oar, and in almost the same conditions. Twichell was far from a veteran, but was as conscientious and powerful as Camp, as lithe as Colton, the largest man of the crew, and the pick of college to fill the crew of 1861 when the *Varuna* had taken the championship against "all college."

* Johnson, Camp, Colton, and Owen; Hezekiah Watkins, coxswain.

But the new boat gave us only three days for practice at Worcester, and that not uninterrupted, for we pulled off five pot-metal rowlocks, and had to have them replaced while we waited. The stroke was on port side, so, as it was regarded too late to shift over, Stanton cordially took his place behind Johnson who became stroke by the change, the crew was all the more *Varuna* behind a *Varuna* stroke, and went on rowing in the *Yale* shell their old well-studied, second-nature, *Varuna* stroke.

Watkins was worth his weight in gold. We all knew that in a day. But gold, or radium, is not worth its weight in a racing six-oar, and I had doubted whether spoons and shell would make up for over-weight sufficiently to give us better speed than in the *Varuna* lapstreak. The time, however, of the first half mile in which we managed to keep right side up, showed my error. The *Yale*, with Stanton and Twichell to reinforce us, was carrying Watkins's brains and going faster than the best record the *Varuna* had laid up in her archives. But the *Yale* shell was getting away from the stroke faster than the *Varuna* or the *Atalanta* had; 44 would not do the work and 48 had to. As Stanton said, "After you've pulled your oar through, if you're going any further, you put it in again."

At Worcester it was thought very handsome in Harvard to have furnished two entries. It certainly proved to be benevolent in them to enter the *Avon* lapstreak for stable companion, and put two to one on her.

The fleet foot of *Calydon* came again to the line. This time the *Atalanta* was entered by Brown. Apples must have been swimming in Quinsigamond that day, for Brown was last.

We got the word at 4.30 o'clock P.M., July 26, the four boats starting well together, the broader floor of the lapstreak *Avon* giving her the advantage of a half length. No four boats, nor two, can pull from a line with the object of turning a stake, without a tendency of their lines of flight to converge. The *Harvard* and the *Avon*, one on each side of us, developed that tendency; they did converge, and it was necessary to drop behind the *Avon* and come up outside of her; so the time, *Harvard*, 19 min. 18 sec.; *Yale*, 20 min. 18 sec.; *Avon*, 21 min. 13 sec.; Brown, 24 min. 40 sec., is not of the best value for comparisons except that the *Harvard's* 19 min. 18 sec. was the record professional time.

So much as this had been done: 1 min. 48 sec. had been taken off *Yale's* record for one and one-half miles and repeat; for the first time a Yale boat had defeated a Harvard boat, the *Avon*.

The next day, the 27th, the city of Worcester offered handsome prizes in gold coin, open to all six-oared boats. One hundred to five was offered "on the *Harvard* against the field"; but most of the betting was that the Harvards, who had never been pressed at the finish and were now wanting a final record to inscribe on their shell before hanging it up for a trophy, would beat the Yale on the second day more than a minute. They would now show their speed. One hundred to five, accidents not barred, is not betting odds; later in the day the Yale navy was out of debt, and the Yale crew accused of showing their pace "only when the money said so."

The start was at 2.22 P.M., 21 hr. 52 min. since the start of the day before. It was said that the Harvard was hindered by rough water. There was breeze enough to give good breathing air, of which Yale was soon in sore need; but the ripple was nothing to New Haven cracks, even in a new shell. Harvard was heavily handicapped none the less, — by the betting. Yale persistently lapped her quarter. Where was the minute and more of lead to come from, needed to win the Harvard bets? On the 26th the *Yale* had rowed against two Harvard boats. On the 27th Harvard was rowing against the *Yale* and against time; six Yale men were pulling their six sculls through the lake faster and faster, and their powerful stroke driving the sharp boat faster and faster, until after a slight foul at the half mile of which both steersmen agreed to take no advantage, the *Yale* led to the stake boat.

I think it was on that second and third half mile the race was won and lost. Every oarsman knows at how great a strain the top speed of a spurt is attained, and how much less a crew is being pumped which responds barely enough to hold its own. In a turn race the leader has the advantage that a following boat must regain the lead, wait for the leader at the turn, or take the longer course outside of her. In meeting the fierce dashes of the *Harvard's* attempts to pass us, just foiling them and no more, Johnson and Stanton were perfect. Once a *Varuna* man was heard in approval,

"Hold them there, Jack!" (Jack was boating sobriquet for Johnson.) Then the *Yale*, with no oars fit to steady her, splashed round the stake with a clumsy turn like that of a raft log. The *Harvard* forty-foot pine shell, sharply careening to port, her port oars holding hard, flew round like a bird, the most beautiful thing I ever saw on the water, or above it, hawk, swallow, or cup-defender, and was again in the lead and kept the lead, although most of the way we lapped her, until the roars of the grand stand were abeam.

Our eloquent coxswain had been adjuring the crew all the way, in a race which is one of the three or four boat races in fifty years which could not have been mistaken for a procession. Two Harvard men were meeting their oars as the last half mile opened. Our stroke was perceptibly flagging. Nobody could know how much that savage 48, 50 had taken out of us. "Jack, one spurt would do it." He only shook his head. I felt my hands try to loosen their grip of the oar loom; the chance was there, but we could not grasp it.

It seems our grand stroke had been figuring to himself, and by not too narrow a margin. The Harvard enthusiasts had proclaimed that their boat had always drawn away at the end; that no rival crew could stand a Harvard finish. He had sworn to himself that Yale grit should stay to the end. How often, and how nearly impossibly, has it done that since! And how often because it did so then?

The benches were Jack's limit; from there to the line the crew must hold all he could set for them.

The rest was dramatic. Harvard had come down the middle of Lake Quinsigamond after her beautiful turn, in full view, her red turbans flashing in the sun; and cheers for her had been ringing clear all the way. Yale's wide turn had brought her close in the lee of the shore, where Watkins wisely held her, and where her light blue (Yale blue was then as light as lavender) was not easily seen across the blue water. Later a wooded promontory shut her from view. With the shouts of "Harvard! Harvard!" there were anxious cries of "Where is Yale?" As our rudder slipped past the promontory, our stem was at the grand stand. Yale had sprung into sight and was lapped on the leader.

Then a chasm opened in the atmosphere. Shouting took the air, so we had almost none to breathe. Jack's face half turned

toward us. As I saw the set of it I knew it was our race. He called his crew himself. His word was "Shake her!" It was correct. The 50 strokes which had fallen to 48 and 46, went to 56, 58, 60, and had the vice with which a terrier shakes a rat. Yale shot in, for the first time a winner over the Harvard, in *Yale*, 19 min. 14 sec; *Harvard*, 19 min. 16 sec. The record was broken again. This time we held it. Harvard had lowered her own record of the day before, *which was also the professional record*, by two seconds. Yale had beaten her own time of the day before on the course around the *Avon* by sixty-four seconds, taken four seconds from the professional record, and lowered the Yale record made against outside clubs (that of the *Atalanta* at Middletown, July 4, 1859, 23 min. 10 sec.) three minutes and fifty-six seconds.

As we did the correct thing, exchanging cheers and rowing past the grand stand, the Harvards tore off their red turbans and threw them into the lake. The command to the Yale crew was, "Try to look as though you were in the habit of doing this every day!"

Just then I recognized two Yale graduates, local clergymen in their "blacks," up to their armpits in the water, baptizing each other with their silk hats. They had visited us on the 25th, to inquire if it would help us any to know that they were praying for us, and had been saddened to know that we feared we were past praying for. I asked one of them, "Is this the way you receive an answer —" but before I could say "to prayer?" a flipper was on my shoulder, another at my waist, my legs described a celestial parabola, and I found myself seated on the neck of the bowsman of the New London *Pequot* (weight, two hundred and eight; they put a heavy man in the bow whaleman fashion, a harpooner). Those whalemene came near pulling our arms off, and begged for information: "Why in hell didn't you boys pull like that in New London?" When they came to look our boat over they saw it would not have floated us ten rods on the tide rips of New London Harbor in the blow of July 4.

All this was not very much, by modern standards of speed. Harvard had fairly won the flags; and we held no trophy.

But we had in a sensational finish put Yale first and given her the record "for all comers" to that date. And that quick stroke? Sam Woodruff, the Brown captain, with a

stop watch, gave me the figures; it was my business to get them right for the *Yale Lit*; at the finish line the count was at the rate of an even 60. It was not flurry nor excitement nor a short swing. I knew then, as I know now (it had been my especial business to know for three years in the *Varuna*), that the stroke never was pulled through with fuller leg-drive, back-swing, and arm-finish, never with more vim, than at that grotesque stroke (of one per second) of the finish at Quinsigamond in 1859; and its value ought not to be lost as a lesson, made possible by the absurd blunder of a boat builder, that *the number of strokes per minute is a result and not a factor in a boating problem*. With the mechanics of the boats and oars so nearly a fixed quantity as now, the only varying quantity is the conformation of the men.

Another patent lesson from 1859 is that a formal championship race, June 8, — there were also informal races, — a double defeat in New London, July 4, a championship race the next day, July 5, a hard race in new and intolerable conditions of short oars and a coxswain to carry, on July 26, did not incapacitate the *Varuna* men, nor Stanton and Twichell, who had done much the like, from going through as fierce a struggle from start to finish as has yet been seen, successfully and unharmed, on the 27th. When that lesson is taken to heart, dual league processions will give place to intercollegiate meets again, with trial heats and finals worth going across a continent to see.

It remains to be credited to the *Varuna* and the 1859 crew that, with the kind attention and testimony of Drs. Knight, Ives, and Townsend, they won over the faculty to more than a tolerance of athletics, and in great part, no doubt, by the fact that the 1859 crew carried one Greek oration (philosophical), one oration, two disputes, two Townsends and the chairmanship of the *Yale Lit* Board; or by other ratings, before another college course could begin and end, two staff captains, one division chaplain, one division surgeon, one major, one lieutenant-colonel, one colonel.

The veteran character of the crew was of unquestionable value. There is question whether Oxford oars have not an advantage from their experience in many "bumps" as well as in their back swing.

It would be pleasant for the men (of one hundred and forty-

eight pounds average weight) who in twenty-three days reduced Yale's rowing record four minutes, to have it remembered that they were neither giants nor fools, nor favored by a lucky fluke. It is of more consequence, however, that it be remembered that successes never are won by fools or flukes, or twenty-minute grit, but by the honest, persistent, hard work of months and years, and the application of the best science the day has developed. — *Charles Hunter Owen, Hartford, Conn.*

Stray Leaves from a Lost Diary

New Haven, September 13, 1856. As I was coming in on the train this morning, two fellows came in a few miles out. One of them sat down by me, the other, in front of me. "Going to college this year?" said one. "Don't know," said I; "am headed that way." "Oh, haven't passed yet?" "Last summer," said I. "Then why don't you know?" said he. "Ever traveled on the Canal road?" said I. "Yes," said he. "Then why'd you ask such a foolish question?" said I. "You want to go into the best society?" said he. "Don't I look's though I'd always gone there?" said I. "Oh, yes," said he; "but I mean college society. You look and talk like a Brother already." "Well, I am," said I; "the oldest in the family; have always had to set a good example to the others. You know how that is?" "I'd like to talk about your becoming a Brother in Unity," said he, not noticing my question. "Is she pretty?" said I. "Who?" said he. "Your sister," said I. "Who said anything about my sister?" "You said you wanted to talk about my becoming a brother." "A Brother in Unity," said he. "All the smart, good-looking Freshmen like you go to *my* society," said the other fellow, breaking into the talk. "The Brothers get the rowdies, the low-stand men. They lose half their members from college before the year's out." "Don't you believe a word he says," said the Brother. "He's a Linonian, which means that they tell every lie known. Every great man that ever lived has belonged to the Brothers, way back to Plato, Cicero, and Julius Cæsar, down to Napoleon and the valedictorian of last year." "Except Alexander the Great, Shakespeare, and fellows like them," said the other. "*They* were Linonians. As for the valedictory, the faculty's bound by the constitution of Connecticut to give it to a Linonian."

By this time we had providentially got to New Haven and when they left me, or rather, when I left them, each of them declared I was pledged to him. When I got a room, I flipped up a cent. Heads, Linonia; tails, Brothers. It came heads.

September 14. Rose at five this morning, still dark. Linonian told me to be at chapel early, so's to avoid the crowd that would come to get a choice of seats for the rest of the college course, up near the pulpit; first come, first served, or reserved, rather, is the rule, and the four earliest were appointed college class deacons, at a salary of ten dollars a week, for spending money. This proved to be a mistake, as Foules and Gaul found afterwards when they applied. Found two fellows ahead of me on the chapel steps. As I came up, one of them rose before the sun did, until I thought he'd hit his head against the eaves. Said his name was Finney. Introduced me to the other whose name was Arnold. Finney said he was Benedict's grandson. But the other said he wasn't. S'pose he knew best; but it's getting hard to know what to believe. The Brother told me to commit last year's catalogue by heart, as I'd have to pass an examination on it before I could be matriculated or vaccinated; but the Linonian said I'd better learn the tables of the four years' "Course of Study," if I wanted a good place close to the tutor, in the recitation room.

January 20, 1857. Went up to Linonia Hall to-day. Found it full, and a lot of Freshmen and Sophs undertaking to tell whether or not a lawyer ought to defend a client whom he knows to be guilty. Found my name on the program and decided to give a few hasty views I'd been "dashing off" the past month. Late this evening, heard I'd got a prize. One of those who didn't said Prof. Larned, who was a judge, gave it to me because he liked a joke — not original, at that — which I put in it. Such is envy. But what care I when I've entered a career like Clay's or Daniel Webster's?

June 17, 1857. Last night was our Freshman powwow. Blew tin horns, put on old clothes wrong side out, stood on the statehouse steps and bragged about things we hadn't done and of what we probably aren't going to do the next three years. Sophomores on the ground jeered and yelled. Then we marched round town, called at the girls' boarding schools, because Bob Willson and Jack Johnson said they knew 'em all and carried latchkeys, and the girls were talking of giving us a spread. But the only thing that looked anything like a spread was something white at the windows. Powwow is because we're glad we've got through Freshman

year. I don't know why we should be. No one else seems to know except that they all supposed they were glad because the rest were. But I got so cold tramping around with nothing on but my old drawers and a linen coat, that I didn't think I was as glad as I thought I was.

November 10, 1857. Just heard of Euclid's death, to-day. His funeral was to-night. As none of his family were in town our class took charge of the services. Was asked to make a few remarks, which I did. Said I wasn't very well acquainted with the deceased, but as near's I could remember that whenever I saw him round he seemed square; he was likewise plane and angular. Always had a some sort of proposition to offer; never got into a dispute; appeared to coincide with everything and everybody, and so amiable, very few things were apt to be "contrary to his inclination." The thing I heard most against him was that he never kept a "pony."

These, and other remarks, were received with laughter which seemed so out of place at a funeral that I was glad even to tramp through two miles of mud, lose a rubber boot, and out to a grove, where we buried him by burning him, and singing "Massa's in the cold, cold ground." Just the same, it was a striking scene with the flames lighting up the forest trees, and the autumn leaves, and the faces of the fellows; and with the sounds of the solemncholy dirge we sang. They say he has more lives than a cat and will turn up again at biennial examination next year. Hope I'll know him better than I do now; for you can "skin" a *cat* and you can't Euclid.

September 27, 1858. Statement of facts to-day. Johnston and I stated them. Didn't waste much time on that; wanted to get at our orations. We had to tell the Freshmen after they had all joined either the Brothers or Linonia, what a terrible mistake they had made at the very threshold of their college careers, by joining the wrong one. They would regret it all the rest of their lives. I read a letter from John C. Calhoun to a friend at home, when he was in college, telling him that he had joined Linonia. It was a very good letter of its kind, for I wrote it myself, and dipped it in coffee to make it look old. Lent it to Johnston for the evening meeting, and he added a postscript saying that if anybody ever read such a letter from him, it would be a forgery. I remarked

that only a Brother in Unity would pick a man's pocket of a letter and add a postscript to it. I made a speech that would have captured all the Freshmen for Linonia if half of 'em hadn't already joined the Brothers. H. E. Barnes was so impressed with it that he said he never saw me in a better-looking vest. Am more and more convinced that I shall yet be heard from, for my much speaking.

June 13, 1859. Great crowd at Brewster's Hall this evening. I couldn't get in at the front door and so Jack Johnson and Charley Owen smuggled me in, in a trunk. This was called the "Opening Load." Hen Hawley called me out on the platform. Said he'd got something for me. Handed me a wooden spoon that formerly belonged to Goliath or some of his crowd. Hawley said it was sometimes given to the biggest eater in the class, sometimes to the poorest scholar and laziest fellow. The Class of '60 was lucky enough to get a combination of 'em all. Said I'd been measured for it, so it was a gift well fitted to its recipient. I was very much surprised. I said I felt I was unworthy of the honor; there were so many in the class deserving it so much more than I did. At first I thought of calling them out and handing it over, but as they would be as much taken by surprise as I was, I hauled out several pages of extemporaneous reply instead, and took the spoon with a few stirring remarks.

June 14, 1859. Stayed awake most of the night expecting to be awakened by '59 men; wasn't by even one. Learned to-day that the Death's Head men this year were too cheap a crowd to think of asking me. Believed I'd 've risked it. They ought to told me before, though, so I could've got my night's rest.

June 1, 1860. After four years, the fellows in the class seem to be all pretty good ones. Hope I'll know as many like them the rest of my life. To be sure, Ed Furbish and Dan Hebard, Jo Daniels, H. E. Barnes, Denison, Griffin, Boies, Kingsbury, and others of that gang, will have to reform and not stay out nights and make so much noise coming home. For some reason they don't show it; are always at prayers next morning and at church and prayer-meeting, and I dare say if they were accused of it they would deny it. Perhaps I'm mistaken; perhaps it isn't they that make the racket. One should be careful and not say such things unless he knows.

Some in the class are quite different from the others. There's Gaul. "Gaul," said I, the other day, "you'll never get on in the world. You're too pious, too quiet, too studious; you'll ruin your health. You ought to go on sprees now and then, just to see how it seems." Then there's Del, — just the other way, boisterous and bumptious, goes round slapping you on the back and saying "Hawhaw! and how are you." I said to him, "Del, you ought to repress yourself. People don't like to be thumped and guyed and hawhawed. You ought to learn to be quiet and modest. You talk too much and roar and cavort. If people hear so much of you *now*, they won't hear of you hereafter. I don't think he liked my plain speaking, but it'll do him good if he'll take it good-naturedly, as it was meant. There's Howe. For four years, now, I've sat on one side, or rather, leaned on one side, of him, and Hunt on the other. He's a fellow Hunt and I can rely on whenever we're sleepy, especially Sunday in chapel. He's got a mighty soft heart, or something, that makes him feel easy whenever we lop over on him.

There's lots of others I'd like to write about, but I really must study my astronomical problems so's to be able to tell Newton, to-morrow, "Not prepared," instead of standing up and trying to guess whether I am or not.

June 18, 1860. Last day! Class day! Formed in a ring near the chapel. As we were about to part, there was naturally a good deal said about the divisions among us when we first entered college. There were four. For one, I told a good deal that I didn't know about the second. After that was all done and songs were sung that we shall never sing again — at least I hope not — some of 'em — including my own; and although we're not going to leave for six weeks, everybody shook everybody's hand and wept. But dear me! How I wish I was just coming to college on the Canal railroad again! — E. G. H.

Retrospective

PROBABLY every college class thinks its own time a transition period and its career somewhat remarkable. And, yet, without any invidious comparison, a brief retrospect will show that this is preëminently true of the Class of '60.

It was our privilege to come under the influence of that mighty religious awakening of 1858, probably unequaled in its quiet intensity and permanent results by any college revival in the nineteenth century. It came with pentecostal power, unheralded, except by the morning prayer-meetings that thronged the large New Haven churches. There was no extra preaching, no suspension of college work, and yet every heart was touched. We were in the midst of Sophomore year, in the hardest work of the whole course. We had just begun to realize the meaning of college life, and its bearing on all the coming years. The Class of '60 received its deepest impress and became almost unanimously Christian. It welded us together in a loving brotherhood which continued throughout college and has remained to this day. The class prayer-meeting has been a most delightful feature of our reunions all through these forty-five years. The rare heroism of our men in the Civil War and the faithful and successful careers in the larger world may be traced in no small degree to the experiences of those days.

Just after graduation came that tidal wave of patriotism that swept over the land and ushered in the Civil War. Statistics no doubt will show what class did most and suffered most on the battlefield, but certainly none sent better men or more "knightly soldiers" than ours. Henry W. Camp will be honored beside Nathan Hale as long as Yale and the nation stand. Forty-eight members of our class, in various positions, gave their services in this great crisis, and six sealed their patriotism with their lives. With this early baptism of suffering and service, consecrated to God and country, our class

entered upon its life work. It has never forgotten its motto,* and is willing to be judged by its actions. No truer, braver, better men were ever enrolled in Yale than those in the brotherhood of "Sixty." We have every reason for congratulation in the record and the retrospect.

Equally happy are we in the growth and development of our Alma Mater. We have seen her transformed from a small college to a great university. Although at our entrance one hundred and fifty years of history were behind us, yet as we look backward we seem to have been at the beginning of things. We saw the first gymnasium erected and were one of the first classes to use it. We saw the early regattas at Springfield, and those memorable contests with Harvard in which our own class was a prominent factor. The elective principle in the curriculum began in our time. Mr. Sheffield was still living on Hillhouse Avenue, and laying the magnificent foundation of the scientific school that bears his name. The new building era which has transfigured the campus, and whole blocks adjacent, began in the sixties. The grand bicentennial celebration, which crowned all this success and brought the world together to rejoice over it, is interwoven with our own life and history. We are glad to have had our small share in this marvelous growth of Yale. Truly, the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places and we have a goodly heritage.

We do well to rejoice in our class, our college, our country, and in this golden era in which God has permitted us to live and work. — J. L. D.

* *Spectemur agendo.*

